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SELECTIONS

FROM THE PROSE WRITINGS OF

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Edited with
Notes and an Introduction

BY

LEWIS E. GATES
Assistant Professor of English, Harvard University

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PREFACE.

THESE Selections from Arnold are meant to go with the Selections from Newman already included in *English Readings*. Newman and Arnold were both Oxford men; both were devoted believers in the academic ideal; both discussed and dealt practically with educational problems, and yet both touched life in many other ways and are remembered as men of letters or leaders of thought, rather than as mere academicians. Although Arnold never imposed himself on his generation as did Newman, never ruled the imaginations of large masses of men, or was so prevailing and picturesque a figure as Newman, yet no less than Newman he represents one distinct phase of nineteenth-century academic culture; from 1855 to 1870 he was probably the man of letters whom the younger generation at Oxford most nearly accepted as their natural spokesman.

The Selections aim to present, in the briefest possible compass, what is most characteristic in Arnold's criticism of literature and life. His conception of the critic was as the guardian of culture, as called upon to pass judgment on the various expressions of life, and especially upon books in their relation to life, and to determine their influence on the temper and ideals of the public. He is to be an adept in life,

a diviner of the essentials that underlie the multiform play of human energy ; he must know life intimately; and being concerned that life shall have its best quality, he will strive for this perfection not only through what he says about books, but also through direct comment on those modes of living—those ideals—which his analysis and imagination detect as ruling his contemporaries. In obedience to this conception of the critic, Arnold had much to say not only on poetry and *belles lettres*, but on politics, religion, theology, and the general social conditions of his time. The Selections include one or more of his characteristic comments on each of these topics.

It should also be noted that many of the Selections are complete essays or lectures, not mere extracts. *The Function of Criticism at the Present Time* is an entire essay; *On Translating Homer* is the entire first lecture on this subject; *Oxford and Philistinism* and *Culture and Anarchy* are entire prefaces or introductions; *Compulsory Education* and "*Life a Dream*" are entire Letters; *Literature and Science* and *Emerson* are entire Discourses—two of the three that Arnold gave repeatedly in America. His *Discourses in America* stood specially high in Arnold's favor; shortly before his death he spoke of the book as that "by which, of all his prose-writings, he should most wish to be remembered."

The Selections are believed also to present Arnold's style adequately throughout its whole range. In some respects his style, despite possible faults of manner that will later be considered, is the best model avail-

able for students of prose. It is not so idiosyncratic as are the styles of Carlyle or Mr. Ruskin, not so inimitably individual; it is more conventional and unimpassioned, more expressive of the mood of prose, with little of the color and few of the overtones of poetry. Yet it is an intensely vital style, and everywhere exemplifies not simply the logic of good writing, but the intimate correspondence of phrase with thought and mood that great writers of prose continually secure. Individual it therefore is, and yet not arbitrarily or forbiddingly individual. Its merits and possible shortcomings are analyzed at length in the *Introduction.*

The more important dates in Arnold's life and a list of his main publications are given just after the *Introduction.* A brief sketch of his life may be found in *Men of the Time*, ed. 1887; a longer, more appreciative sketch, in *Eminent Persons, or Biographies reprinted from the Times*, vol. iv. Mr. Andrew Lang's article on Arnold, in the *Century* for April, 1882, also contains much interesting biographical detail.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
August, 1897.

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INTRODUCTION.

I.

ADMIRERS of Arnold's prose find it well to admit frankly that his style has an unfortunate knack of exciting prejudice. Emerson has somewhere spoken of the unkind trick fate plays a man when it gives him a strut in his gait. Here and there in Arnold's prose, there is just a trace—sometimes more than a trace—of such a strut. He condescends to his readers with a gracious elaborateness; he is at great pains to make them feel that they are his equals; he undervalues himself playfully; he assures us that "he is an unlearned belletristic trifler";[1] he insists over and over again that "he is an unpretending writer, without a philosophy based on interdependent, subordinate, and coherent principles."[2] All this he does, of course, smilingly; but the smile seems to many on whom its favors fall, supercilious; and the playful undervaluation of self looks shrewdly like an affectation. He is very debonair,—this apologetic writer; very self-assured; at times even jaunty.[3]

Thorough-going admirers of Arnold have always

[1] *Celtic Literature*, p. 21.

[2] *Culture and Anarchy*, p. 152; *Friendship's Garland*, p. 273.

[3] Various critics have complained of Arnold's tone and bearing. Mr. Saintsbury, for example, objects to his "mincing" manner; Professor Jowett, to his "flippancy."

relished this strain in his style ; they have enjoyed its delicate challenge, the nice duplicity of its innuendoes; they have found its insinuations and its covert, satirical humor infinitely entertaining and stimulating. Moreover, however seriously disposed they may have been, however exacting of all the virtues from the author of their choice, they have been able to reconcile their enjoyment of Arnold with their serious inclinations, for they have been confident that these tricks of manner implied no essential or radical defect in Arnold's humanity, no lack either of sincerity or of earnestness or of broad sympathy.

Such admirers and interpreters of Arnold have been amply justified of their confidence since the publication in 1895 of Arnold's *Letters*. The Arnold of these letters is a man the essential integrity—*wholeness*—of whose nature is incontestable. His sincerity, kindliness, wide-ranging sympathy with all classes of men, are unmistakably expressed on every page of his correspondence. We see him having to do with people widely diverse in their relations to him ; with those close of kin, with chance friends, with many men of business or officials, with a wide circle of literary acquaintances, with workingmen, and with foreign *savants*. In all of his intercourse the same sweet-tempered frankness and the same readiness of sympathy are manifest. There is never a trace of the duplicity or the treacherous irony that are to be found in much of his prose.

Moreover, the record that these *Letters* contain of close application to uncongenial tasks must have been a revelation to many readers who have had to rely

upon books for their knowledge of literary men. Popular caricatures of Arnold had represented him as "a high priest of the kid-glove persuasion," as an incorrigible dilettante, as a kind of literary fop idling his time away over poetry and recommending the parmaceti of culture as the sovereignest thing in nature for the inward bruises of the spirit. This conception of Arnold, if it has at all maintained itself, certainly cannot survive the revelations of the *Letters*. The truth is beyond cavil that he was one of the most self-sacrificingly laborious men of his time.

For a long period of years Arnold held the post of inspector of schools. Day after day, and week after week, he gave up one of the finest of minds, one of the most sensitive of temperaments, one of the most delicate of literary organizations, to the drudgery of examining in its minutest details the work of the schools in such elementary subjects as mathematics and grammar. On January 7, 1863, he writes to his mother, "I am now at the work I dislike most in the world—looking over and marking examination papers. I was stopped last week by my eyes, and the last year or two these sixty papers a day of close hand-writing to read have, I am sorry to say, much tried my eyes for the time."[1] Two years later he laments again: "I am being driven furious by seven hundred closely-written grammar papers, which I have to look over."[2] During these years he was holding the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, and he had long since established his reputation as one of the

[1] *Letters*, i. 207. [2] *Letters*, i. 285

foremost of the younger poets. Yet for a livelihood he was forced still to endure—and he endured them till within a few years of his death in 1888—the exactions of this wearing and exasperating drudgery. Moreover, despite occasional outbursts of impatience, he gave himself to the work freely, heartily, and effectively. He was sent on several occasions to the Continent to examine and report on foreign school systems; his reports on German and French education show immense diligence of investigation, a thorough grasp of detail, and patience and persistence in the acquisition of facts that in and for themselves must have been unattractive and unrewarding.

The record of this severe labor is to be found in Arnold's *Letters*, and it must dispose once for all of any charge that he was a mere dilettante and coiner of phrases. Through a long period of years he was working diligently, wearisomely, in minutely practical ways, to better the educational system of England; he was persistently striving both to spread sounder ideals of elementary education and to make more effective the system actually in vogue. And thus, unpretentiously and laboriously, he was serving the cause of sweetness and light as well as through his somewhat debonair contributions to literature.

In another way his *Letters* have done much to reveal the innermost core of Arnold's nature, and so, ultimately, to explain the genesis of his prose. They place it beyond a doubt that in all he wrote Arnold had an underlying purpose, clearly apprehended and faithfully pursued. In 1867, in a letter to his mother, he says: "I more and more become conscious of

having something to do and of a resolution to do it. . . Whether one lives long or not, to be less and less *personal* in one's desires and workings is the great matter."[1] In a letter of 1863 he had already written in much the same strain: "However, one cannot change English ideas as much as, if I live, I hope to change them, without saying imperturbably what one thinks, and making a good many people uncomfortable."[2] And in a letter of the same year he exclaims: "It is very animating to think that one at last has a chance of *getting at* the English public. Such a public as it is, and such a work as one wants to do with it."[3] A work to do! The phrase recalls Cardinal Newman and the well-known anecdote of his Sicilian illness, when through all the days of greatest danger he insisted that he should get well because he had a work to do in England. Despite Arnold's difference in temperament from Newman and the widely dissimilar task he proposed to himself, he was no less in earnest than Newman, and no less convinced of the importance of his task.

The occasional supercilious jauntiness of Arnold's style, then, need not trouble even the most conscientious of his admirers. To many of his readers it is in itself, as has been already suggested, delightfully stimulating. Others, the more conscientious folk and perhaps also the severer judges of literary quality, are bound to find it artistically a blemish; but they need not at any rate regard it as implying any radical defect in Arnold's humanity or as the result of cheap

[1] *Letters*, i. 400. [2] *Letters*, i. 225. [3] *Letters*, i. 233.

cynicism or of inadequate sympathy. In point of fact, the true account of the matter seems rather to lie in the paradox that the apparent superciliousness of Arnold's style comes from the very intensity of his moral earnestness, and that the limitations of his style and method are largely due to the strenuousness of his moral purpose.

II.

WHAT, then, was Arnold's controlling purpose in his prose writing? What was "the work" that he "wanted to do with the English public"? In trying to find answers to these questions it will be well first to have recourse to stray phrases in Arnold's prose; these phrases will give incidental glimpses, from different points of view, of his central ideal; later, their fragmentary suggestions may be brought together into something like a comprehensive formula.

In the lectures on *Celtic Literature* Arnold points out in closing that it has been his aim to lead Englishmen to "reunite themselves with their better mind and with the world through science"; that he has sought to help them "conquer the hard unintelligence, which was just then their bane; to supple and reduce it by culture, by a growth in the variety, fullness, and sweetness of their spiritual life." In the Preface to his first volume of *Essays* he explains that he is trying "to pull out a few more stops in that powerful but at present somewhat narrow-toned organ, the modern Englishman." In *Culture and Anarchy* he assures us that his object is to convince men of the value of "culture";

to incite them to the pursuit of "perfection"; to help "make reason and the will of God prevail." And again in the same work he declares that he is striving to intensify throughout England "the impulse to the development of the whole man, to connecting and harmonizing all parts of him, perfecting all, leaving none to take their chance."

These phrases give, often with capricious picturesqueness, hints of the prevailing intention with which Arnold writes. They may well be supplemented by a series of phrases in which, in similarly picturesque fashion, he finds fault with life as it actually exists in England, with the individual Englishman as he encounters him from day to day; these phrases, through their critical implications, also reveal the purpose that is always present in Arnold's mind, when he addresses his countrymen. "Provinciality," Arnold points out as a widely prevalent and injurious characteristic of English literature; it argues a lack of centrality, carelessness of ideal excellence, undue devotion to relatively unimportant matters. Again, "arbitrariness," and "eccentricity" are noticeable traits both of English literature and scholarship; Arnold finds them everywhere deforming Professor Newman's interpretations of Homer, and he further comments on them as in varying degrees "the great defect of English intellect—the great blemish of English literature." In religion he takes special exception to the "loss of totality" that results from sectarianism; this is the penalty, Arnold contends, that the Nonconformist pays for his hostility to the established church; in his pursuit of his own special

enthusiasm the Nonconformist becomes, like Ephraim, "a wild ass alone by himself."

From all these brief quotations this much at least is plain, that what Arnold is continually recommending is the complete development of the human type, and that what he is condemning is departure from some finely conceived ideal of human excellence—from some scheme of human nature in which all its powers have full and harmonious play. The various phrases that have been quoted, alike the positive and the negative ones, imply as Arnold's continual purpose in his prose-writings the recommendation of this ideal of human excellence and the illustration of the evils that result from its neglect. The significance and the scope of this purpose will become clearer, however, if we consider some of the imperfect ideals which Arnold finds operative in place of this absolute ideal, and note their misleading and depraving effects.

One such partial ideal is the worship of the excessively practical and the relentlessly utilitarian as the only things in life worth while. England is a prevailingly practical nation, and our age is a prevailingly practical age; the unregenerate product of this nation and age is the Philistine, and against the Philistine Arnold never wearies of inveighing. The Philistine is the swaggering enemy of the children of light, of the chosen people, of those who love art and ideas disinterestedly. The Philistine cares solely for business, for developing the material resources of the country, for starting companies, building bridges, making railways, and establishing plants. The machinery of life—its material organ-

ization—monopolizes all his attention. He judges of life by the outside, and is careless of the things of the spirit. The Philistine may, of course, be religious; but his religion is as materialistic as his everyday existence; his heaven is a triumph of engineering skill and his ideal of future bliss is, in Sydney Smith's phrase, to eat "*pâtés de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets." Against men of this class Arnold cannot show himself too cynically severe; they are pitiful distortions; the practical instincts have usurped, and have destroyed the symmetry and integrity of the human type. The senses and the will to live are monopolizing and determine all the man's energy toward utilitarian ends. The power of beauty, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of social manners are atrophied. Society is in serious danger unless men of this class can be touched with a sense of their shortcomings; made aware of the larger values of life; made pervious to ideas; brought to recognize the importance of the things of the mind and the spirit.

Another partial ideal, the prevalence of which Arnold laments, is the narrowly and unintelligently religious ideal. The middle class Englishman is according to Arnold a natural Hebraist; he is pre-occupied with matters of conduct and careless about things of the mind; he is negligent of beauty and abstract truth, of all those interests in life which had for the Greek of old, and still have for the modern man of "Hellenistic" temper, such inalienable charm. The Puritanism of the seventeenth century was the almost unrestricted expression of the Hebraistic temper, and

from the conceptions of life that were then wrought out, the middle classes in England have never wholly escaped. The Puritans looked out upon life with a narrow vision, recognized only a few of its varied interests, and provided for the needs of only a part of man's nature. Yet their theories and conceptions of life—theories and conceptions that were limited in the first place by the age in which they originated, and in the second place by a Hebraistic lack of sensitiveness to the manifold charm of beauty and knowledge—these limited theories and conceptions have imposed themselves constrainingly on many generations of Englishmen. To-day they remain, in all their narrowness and with an ever increasing disproportion to existing conditions, the most influential guiding principles of large masses of men. Such men spend their lives in a round of petty religious meetings and employments. They think all truth is summed up in their little cut and dried Biblical interpretations. New truth is uninteresting or dangerous. Art distracts from religion, and is a siren against whose seductive chanting the discreet religious Ulysses seals his ears. To Arnold this whole view of life seems sadly mistaken, and the men who hold it seem fantastic distortions of the authentic human type. The absurdities and the dangers of the unrestricted Hebraistic ideal he satirizes or laments in *Culture and Anarchy*, in *Literature and Dogma*, in *God and the Bible*, and in *St. Paul and Protestantism*.

Still another kind of deformity arises when the intellect grows self-assertive and develops overweeningly. To this kind of distortion the modern man of

science is specially prone; his exclusive study of material facts leads to crude, unregenerate strength of intellect, and leaves him careless of the value truth may have for the spirit, and of its glimmering suggestions of beauty. Yes, and for the philosopher and the scholar, too, over-intellectualism has its peculiar dangers. The devotee of a system of thought is apt to lose touch with the real values of life, and in his exorbitant desire for unity and thoroughness of organization, to miss the free play of vital forces that gives to life its manifold charm, its infinite variety, and its ultimate reality. Bentham and Comte are examples of the evil effects of this rabid pursuit of system. "Culture is always assigning to system-makers and systems a smaller share in the bent of human destiny than their friends like."[1] As for the pedant he is merely the miser of facts, who grows withered in hoarding the vain fragments of precious ore of whose use he has lost the sense. Men of all these various types offend through their fanatical devotion to truth; for, indeed, as someone has in recent years well said, the intellect is "but a *parvenu*," and the other powers of life, despite the Napoleonic irresistibleness of the newcomer, have rights that deserve respect. Over-intellectualism, then, like the over-development of any other power, leads to disproportion and disorder.

Such being some of the partial ideals against which Arnold warns his readers, what account does he give of that perfect human type in all its integrity, in terms

[1] *Culture and Anarchy*, p. 33.

of which he criticises these aberrations or deformities? To attempt an exact definition of this type would perhaps be a bit presumptuous and grotesque, and, with his usual sureness of taste, Arnold has avoided the experiment. But in many passages he has recorded clearly enough his notion of the powers in man that are essential to his humanity, and that must all be duly recognized and developed, if man is to attain in its full scope what nature offers him. A representative passage may be quoted from the lecture on *Literature and Science:* "When we set ourselves to enumerate the powers which go to the building up of human life, and say that they are the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, and the power of social life and manners, he [Professor Huxley] can hardly deny that this scheme, though drawn in rough and plain lines enough, and not pretending to scientific exactness, does yet give a fairly true representation of the matter. Human nature is built up of these powers; we have the need for them all. When we have rightly met and adjusted the claims for them all, we shall then be in a fair way for getting soberness and righteousness with wisdom."[1]

These same ideas are presented under a somewhat different aspect and with somewhat different terminology in the first chapter of *Culture and Anarchy:* "The great aim of culture [is] the aim of setting ourselves to ascertain what perfection is and to make it prevail." Culture seeks "the determination of this question through all the voices of human experience

[1] *Selections*, p. 116.

which have been heard upon it,—of art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as of religion,—in order to give a greater fullness and certainty to its solution. . . Religion says: *The Kingdom of God is within you;* and culture, in like manner, places human perfection in an *internal* condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality. It places it in the ever-increasing efficacy and in the general harmonious expansion of those gifts of thought and feeling which make the peculiar dignity, wealth, and happiness of human nature. As I have said on a former occasion: 'It is in making endless additions to itself, in the endless expansion of its powers, in endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal. To reach this ideal, culture is an indispensable aid, and that is the true value of culture.'" [1]

In such passages as these Arnold comes as near as he ever comes to defining the perfect human type. He does not profess to define it universally and in abstract terms, for indeed he "hates" abstractions almost as inveterately as Burke hated them. He does not even describe concretely for men of his own time and nation the precise equipoise of powers essential to perfection. Yet he names these powers, suggests the ends toward which they must by their joint working contribute, and illustrates through examples the evil effects of the preponderance or absence of one and another. Finally, in the course of his many discussions, he describes in detail the method by which the

[1] *Selections*, p. 152.

delicate adjustment of these rival powers may be secured in the typical man; suggests who is to be the judge of the conflicting claims of these powers, and indicates the process by which this judge may most persuasively lay his opinions before those whom he wishes to influence. The method for the attainment of the perfect type is *culture;* the censor of defective types and the judge of the rival claims of the co-operant powers is the *critic;* and the process by which this judge clarifies his own ideas and enforces his opinions on others is *criticism.*

III.

We are now at the centre of Arnold's theory of life and hold the keyword to his system of belief, so far as he had a system. His reasons for attaching to the work of the critic the importance he palpably attached to it, are at once apparent. Criticism is the method by which the perfect type of human nature is at any moment to be apprehended and kept in uncontaminate clearness of outline before the popular imagination. The ideal critic is the man of nicest discernment in matters intellectual, moral, æsthetic, social; of perfect equipoise of powers; of delicately pervasive sympathy; of imaginative insight; who grasps comprehensively the whole life of his time; who feels its vital tendencies and is intimately aware of its most insistent preoccupations; who also keeps his orientation toward the unchanging norms of human endeavor: and who is thus able to note and set forth the imper-

fections in existing types of human nature and to urge persuasively a return in essential particulars to the normal type. The function of criticism, then, is the vindication of the ideal human type against perverting influences, and Arnold's prose writings will for the most part be found to have been inspired in one form or another by a single purpose : the correction of excess in some human activity and the restoration of that activity to its proper place among the powers that make up the ideal human type.

Culture and Anarchy (1869) was the first of Arnold's books to illustrate adequately this far-reaching conception of criticism. His special topic is, in this case, social conditions in England. Politicians, he urges, whose profession it is to deal with social questions, are engrossed in practical matters and biassed by party considerations ; they lack the detachment and breadth of view to see the questions at issue in their true relations to abstract standards of right and wrong. They mistake means for ends, machinery for the results that machinery is meant to secure ; they lose all sense of values and exalt temporary measures into matters of sacred import ; finally they come to that pass of ineptitude which Arnold symbolizes by the enthusiasm of Liberals over the measure to enable a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. What is needed to correct these absurd misapprehensions is the free play of critical intelligence. The critic from his secure coign of vantage must examine social conditions dispassionately ; he must determine what is essentially wrong in the inner lives of the various classes of men around him and so reveal the real sources of those social evils

which politicians are trying to remedy by external readjustments and temporary measures.

And this is just the task that Arnold undertakes in *Culture and Anarchy*. He sets himself to consider English society in its length and breadth with a view to discovering what is its essential constitution, what are the typical classes that enter into it, and what are the characteristics of these classes. So far as concerns classification, he ultimately accepts, it is true, as adequate to his purpose the traditional division of English society into upper, middle, and lower classes. But he then goes on to give an analysis of each of these classes that is novel, penetrating, in the highest degree stimulating. He takes a typical member of each class and describes him in detail, intellectually, morally, socially; he points out his sources of strength and his sources of weakness. He compares him as a type with the abstract ideal of human excellence and notes wherein his powers "fall short or exceed." He indicates the reaction upon the social and political life of the nation of these various defects and excesses, their inevitable influence in producing social misadjustment and friction. Finally, he urges that the one remedy that will correct these errant social types and bring them nearer to the perfect human type is culture, increase in *vital* knowledge.

The details of Arnold's application of this conception of culture as a remedy for the social evils of the time, every reader may follow out for himself in *Culture and Anarchy*. One point in Arnold's conception, however, is to be noted forthwith; it is a crucial point in its influence on his theorizings. By culture

Arnold means increase of knowledge; yes, but he means something more; culture is for Arnold not merely an intellectual matter. (Culture is the best knowledge made operative and dynamic in life and character. Knowledge must be vitalized ; it must be intimately conscious of the whole range of human interests; it must ultimately subserve the whole nature of man.) Continually, then, as Arnold is pleading for the spread of ideas, for increase of light, for the acceptance on the part of his fellow-countrymen of new knowledge from the most diverse sources, he is as keenly alive as anyone to the dangers of over-intellectualism. The undue development of the intellectual powers is as injurious to the individual as any other form of deviation from the perfect human type.

This distrust of over-intellectualism is the ultimate ground of Arnold's hostility to the claims of Physical Science to primacy in modern education. His ideas on the relative educational value of the physical sciences and of the humanities are set forth in the well-known discourse on *Literature and Science*.[1] Arnold is ready, no one is more ready, to accept the conclusions of science as to all topics that fall within its range; whatever its authenticated spokesmen have to say upon man's origin, his moral nature, his relations to his fellows, his place in the physical universe, his religions, his sacred books—all these utterances are to be received with entire loyalty so far as they can be shown to embody the results of expert scientific

[1] *Selections*, p. 104.

observation and thought. But for Arnold the great importance of modern scientific truth does not for a moment make clear the superiority of the physical sciences over the Humanities as a means of educational discipline. The study of the sciences tends merely to intellectual development, to the increase of mental power; the study of literature on the other hand trains a man emotionally and morally, develops his human sympathies, sensitizes him temperamentally, rouses his imagination, and elicits his sense of beauty. Science puts before the student the crude facts of nature, bids him accept them dispassionately, rid himself of all discoloring moods as he watches the play of physical force, and convert himself into pure intelligence; he is simply to observe, to analyze, to classify, and to systematize, and he is to go through these processes continually with facts that have no human quality, that come raw from the great whirl of the cosmic machine. As a discipline, then, for the ordinary man, the study of science tends not a whit toward humanization, toward refinement, toward temperamental regeneration; it tends only to develop an accurate trick of the senses, fine observation, crude intellectual strength. These powers are of very great importance; but they may also be trained in the study of literature, while at the same time the student, as Sir Philip Sidney long ago pointed out, is being led and drawn "to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clay lodgings, can be capable of." Arnold, then, with characteristic anxiety for the integrity of the human type, urges the superior worth to most young men of a literary rather than a

scientific training. Literature nourishes the whole spirit of man ; science ministers only to the intellect.

The same insistent desire that culture be vital is at the root of Arnold's discomfort in the presence of German scholarship. For the thoroughness and the disinterestedness of this scholarship he has great respect; but he cannot endure its trick of losing itself in the letter, its "pedantry, slowness," its way of "fumbling" after truth, its "ineffectiveness."[1] "In the German mind," he exclaims in *Literature and Dogma*, "as in the German language, there does seem to be something splay, something blunt-edged, unhandy, infelicitous,—some positive want of straightforward, sure perception."[2] Of scholarship of this splay variety, that comes from exaggerated intellectuality and from lack of a delicate temperament and of nice perceptions, Arnold is intolerant. Such scholarship he finds working its customary mischief in Professor Francis Newman's translation of Homer, and, accordingly, he gives large parts of the lectures on *Translating Homer* to the illustration of its shortcomings and maladroitness ; he is bent on showing how inadequate is great learning alone to cope with any nice literary problem. Newman's philological knowledge of Greek and of Homer is beyond dispute, but his taste may be judged from his assertion that Homer's verse, if we could hear the living Homer, would affect us "like an elegant and simple melody from an African of the Gold Coast."[3] The remedy for such inept scholarship lies in cul-

[1] *Celtic Literature*, p. 75. [2] *Literature and Dogma*, p. xxi.
[3] *On Translating Homer*, p. 295.

ture, in the vitalization of knowledge. The scholar must not be a mere knower ; all his powers must be harmoniously developed.

One last illustration of Arnold's insistence that knowledge be vital, may be drawn from his writings on religion and theology. Again criticism and culture are the passwords that open the way to a new and better order of things. Formulas, Arnold urges, have fastened themselves constrainingly upon the English religious mind. Traditional interpretations of the Bible have come to be received as beyond cavil. These interpretations are really human inventions—the product of the ingenious thinking of theologians like Calvin and Luther. Yet they have so authenticated themselves that for most readers to-day the Bible means solely what it meant for the exacerbated theological mind of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. If religion is to be vital, if knowledge of the Bible is to be genuine and real, there must be a critical examination of what this book means for the disinterested intelligence of to-day; the Bible, as literature, must be interpreted anew, sympathetically and imaginatively; the moral inspiration the Bible has to offer, even to men who are rigidly insistent on scientific habits of thought and standards of historical truth, must be disengaged from what is unverifiable and transitory, and made real and persuasive. "I write," Arnold declares, "to convince the lover of religion that by following habits of intellectual seriousness he need not, so far as religion is concerned, lose anything. Taking the Old Testament as Israel's magnificent establishment of

the theme, *Righteousness is salvation!* taking the New as the perfect elucidation by Jesus of what righteousness is and how salvation is won, I do not fear comparing even the power over the soul and imagination of the Bible, taken in this sense,—a sense which is at the same time solid,—with the like power in the old materialistic and miraculous sense for the Bible, which is not."[1] This definition of what Arnold hopes to do for the Bible may be supplemented by a description of the method in which culture works toward the ends desired: "Difficult, certainly, is the right reading of the Bible, and true culture, too, is difficult. For true culture implies not only knowledge, but right tact and justness of judgment, forming themselves by and with knowledge; without this tact it is not true culture. Difficult, however, as culture is, it is necessary. For, after all, the Bible is *not* a talisman, to be taken and used literally; neither is any existing Church a talisman, whatever pretensions of the sort it may make, for giving the right interpretation of the Bible. Only true culture can give us this interpretation; so that if conduct is, as it is, inextricably bound up with the Bible and the right interpretation of it, then the importance of culture becomes unspeakable. For if conduct is necessary (and there is nothing so necessary), culture is necessary."[2]

Enough has now been said to illustrate Arnold's conception of culture and of its value as a specific against all the ills that society is heir to. Culture

[1] *God and the Bible*, p. xxxiv.
[2] *Literature and Dogma*, p. xxvii.

is vital knowledge and the critic is its fosterer and guardian; culture and criticism work together for the preservation of the integrity of the human type against all the disasters that threaten it from the storm and stress of modern life. Politics, religion, scholarship, science each has its special danger for the individual; each seizes upon him, subdues him relentlessly to the need of the moment and the requirements of some particular function, and converts him often into a mere distorted fragment of humanity. Against this tyranny of the moment, against the specializing and materializing trend of modern life, criticism offers a powerful safeguard. Criticism is ever concerned with archetypal excellence, is continually disengaging with fine discrimination what is transitory and accidental from what is permanent and essential in all that man busies himself about, and is thus perpetually helping every individual to the apprehension of his "best self," to the development of what is real and absolute and the elimination of what is false or deforming. And in doing all this the critic acts as the appreciator of life; he is not the abstract thinker. He apprehends the ideal intuitively; he reaches it by the help of the feelings and the imagination and a species of exquisite tact, not through a series of syllogisms; he is really a poet, rather than a philosopher.

This conception of the nature and functions of criticism makes intelligible and justifies a phrase of Arnold's that has often been impugned—his description of poetry as a criticism of life. To this account of poetry it has been objected that criticism is an intel-

tectual process, while poetry is primarily an affair of the imagination and the heart; and that to regard poetry as a criticism of life is to take a view of poetry that tends to convert it into mere rhetorical moralizing; the decorative expression in rhythmical language of abstract truth about life. This misinterpretation of Arnold's meaning becomes impossible, if the foregoing theory of criticism be borne in mind. Criticism is the determination and the representation of the archetypal, of the ideal. Moreover, it is not a determination of the archetypal formally and theoretically, through speculation or the enumeration of abstract qualities; Arnold's disinclination for abstractions has been repeatedly noted. The process to be used in criticism is a vital process of appreciation, in which the critic, sensitive to the whole value of human life, to the appeal of art and of conduct and of manners as well as of abstract truth, feels his way to a synthetic grasp upon what is ideally best and portrays this concretely and persuasively for the popular imagination. Such an appreciator of life, if he produce beauty in verse, if he embody his vision of the ideal in metre, will be a poet. In other words, the poet is the appreciator of human life who sees in it most sensitively, inclusively, and penetratingly what is archetypal and evokes his vision before others through rhythm and rhyme. In this sense poetry can hardly be denied to be a criticism of life; it is the winning portrayal of the ideal of human life as this ideal shapes itself in the mind of the poet. Such a criticism of life Dante gives, a determination and portrayal of what is ideally best in life according to mediæval

conceptions; a representation of life in its integrity with a due adjustment of the claims of all the powers that enter into it—friendship, ambition, patriotism, loyalty, religion, artistic ardor, love. Such a criticism of life Shakspere incidentally gives in terms of the full scope of Elizabethan experience in England; with due imaginative setting forth of the splendid vistas of possible achievement and unlimited development that the new knowledge and the discoveries of the Renaissance had opened. In short, the great poet is the typically sensitive, penetrative, and suggestive appreciator of life,—who calls to his aid, to make his appreciation as resonant and persuasive as possible, as potent as possible over men's minds and hearts, all the emotional and imaginative resources of language,—rhythm, figures, allegory, symbolism—whatever will enable him to impose his appreciation of life upon others and to insinuate into their souls his sense of the relative values of human acts and characters and passions; whatever will help him to make more overweeningly beautiful and insistently eloquent his vision of beauty and truth. In this sense the poet is the limiting ideal of the appreciative critic, and poetry is the ultimate criticism of life—the finest portrayal each age can attain to of what seems to it in life most significant and delightful.

IV.

The purpose with which Arnold writes is now fairly apparent. His aim is to shape in happy fashion the lives of his fellows; to free them

from the bonds that the struggle for existence imposes upon them; to enlarge their horizons, to enrich them spiritually, and to call all that is best within them into as vivid play as possible. When we turn to Arnold's literary criticism we shall find this purpose no less paramount.

A glance through the volumes of Arnold's essays renders it clear that his selection of a poet or a prose-writer for discussion was usually made with a view to putting before English readers some desirable trait of character for their imitation, some temperamental excellence that they are lacking in, some mode of belief that they neglect, some habit of thought that they need to cultivate. Joubert is studied and portrayed because of his single-hearted love of light, the purity of his disinterested devotion to truth, the fine distinction of his thought, and the freedom of his spirit from the sordid stains of worldly life. Heine is a typical leader in the war of emancipation, the arch-enemy of Philistinism, and the light-hearted indomitable foe of prejudice and cant. Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin are winning examples of the spiritual distinction that modern Romanism can induce in timely-happy souls. Scherer, whose critiques upon Milton and Goethe are painstakingly reproduced in the *Mixed Essays*, represents French critical intelligence in its best play—acute, yet comprehensive; exacting, yet sympathetic; regardful of *nuances* and delicately refining, and yet virile and constructive. Of the importance for modern England of emphasis on all these qualities of mind and heart, Arnold was securely convinced.

Moreover, even when his choice of subject is deter-

mined by other than moral considerations, his treatment is apt, none the less, to reveal his ethical bias. Again and again in his essays on poetry, for example, it is the substance of poetry that he is chiefly anxious to handle, while the form is left with incidental analysis. Wordsworth is the poet of joy in widest commonalty spread—the poet whose criticism of life is most sound and enduring and salutary. Shelley is a febrile creature, insecure in his sense of worldly values, "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."[1] The essay on Heine helps us only mediately to an appreciation of the volatile beauty of Heine's songs, or to an intenser delight in the mere surface play of hues and moods in his verse. From the essay on George Sand, to be sure, we receive many vivid impressions of the emotional and imaginative scope of French romance; for this essay was written *con amore* in the revivification of an early mood of devotion, and in an unusually heightened style; the essay on Emerson is the one study that has in places somewhat of the same lyrical intensity and the same vividness of realization. Yet even in the essay on George Sand, the essayist is on the whole bent on revealing the temperament of the woman rather in its decisive influence on her theories of life than in its reaction upon her art as art. There is hardly a word of the Romance as a definite literary form, of George

[1] This famous image was probably suggested by a sentence of Joubert's: "Plato loses himself in the void, but one sees the play of his wings, one hears their rustle. . . It is good to breathe his air, but not to live upon him." The translation is Arnold's own. See his *Joubert*, in *Essays in Criticism*, i. 294.

Sand's relation to earlier French writers of fiction, or of her distinctive methods of work as a portrayer of the great human spectacle. In short, literature as art, literary forms as definite modes of artistic expression, the technique of the literary craftsman receive for the most part from Arnold slight attention.

Perhaps, the one piece of work in which Arnold set himself with some thoroughness to the discussion of a purely literary problem was his series of lectures on *Translating Homer*. These lectures were produced before his sense of responsilility for the moral regeneration of the Philistine had become importunate, and were addressed to an academic audience. For these reasons, the treatment of literary topics is more disinterested and less interrupted by practical considerations. Indeed, as will be presently noted in illustration of another aspect of Arnold's work, these lectures contain very subtle and delicate appreciations, show everywhere exquisite responsiveness to changing effects of style, and enrich gratefully the vocabulary of impressionistic criticism.

Even in these exceptional lectures, however, Arnold's ethical interest asserts itself. In the course of them he gives an account of the grand style in poetry,—of that poetic manner that seems to him to stand highest in the scale of excellence; and he carefully notes as an essential of this manner,—of this grand style,—its moral power; "it can form the character, . . . is edifying, . . . can refine the raw natural man . . . can transmute him."[1] This definition of the grand

[1] *On Translating Homer*, ed. 1883, p. 197.

style will be discussed presently in connection with Arnold's general theory of poetry ; it is enough to note here that it illustrates the inseparableness in Arnold's mind between art and morals.

His description of poetry as a criticism of life has already been mentioned. This doctrine is early implied in Arnold's writings, for example, in the passage just quoted from the lectures on *Translating Homer;* it becomes more explicit in the *Last Words* appended to these lectures, where the critic asserts that "the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness."[1] It is elaborated in the essays on *Wordsworth* (1879), on the *Study of Poetry* (1880), and on *Byron* (1881). "It is important, therefore," the essay on Wordsworth assures us, "to hold fast to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life,—to the question: How to live."[2] And in the essay on the *Study of Poetry* Arnold urges that "in poetry, as a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty, the spirit of our race will find . . . as time goes on and as other helps fail, its consolation and stay."[3]

With this doctrine of the indissoluble connection between the highest poetic excellence and essential nobleness of subject-matter probably only the most irreconcilable advocates of art for art's sake

[1] *On Translating Homer*, ed. 1883, p. 295.
[2] *Essays*, ii., ed. 1891, p. 143.
[3] *Essays*, ii., ed. 1891, p. 5.

would quarrel. So loyal an adherent of art as Walter Pater suggests a test of poetic "greatness" substantially the same with Arnold's. "It is on the quality of the matter it informs or controls, its compass, its variety, its alliance to great ends, or the depth of the note of revolt, or the largeness of hope in it, that the greatness of literary art depends, as *The Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost*, *Les Misérables*, *The English Bible*, are great art." [1] This may be taken as merely a different phrasing of Arnold's principle that "the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life—to the question: How to live." Surely, then, we are not at liberty to press any objection to Arnold's general theory of poetry on the ground of its being over-ethical.

There remains nevertheless the question of emphasis. In the application to special cases of this test of essential worth either the critic may be constitutionally biassed in favor of a somewhat restricted range of definite ideas about life, or even when he is fairly hospitable toward various moral idioms, he may still be so intent upon making ethical distinctions as to fail to give their due to the purely artistic qualities of poetry. It is in this latter way that Arnold is most apt to offend. The emphasis in the discussions of Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Gray, and Milton is prevailingly on the ethical characteristics of each poet; and the reader carries away from an essay a vital conception of the play of moral energy and of spiritual passion in the poet's verse rather than an im-

[1] Pater's *Appreciations*, ed. 1890, p. 36.

pression of his peculiar adumbration of beauty, the characteristic rhythms of his imaginative movement, the delicate color modulations on the surface of his image of life.

It must, however, be borne in mind that Arnold has specially admitted the incompleteness of his description of poetry as "a criticism of life"; this criticism, he has expressly added, must be made in conformity "to the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty." "The profound criticism of life" characteristic of "the few supreme masters" must exhibit itself "in indissoluble connection with the laws of poetic truth and beauty."[1] Is there, then, any account to be found in Arnold of these laws observance of which secures poetic beauty and truth? Is there any description of the special ways in which poetic beauty and truth manifest themselves, of the formal characteristics to be found in poetry where poetic beauty and truth are present? Does Arnold either suggest the methods the poet must follow to attain these qualities or classify the various subordinate effects through which poetic beauty and truth invariably reveal their presence? The most apposite parts of his writings to search for some declaration on these points are the lectures on *Translating Homer*, and the second series of his essays which deal chiefly with the study of poetry. Here, if anywhere, we ought to find a registration of beliefs as regards the precise nature and source of poetic beauty and truth.

And indeed throughout all these writings, which run

[1] *Essays*, ii., ed. 1891, pp. 186–187.

through a considerable period of time, Arnold makes fairly consistent use of a half dozen categories for his analyses of poetic effects. These categories are substance and matter, style and manner, diction and movement. Of the substance of really great poetry we learn repeatedly that it must be made up of ideas of profound significance "on man, on nature, and on human life." [1] This is, however, merely the prescription already so often noted that poetry, to reach the highest excellence, must contain a penetrating and ennobling criticism of life. In the essay on *Byron*, however, there is something formally added to this requisition of "truth and seriousness of substance and matter"; besides these, "felicity and perfection of diction and manner, as these are exhibited in the best poets, are what constitute a criticism of life made in conformity with the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty." [2] There must then be felicity and perfection of diction and manner in poetry of the highest order; these terms are somewhat vague, but serve at least to guide us on our analytic way. In the essay on the *Study of Poetry*, there is still further progress made in the description of poetic excellence. "To the style and manner of the best poetry, their special character, their accent is given by their diction, and, even yet more, by their movement. And though we distinguish between the two characters, the two accents, of superiority," [*i. e.*, between the superiority that comes from substance and the superiority that comes from style],

[1] *Essays*, ii., ed. 1891, p. 141.
[2] *Essays*, ii., ed. 1891, p. 187.

"yet they are nevertheless vitally connected one with the other. The superior character of truth and seriousness, in the matter and substance of the best poetry, is inseparable from the superiority of diction and movement marking its style and manner. The two superiorities are closely related, and are in steadfast proportion one to the other. So far as high poetic truth and seriousness are wanting to a poet's matter and substance, so far also, we may be sure, will a high poetic stamp of diction and movement be wanting to his style and manner." [1]

Now that there is this intimate and necessary union between a poet's mode of conceiving life and his manner of poetic expression, is hardly disputable. The image of life in a poet's mind is simply the outside world transformed by the complex of sensations and thoughts and emotions peculiar to the poet; and this image inevitably frames for itself a visible and audible expression that delicately utters its individual character—distills that character subtly through word and sentence, rhythm and metaphor, image and figure of speech, and through their integration into a vital work of art. Moreover, the poet's style is itself in general the product of the same personality which determines his image of life, and must therefore be like his image of life delicately striated with the markings of his play of thought and feeling and fancy. The close correspondence, then, between the poet's subject-matter and his manner or style is indubitable. The part of Arnold's conclusion or the point in his

[1] *Essays*, ii., ed. 1891, p. 22.

method that is regrettable is the exclusive stress that he throws on this dependence of style upon worth of substance. He converts style into a mere function of the moral quality of a poet's thought about life, and fails to furnish any delicately studied categories for the appreciation of poetic style apart from its moral implications.

Take, for example, the judgments passed in the *Study of Poetry* upon various poets; in every instance the estimate of the poet's style turns upon the quality of his thought about life. Is it Chaucer whose right to be ranked as a classic is mooted? He cannot be ranked as a classic because "the substance of" his poetry has not "high seriousness."[1] Is it Burns whose relative rank is being fixed? Burns through lack of "absolute sincerity" falls short of "high seriousness," and hence is not to be placed among the classics. And thus continually with Arnold, effects of style are merged in moral qualities, and the reader gains little insight into the refinements of poetical manner except as these derive directly from the poet's moral consciousness. The categories of style and manner, diction and movement, are everywhere subordinated to the categories of substance and matter, are treated as almost wholely derivative. "Felicity and perfection of diction and manner," wherever they are admittedly present, are usually explained as the direct result of the poet's lofty conception of life. Such a treatment of questions of style does not further us much on our way to a knowledge of the "laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth."

[1] *Essays*, ii., ed. 1891, p. 33.

Doubtless somewhat more disinterested analyses of style may be found in the lectures on *Translating Homer*. These discussions do not establish laws, but they at least consider poetic excellence as for the moment dependent on something else than the moral mood of the poet. For example, the grand style is analyzed into two varieties, the grand style in severity and the grand style in simplicity. Each of these styles is described and illustrated so that it enters into the reader's imagination and increases his sensitiveness to poetic excellence.[1] Again, a bit later in the lectures, the distinction between real simplicity and sophisticated simplicity in poetic style is drawn with exquisite delicacy of appreciation.[2] Here there is an effort to deal directly with artistic effects for their own sake and apart from their significance as expressive of *ethos*. Yet, even in these cases, the effort to be faithful to the artistic point of view is only partly successful. For example, the essential beauty of the grand style in severity is referred to our consciousness of "the great personality . . . the noble nature, in the poet its author";[3] and the *simplesse* of Tennyson's style is explained at least psychologically, if not morally, as resulting from the subtle sophistication of his thought.[4]

To bring together, then, the results of this somewhat protracted analysis: Arnold ostensibly admits that poetry, to be of the highest excellence, must, in

[1] *On Translating Homer*, ed. 1883, pp. 265–267.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 288.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 268.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 288.

addition to containing a criticism of life of profound significance, conform to the laws of poetic beauty and truth. He accepts as necessary categories for the appreciation of poetical excellence style and manner, diction and movement. Yet his most important general assertion about these latter purely formal determinations of poetry is that they are inseparably connected with substance and matter; similarly, whenever he discusses artistic effects, he is apt to find them interesting simply as serving to interpret the artist's prevailing mood toward life; and even where, as is at times doubtless the case, he escapes for the moment from his ethical interest and appreciates with imaginative delicacy the individual quality of a poem or a poet's style, he is nearly always found sooner or later explaining this quality as originating in the poet's peculiar *ethos*. As for any systematic or even incidental determination of "the laws of poetic beauty and truth," we search for it through his pages in vain.

V.

But it would be wrong to attribute this lack in Arnold's essays of theorizing about questions of art solely to his preoccupation with conduct. For theory in general and for abstractions in general,—for all sorts of philosophizing,—Arnold openly professes his dislike. "Perhaps we shall one day learn," he says in his essay on Wordsworth, "to make this proposition general, and to say: Poetry is the reality, philosophy the illusion." [1] This distrust of the abstract and the

[1] *Essays*, ii., ed. 1891, p. 149.

purely theoretical shows itself throughout his literary criticism and determines many of its characteristics.

His hostility to systems and to system-makers has already been pointed out; this hostility admits of no exception in favor of the systematic critic. "There is the judgment of ignorance, the judgment of incompatibility, the judgment of envy and jealousy. Finally, there is the systematic judgment, and this judgment is the most worthless of all. . . Its author has not really his eye upon the professed object of his criticism at all, but upon something else which he wants to prove by means of that object. He neither really tells us, therefore, anything about the object, nor anything about his own ignorance of the object. He never fairly looks at it; he is looking at something else."[1] This hypnotizing effect is what Arnold first objects to and fears in a theory; the critic with a theory is bound to find what he goes in search of, and nothing else. He goes out—to change somewhat one of Arnold's own figures—like Saul, the son of Kish, in search of his father's asses; and he comes back with the authentic animals instead of the traditional windfall of a kingdom.

Nor is preoccupation with a pet theory the sole incapacity that Arnold finds in the systematic critic; such a critic is almost sure to be over-intellectualized, a victim of abstractions and definitions, dependent for his judgments on conceptions, and lacking in temperamental sensitiveness to the appeal of literature as art. He is merely a triangulator of the landscape of

[1] *Mixed Essays*, ed. 1883, p. 209.

literature, and moves resolutely in his process of triangulation from one fixed point to another; he finds significant only such parts of his experience as he can sum up in a definite abstract formula at some one of these arbitrary halting places; his ultimate opinion of the ground he covers is merely the sum total of a comparatively small number of such abstract expressions. To the manifold wealth of the landscape in color, in light, in shade, and in poetic suggestiveness, the system-monger, the theoretical critic, has all the time been blind.

Knowledge, too, even though it be not severely systematized, may interfere with the free play of critical intelligence. An oversupply of unvitalized facts or ideas, even though these facts or ideas be not organized into an importunate theory, may prove disastrous to the critic. The danger to which the critic is exposed from this source, Arnold has amusingly set forth in his *Last Words* on Homeric translation: "Much as Mr. Newman was mistaken when he talked of my rancour, he is entirely right when he talks of my ignorance. And yet, perverse as it seems to say so, I sometimes find myself wishing, when dealing with these matters of poetical criticism, that my ignorance were even greater than it is. To handle these matters properly, there is needed a poise so perfect that the least overweight in any direction tends to destroy the balance. Temper destroys it, a crotchet destroys it, even erudition may destroy it. To press to the sense of the thing with which one is dealing, not to go off on some collateral issue about the thing, is the hardest matter in the world. The 'thing

itself' with which one is here dealing—the critical perception of poetic truth—is of all things the most volatile, elusive, and evanescent; by even pressing too impetuously after it, one runs the risk of losing it. The critic of poetry should have the finest tact, the nicest moderation, the most free, flexible, and elastic spirit imaginable; he should be, indeed, the 'ondoyant et divers,' the *undulating and diverse* being of Montaigne. The less he can deal with his object simply and freely, the more things he has to take into account in dealing with it,—the more, in short, he has to encumber himself,—so much the greater force of spirit he needs to retain his elasticity. But one cannot exactly have this greater force by wishing for it; so, for the force of spirit one has, the load put upon it is often heavier than it will well bear. The late Duke of Wellington said of a certain peer that 'it was a great pity his education had been so far too much for his abilities.' In like manner one often sees erudition out of all proportion to its owner's critical faculty. Little as I know, therefore, I am always apprehensive, in dealing with poetry, lest even that little should prove too much for my abilities."[1]

Discreet ignorance, then, is Arnold's counsel of perfection to the would-be critic. And, accordingly, he himself is desultory from conscientious motives and unsystematic by fixed rule. There are two passages in his writings where he explains confidentially his methods and his reasons for choosing them. The first occurs in a letter of 1864: "My sinuous, easy.

[1] *On Translating Homer*, p. 245.

unpolemical mode of proceeding has been adopted by me first because I really think it the best way of proceeding, if one wants to get at, and keep with, truth; secondly, because I am convinced only by a literary form of this kind being given to them can ideas such as mine ever gain any access in a country such as ours."[1] The second passage occurs in the Preface to his first series of *Essays in Criticism* (1865): "Indeed, it is not in my nature—some of my critics would rather say not in my power—to dispute on behalf of any opinion, even my own, very obstinately. To try and approach truth on one side after another, not to strive or cry, not to persist in pressing forward, on any one side, with violence and self-will, it is only thus, it seems to me, that mortals may hope to gain any vision of the mysterious Goddess, whom we shall never see except in outline. He who will do nothing but fight impetuously toward her, on his own one favorite particular line, is inevitably destined to run his head into the folds of the black robe in which she is wrapped."[2]

Such, then, is Arnold's ideal of critical method. The critic is not to move from logical point to point, as, for example, Francis Jeffrey was wont, in his essays, to move, with an advocate's devotion to system and desire to make good some definite conclusion. Rather the critic is to give rein to his temperament; he is to make use of intuitions, imaginations, hints that touch the heart, as well as abstract principles, syllogisms, and arguments; and so he is to reach out

[1] *Letters*, i. 282. [2] *Essays*, i., ed. 1891, p. v.

tentatively through all his powers after truth if haply he may find her; in the hope that thus, keeping close to the concrete aspects of his subject, he may win to an ever more inclusive and intimate command of its surface and configurations. The type of mind most apt for this kind of critical work is the "free, flexible and elastic spirit," described in the passage from the *Last Words* quoted a moment ago; the "undulating and diverse being of Montaigne."

A critic of this type will palpably concern himself slightly with abstractions, with theorizings, with definitions. And indeed Arnold's unwillingness to define becomes at times almost ludicrous. "Nothing has raised more questioning among my critics than these words—*noble, the grand style*. . . Alas! the grand style is the last matter in the world for verbal definition to deal with adequately. One may say of it as is said of faith: 'One must feel it in order to know it.'"[1] Similarly in the *Study of Poetry*, Arnold urges: "Critics give themselves great labour to draw out what in the abstract constitutes the characters of a high quality of poetry. It is much better to have recourse to concrete examples. . . If we are asked to define this mark and accent in the abstract, our answer must be: No, for we should thereby be darkening the question, not clearing it." Again: "I may discuss what in the abstract constitutes the grand style; but that sort of general discussion never much helps our judgment of particular instances."[2]

[1] *On Translating Homer*, ed. 1883, p. 264.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 194.

These passages are characteristic; rarely indeed does Arnold consent to commit himself to the control of a definition. He prefers to convey into his readers' mind a living realization of the thing or the object he treats of rather than to put before them its logically articulated outlines.

Moreover, when he undertakes the abstract discussion of a general term, he is apt to be capricious in his treatment of it and to follow in his subdivisions and classifications some external clew rather than logical structure. In the essay on *Celtic Literature* he discusses the various ways of handling nature in poetry and finds four such ways—the conventional way, the faithful way, the Greek way, and the magical way. The classification recommends itself through its superficial charm and facility, yet rests on no psychological truth, or at any rate carries with it, as Arnold treats it, no psychological suggestions; it gives no swift insight into the origin in the poet's mind and heart of these different modes of conceiving of nature. Hence, the classification, as Arnold uses it, is merely a temporary makeshift for rather gracefully grouping effects, not an analytic interpretation of these effects through a reduction of them to their varying sources in thought and feeling.

This may be taken as typical of Arnold's critical methods. As we read his essays we have no sense of making definite progress in the comprehension of literature as an art among arts, as well as in the appreciation of an individual author or poem. We are not being intellectually oriented as we are in reading the most stimulating critical work; we are not getting an

ever surer sense of the points of the compass. Essays, to have this orienting power, need not be continually prating of theories and laws; they need not be rabidly scientific in phrase or in method. But they must issue from a mind that has come to an understanding with itself about the genesis of art in the genius of the artist; about the laws that, when the utmost plea has been made for freedom and caprice, regulate artistic production; about the history and evolution of art forms; and about the relations of the arts among themselves and to the other activities of life. It may fairly be doubted if Arnold had ever wrought out for himself consistent conclusions on all or on most of these topics. Indeed, the mere juxtaposition of his name and a formal list of these topics suggests the kind of mock-serious deprecatory paragraph with which the "unlearned belletristic trifler" was wont to reply to such strictures—a paragraph sure to carry in its tail a stinging bit of sarcasm at the expense of pedantry and unenlightened formalism. And yet, great as must be every one's respect for the thorough scholarship and widely varied accomplishment that Arnold made so light of and carried off so easily, the doubt must nevertheless be suggested whether a more vigorous grasp on theory, and a more consistent habit of thinking out literary questions to their principles, would not have invigorated his work as a critic and given it greater permanence and richer suggestiveness.

VI.

It is, then, as an appreciator of what may perhaps be called the spiritual qualities of literature that Arnold is most distinctively a furtherer of criticism. An appreciator of beauty,—of true beauty wherever found,—that is what he would willingly be; and yet, as the matter turns out, the beauty that he most surely enjoys and reveals has invariably a spiritual aroma,—is the finer breath of intense spiritual life. Or, if spiritual be too mystical a word to apply to Homer and Goethe, perhaps Arnold should rather be termed an appreciator of beauty that is the effluence of noble character.

The importance of appreciation in criticism, Arnold has himself described in one of the *Mixed Essays:* "Admiration is salutary and formative; . . . but things admirable are sown wide, and are to be gathered here and gathered there, not all in one place; and until we have gathered them wherever they are to be found, we have not known the true salutariness and formativeness of admiration. The quest is large; and occupation with the unsound or half sound, delight in the not good or less good, is a sore let and hindrance to us. Release from such occupation and delight sets us free for ranging farther, and for perfecting our sense of beauty. He is the happy man, who, encumbering himself with the love of nothing which is not beautiful, is able to embrace the greatest number of things beautiful in his life."[1]

[1] *Mixed Essays*, ed. 1883, p. 210.

On this disinterested quest then, for the beautiful, Arnold in his essays nominally fares forth. Yet certain limitations in his appreciation, over and beyond his prevalent ethical interest, must forthwith be noted. Music, painting, and sculpture have seemingly nothing to say to him. In his *Letters* there are only a few allusions to any of these arts, and such as occur do not surpass in significance the comments of the chance loiterer in foreign galleries or visitor of concert rooms. In his essays there are none of the correlations between the effects and methods of literature and those of kindred arts that may do so much either to individualize or to illustrate the characteristics of poetry. For Arnold, literature and poetry make up the whole range of art.

Within these limits, however,—the limits imposed by preoccupation with conduct and by carelessness of all arts except literature,—Arnold has been a prevailing revealer of beauty. Not his most hostile critic can question the delicacy of his perception, so far as he allows his perception free play. On the need of nice and ever nicer discriminations in the apprehension of the shifting values of literature, he has himself often insisted. Critics who let their likes and dislikes assert themselves turbulently, to the destruction of fine distinctions, always fall under Arnold's condemnation. "When Mr. Palgrave dislikes a thing, he feels no pressure constraining him, either to try his dislike closely or to express it moderately; he does not mince matters, he gives his dislike all its own way. . . He dislikes the architecture of the Rue Rivoli, and he puts it on the level with the architecture of Belgravia and

Gower Street ; he lumps them all together in one condemnation ; he loses sight of the shade, the distinction which is here everything."[1] For a similar blurring of impressions, Professor Newman is taken to task, though in Newman's case the faulty appreciations are due to a different cause: "Like all learned men, accustomed to desire definite rules, he draws his conclusions too absolutely ; he wants to include too much under his rules ; he does not quite perceive that in poetical criticism the shade, the fine distinction, is everything ; and that, when he has once missed this, in all he says he is in truth but beating the air."[2] To appreciate literature more and more sensitively in terms of "an undulating and diverse temperament," this is the ideal that Arnold puts before literary criticism.

His own appreciations of poetry are probably richest, most discriminating, and most disinterested in the lectures on *Translating Homer*. The imaginative tact is unfailing with which he renders the contour and the surface-qualities of the various poems that he comments on; and equally noteworthy is the divining instinct with which he captures the spirit of each poet and sets it before us with a phrase or a symbol. The "inversion and pregnant conciseness" of Milton's style, its "laborious and condensed fullness"; the plainspokenness, freshness, vigorousness, and yet fancifulness and curious complexity of Chapman's style; Spenser's "sweet and easy slipping move-

[1] *Essays*, i., ed. 1891, p. 73.
[2] *On Translating Homer*, ed. 1883, p. 246.

ment"; Scott's "bastard epic style"; the "one continual falsetto" of Macaulay's "pinchbeck *Roman Ballads*"; all these characterizations are delicately sure in their phrasing and suggestion, and are the clearer because they are made to stand in continual contrast with Homer's style, the rapidity, directness, simplicity, and nobleness of which Arnold keeps ever present in our consciousness. Incidentally, too, such suggestive discriminations as that between *simplesse* and *simplicité*, the "semblance" of simplicity and the "real quality," are made ours by the critic, as he goes on with his pursuit of the essential qualities of Homeric thought and diction. To read these lectures is a thoroughly tempering process; a process that renders the mind and imagination permanently finer in texture, more elastic, more sensitively sure in tone, and subtly responsive to the demands of good art.

The essay on the *Study of Poetry* which was written as preface to Ward's *English Poets* is also rich in appreciation, and at times almost as disinterested as the lectures on Homer; yet perhaps never quite so disinterested. For in the *Study of Poetry* Arnold is persistently aware of his conception of "the grand style" and bent on winning his readers to make it their own. Only poets who attain this grand style deserve to be "classics," and the continual insistence on the note of "high seriousness"—its presence or absence—becomes rather wearisome. Moreover, Arnold's preoccupation with this ultimate manner and quality tends to limit a trifle the freedom and delicate truth of his appreciations of other manners and minor qualities. At times, one is tempted to charge Arnold

with some of the unresponsiveness of temperament that he ascribes to systematic critics, and to find even Arnold himself under the perilous sway of a fixed idea. Yet, when all is said, the *Study of Poetry* is full of fine things and does much to widen the range of appreciation and at the same time to make appreciation more certain. "The liquid diction, the fluid movement of Chaucer, his large, free, sound representation of things"; Burns's "touches of piercing, sometimes almost intolerable pathos," his "archness," too, and his "soundness"; Shelley, "that beautiful spirit building his many-coloured haze of words and images 'Pinnacled dim in the intense inane'"; these, and other interpretations like them, are easily adequate and carry the qualities of each poet readily into the minds and imaginations of sympathetic readers. Appreciation is much the richer for this essay on the *Study of Poetry*

Nor must Arnold's suggestive appreciations of prose style be forgotten. Several of them have passed into standard accounts of clearly recognized varieties of prose diction. Arnold's phrasing of the matter has made all sensitive English readers permanently more sensitive to "the warm glow, blithe movement, and soft pliancy of life" of the Attic style, and also permanently more hostile to "the over-heavy richness and encumbered gait" of the Asiatic style. Equally good is his account of the Corinthian style: "It has glitter without warmth, rapidity without ease, effectiveness without charm. Its characteristic is that it has no *soul;* all it exists for, is to get its ends, to make its points, to damage its adversaries, to be admired, to triumph. A style so bent on effect at the expense

of soul, simplicity, and delicacy; a style so little studious of the charm of the great models; so far from classic truth and grace, must surely be said to have the note of provinciality."[1] "Middle-class Macaulayese" is his name for Hepworth Dixon's style; a style which he evidently regards as likely to gain favor and establish itself. "I call it Macaulayese . . . because it has the same internal and external characteristics as Macaulay's style; the external characteristic being a hard metallic movement with nothing of the soft play of life, and the internal characteristic being a perpetual semblance of hitting the right nail on the head without the reality. And I call it middle-class Macaulayese, because it has these faults without the compensation of great studies and of conversance with great affairs, by which Macaulay partly redeemed them."[2] It will, of course, be noted that these latter appreciations deal for the most part with divergences from the beautiful in style, but they none the less quicken and refine the æsthetic sense.

Finally, throughout the two series of miscellaneous essays there is, in the midst of much business with ethical matters, an often-recurring free play of imagination in the interests, solely and simply, of beauty. Many are the happy windfalls these essays offer of delicate interpretation both of poetic effect and of creative movement, and many are the memorable phrases and symbols by which incidentally the essential quality of a poet or prose writer is securely lodged in the reader's consciousness.

[1] *Essays*, i., ed. 1891, p. 75.

[2] *Friendship's Garland*, ed. 1883, p. 279.

And yet, wide ranging and delicately sensitive as are Arnold's appreciations, the feeling will assert itself, in a final survey of his work in literary criticism, that he nearly always has designs on his readers and that appreciation is a means to an end. The end in view is the exorcism of the spirit of Philistinism. Arnold's conscience is haunted by this hideous apparition as Luther's was by the devil, and he is all the time metaphorically throwing his inkstand at the spectre. Or, to put the matter in another way, his one dominating wish is to help modern Englishmen to "conquer the hard unintelligence," which is "their bane; to supple and reduce it by culture, by a growth in the variety, fullness, and sweetness of their spiritual life"; and the appreciative interpretation of literature to as wide a circle of readers as possible seems to him one of the surest ways of thus educing in his fellow-countrymen new spiritual qualities. It must not be forgotten that Matthew Arnold was the son of Thomas Arnold, master of Rugby; there is in him a hereditary pedagogic bias—an inevitable trend toward moral suasion. The pedagogic spirit has suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange, and yet traces of its origin linger about it. Criticism with Arnold is rarely, if ever, irresponsible; it is our schoolmaster to bring us to culture.

In a letter of 1863 Arnold speaks of the great transformation which "in this concluding half of the century the English spirit is destined to undergo." "I shall do," he adds, "what I can for this movement in literature; freer perhaps in that sphere than I could be in any other, but with the risk always before me, if

I cannot charm the wild beast of Philistinism while I am trying to convert him, of being torn in pieces by him."[1] In charming the wild beast Arnold ultimately succeeded; and yet there is a sense in which he fell a victim to his very success. The presence of the beast, and the necessity of fluting to him debonairly and winningly, fastened themselves on Arnold's imagination and subdued him to a comparatively narrow range of subjects and set of interests. From the point of view, at least, of what is desirable in appreciative criticism Arnold was injured by his sense of responsibility; he lacks the detachment and the delicate mobility that are the redeeming traits of modern dilettantism.

If, then, we regard Arnold as a writer with a task to accomplish, with certain definite regenerative purposes to carry out, with a body of original ideas about the conduct of life to inculcate, we must conclude that he succeeded admirably in his work, followed out his ideas with persistence and temerity through many regions of human activity, and embodied them with unwearying ingenuity and persuasiveness in a wide range of discussions. If, on the other hand, we consider him solely as a literary critic, we are forced to admit that he is not the ideal literary critic; he is not the ideal literary critic because he is so much more, and because his interests lie so decisively outside of art. Nor is this opinion meant to imply an ultimate theory of art for art's sake, or to suggest any limitation of criticism to mere impressionism or appreciation.

[1] *Letters*, ed. 1896, i. 240.

Literature must be known historically and philosophically before it can be adequately appreciated; that is emphatically true. Art may or may not be justifiable solely as it is of service to society; that need not be debated. But, in any event, literary criticism, if it is to reach its utmost effectiveness, must regard works of art for the time being as self-justified integrations of beauty and truth, and so regarding them must record and interpret their power and their charm. And this temporary isolating process is just the process which Arnold very rarely, for the reasons that have been traced in detail, is willing or able to go through with.

VII.

When we turn to consider Arnold's literary style, we are forced to admit that this, too, has suffered from the strenuousness of his moral purpose; it has been unduly sophisticated, here and there, because of his desire to charm "the wild beast of Philistinism." To this purpose and this desire is owing, at least in part, that falsetto note—that half-querulous, half-supercilious artificiality of tone,—that is now and then to be heard in his writing. In point of fact, it would be easy to exaggerate the extent to which this note is audible; an unprejudiced reader will find long continuous passages of even Arnold's most elaborately designed writing free from any trace of undue self-consciousness or of gentle condescension. And yet it is undeniable that when, apart from his *Letters*, Arnold's prose, as a whole, is compared with that of

such a writer, for example, as Cardinal Newman, there is in Arnold's style, as the ear listens for the quality of the bell metal, not quite the same beautifully clear and sincere resonance. There seems to be now and then some unhappy warring of elements, some ill-adjustment of overtones, a trace of some flaw in mixing or casting.

Are not these defects in Arnold's style due to his somewhat self-conscious attempt to fascinate a recalcitrant public? Is it not the assumption of a manner that jars on us often in Arnold's less happy moments? Has he not the pose of the man who overdoes bravado with the hope of getting cleverly through a pass which he feels a bit trying to his nerves? Arnold has a keen consciousness of the very stupid beast of Philistinism lying in wait for him ; and in the stress of the moment he is guilty of a little exaggeration of manner; he is just a shade unnatural in his flippancy; he treads his measure with an unduly mincing flourish.

Arnold's habit of half-mocking self-depreciation and of insincere apology for supposititious personal shortcomings has already been mentioned; to his controversial writings, particularly, it gives often a raspingly supercilious tone. He insists with mock humbleness that he is a "mere belletristic trifler"; that he has no "system of philosophy with principles coherent, interdependent, subordinate, and derivative" to help him in the discussion of abstract questions. He assures us that he is merely "a feeble unit" of the "English middle class"; he deprecates being called a professor because it is a title he shares "with so many distinguished men—Professor Pepper, Professor Ander-

son, Professor Frickel, and others—who adorn it," he feels, much more than he does. These mock apologies are always amusing and yet a bit exasperating, too. Why should Arnold regard it, we ask ourselves, as such a relishing joke—the possibility that he has a defect? The implication of almost arrogant self-satisfaction is troublesomely present to us. Such passages certainly suggest that Arnold had an ingrained contempt for the "beast" he was charming.

Yet, when all is said, much of this supercilious satire is irresistibly droll, and refuses to be gainsaid. One of his most effective modes of ridiculing his opponents is through conjuring up imaginary scenes in which some ludicrous aspect of his opponent's case or character is thrown into diverting prominence. Is it the pompous, arrogant self-satisfaction of the prosperous middle-class tradesman that Arnold wishes to satirize? And more particularly is it the futility of the *Saturday Review* in holding up Benthamism—the systematic recognition of such a smug man's ideal of selfish happiness—as the true moral ideal? Arnold represents himself as travelling on a suburban railway on which a murder has recently been committed, and as falling into chat with the middle-class frequenters of this route. The demoralization of these worthy folk, Arnold assures us, was "something bewildering." "Myself a transcendentalist (as the *Saturday Review* knows), I escaped the infection ; and, day after day, I used to ply my agitated fellow-travellers with all the consolations which my transcendentalism would naturally suggest to me. I reminded them how Cæsar refused to take precautions against assassination, be-

cause life was not worth having at the price of an ignoble solicitude for it. I reminded them what insignificant atoms we all are in the life of the world. 'Suppose the worst to happen,' I said, addressing a portly jeweller from Cheapside; 'suppose even yourself to be the victim; *il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire.* We should miss you for a day or two upon the Woodford Branch; but the great mundane movement would still go on, the gravel walks of your villa would still be rolled, dividends would still be paid at the Bank, omnibuses would still run, there would still be the old crush at the corner of Fenchurch Street.' All was of no avail. Nothing could moderate in the bosom of the great English middle class, their passionate, absorbing, almost bloodthirsty clinging to life." This is, of course, "admirable fooling"; and equally of course, the little imaginary scene serves perfectly the purposes of Arnold's argument and turns into ridicule the narrowness and overweening self-importance of the smug tradesman.

Another instance of Arnold's ability to conjure up fancifully a scene of satirical import may be adduced from the first chapter of *Culture and Anarchy*. Arnold has been ridiculing the worship of mere "bodily health and vigour" as ends in themselves. "Why, one has heard people," he exclaims, "fresh from reading certain articles of the *Times* on the Registrar General's returns of marriages and births in this country, who would talk of our large English families in quite a solemn strain, as if they had something in itself, beautiful, elevating, and meritorious in them; as if the British Philistine would have only to present

himself before the Great Judge with his twelve children, in order to be received among the sheep as a matter of right!"[1]

It is noticeable that only in such scenes and passages as these is Arnold's imagination active—scenes and passages that are a bit satirical, not to say malicious; on the other hand, scenes that have the limpid light and the winning quality of many in Cardinal Newman's writings—scenes that rest the eye and commend themselves simply and graciously to the heart—are in Arnold's prose hardly, if ever, to be found. This seems the less easy to explain inasmuch as his poetry, though of course not exceptionally rich in color, nevertheless shows everywhere a delicately sure sense of the surface of life. Nor is it only the large sweep of the earth-areas or the diversified play of the human spectacle that is absent from Arnold's prose; his imagination does not even make itself exceptionally felt through concrete phrasing or warmth of coloring; his style is usually intellectual almost to the point of wanness, and has rarely any of the heightened quality of so-called poetic prose. In point of fact, this conventional restraint in Arnold's style, this careful adherence to the mood of prose, is a very significant matter; it distinguishes Arnold both as a writer and as a critic of life from such men as Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin. The meaning of this quietly conventional manner will be later considered in the discussion of Arnold's relation to his age.

The two pieces of writing where Arnold's style has

[1] *Selections*, p. 158.

most fervor and imaginative glow are the essay on George Sand and the discourse upon Emerson. In each case he was returning in the choice of his subject to an earlier enthusiasm, and was reviving a mood that had for him a certain romantic consecration. George Sand had opened for him, while he was still at the University, a whole world of rich and half-fearful imaginative experience; a world where he had delighted to follow through glowing southern landscapes the journeyings of picturesquely rebellious heroes and heroines, whose passionate declamation laid an irresistible spell on his English fancy. Her love and portrayal of rustic nature had also come to him as something graciously different from the saner and more moral or spiritual interpretation of rustic life to be found in Wordsworth's poems. Her personality, in all its passionate sincerity and with pathetically unrewarded aspirations, had imposed itself on Arnold's imagination both as this personality was revealed in her books and as it was afterward encountered in actual life. All these early feelings Arnold revives in a memorial essay written in 1877, one year after George Sand's death. From first to last the essay has a brooding sincerity of tone, an unconsidering frankness, and an intensity and color of phrase that are noteworthy. The descriptions of nature, both of the landscapes to be found in George Sand's *romances* and of those in the midst of which she herself lived, have a luxuriance and sensuousness of surface that Arnold rarely condescends to. The tone of unguarded devotion may be represented by part of the concluding paragraph of the essay: "It is silent, that eloquent

voice! it is sunk, that noble, that speaking head! We sum up, as we best can, what she said to us, and we bid her adieu. From many hearts in many lands a troop of tender and grateful regrets converge toward her humble churchyard in Berry. Let them be joined by these words of sad homage from one of a nation which she esteemed, and which knew her very little and very ill." [1] There can be no question of the passionate sincerity and the poetic beauty of this passage.

Comparable in atmosphere and tone to this essay on George Sand is the discourse on Emerson, in certain parts of which Arnold again has the courage of his emotions. In the earlier paragraphs there is the same revivification of a youthful mood as in the essay on George Sand. There is also the same only half-restrained pulsation in the rhythm, an emotional throb that at times almost produces an effect of metre. "Forty years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air there which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! they are a possession to him forever." [2] Of this discourse, however, only the introduction and the conclusion are of this intense, self-communing passionateness; the analysis of Emerson's qualities as writer and thinker, that makes up the greater part of the discourse, has Arnold's usual colloquial, self-consciously wary tone.

A fairly complete survey of the characteristics of Arnold's style may perhaps best be obtained by rec-

[1] *Mixed Essays*, ed. 1883, p. 260.

[2] *Discourses in America*, ed. 1894, p. 138.

ognizing in his prose writings four distinct manners. First may be mentioned his least compromising, severest, most exact style; it is most consistently present in the first of the *Mixed Essays*, that on *Democracy* (1861). The sentences are apt to be long and periodic. The structure of the thought is defined by means of painstakingly accurate articulations. Progress in the discussion is systematic and is from time to time conscientiously noted. The tone is earnest, almost anxious. A strenuous, systematic, responsible style, we may call it. Somewhat mitigated in its severities, somewhat less palpably official, it remains the style of Arnold's technical reports upon education and of great portions of his writings on religious topics. It is, however, most adequately exhibited in the essay on *Democracy*.

Simpler in tone, easier, more colloquial, more casual, is the style that Arnold uses in his literary essays, in the uncontroversial parts of the lectures on *Translating Homer*, and in *Culture and Anarchy*. This style is characterized by its admirable union of ease, simplicity, and strength; by the affability of its tone, an affability, however, that never degenerates into over-familiarity or loses dignified restraint; by its disregard of method, or of the more pretentious manifestations of method; and by the delicate certainty, with which, when at its best, it takes the reader, despite its apparently casual movement, over the essential aspects of the subject under discussion. This is really Arnold's most distinctive manner, and it will require, after his two remaining manners have been briefly noted, some further analysis.

Arnold's third style is most apt to appear in controversial writings or in his treatment of subjects where he is particularly aware of his enemy, or particularly bent on getting a hearing from the inattentive through cleverly malicious satire, or particularly desirous of carrying things off with a nonchalant air. It appears in the controversial parts of the lectures on *Translating Homer*, in many chapters of *Culture and Anarchy*, and runs throughout *Friendship's Garland.* Its peculiarly rasping effect upon many readers has already been described. It is responsible for much of the prejudice against Arnold's prose.

Arnold's fourth style—intimate, rich in color, intense in feeling, almost lyrical in tone—is the style that has just been characterized in the discussion of the essays on George Sand and on Emerson. There are not many passages in Arnold's prose where this style has its way with him. But these passages are so individual, and seem to reveal Arnold with such novelty and truth, that the style that pervades them deserves to be put by itself.

The style usually taken as characteristically Arnold's is that here classed as his second, with a generous admixture of the third. Many of the qualities of this style have already been suggested as illustrative of certain aspects of Arnold's temperament or habits of thought. Various important points, however, still remain to be appreciated.

Colloquial in its rhythms and its idiom this style surely is. It is fond of assenting to its own propositions; "well" and "yes" often begin its sentences—signs of its casual and tentative mode of advance.

Arnold's frequent use of "well" and "yes" and neglect of the anxiously demonstrative "now," at the opening of his sentences mark unmistakably the unrigorousness of his method. An easily negligent treatment of the sentence, too, is often noticeable; a subject is left suspended while phrase follows phrase, or even while clause follows clause, until, quite as in ordinary talk, the subject must be repeated, the beginning of the sentence must be brought freshly to mind. Often Arnold ends a sentence and begins the next with the same word or phrase; this trick is better suited to talk than to formal discourse. Indeed, Arnold permits himself not a few of the inaccuracies of everyday speech. He uses the cleft infinitive;[1] he introduces relative clauses with superfluous "and"[2] or "but";[3] he confuses the present participle with the verbal noun and speaks, for example, of "the creating a current"; and he usually "tries and does" a thing instead of "trying to do" it. Finally, his prose abounds in exclamations and in Italicized words or phrases, and so takes on much of the rhythm and manner of talk. A brief quotation from *Literature and Dogma* will make this clear. "But the gloomy, oppressive dream is now over. '*Let us return to Nature!*' And all the world salutes with pride and joy the Renascence, and prays to Heaven: 'Oh, that *Ishmael* might live before thee!' Surely the future belongs to this brilliant newcomer, with his animating maxim: *Let us return to Nature!* Ah, what pitfalls

[1] *Selections*, p. 116, l. 24. [2] *Selections*, p. 114, l. 6.
[3] *Essays in Criticism*, ed. 1891, i. 88.

are in that word *Nature!* Let us return to art and science, which are a part of Nature; yes. Let us return to a proper conception of righteousness, to a true sense of the method and secret of Jesus, which have been all denaturalized; yes. But, 'Let us return to *Nature!*'—do you mean that we are to give full swing to our inclinations?"[1] The colloquial character of these exclamations and the search, through the use of Italics, for stress like the accent of speech are unmistakable.

Arnold's fundamental reason, conscious or unconscious, for the adoption of this colloquial tone and manner, may probably be found in the account of the ultimate purpose of all his writing, given near the close of *Culture and Anarchy;* he aims, not to inculcate an absolutely determinate system of truth, but to stir his readers into the keenest possible self-questioning over the worth of their stock ideas. "Socrates has drunk his hemlock and is dead; but in his own breast does not every man carry about with him a possible Socrates, in that power of disinterested play of consciousness upon his stock notions and habits, of which this wise and admirable man gave all through his lifetime the great example, and which was the secret of his incomparable influence? And he who leads men to call forth and exercise in themselves this power, and who busily calls it forth and exercises it in himself, is at the present moment, perhaps, as Socrates was in his time, more in concert with the vital working of men's minds, and more effectually significant, than any House of

[1] *Literature and Dogma*, ed. 1893, p. 321.

Commons' orator, or practical operator in politics."[1] This dialectical habit of mind is, Arnold believes, best induced and stimulated by the free colloquial manner of writing that he usually adopts.

In the choice of words, however, Arnold is not noticeably colloquial. Less often in Arnold than in Newman is a familiar phrase caught audaciously from common speech and set with a sure sense of fitness and a vivifying effect in the midst of more formal expressions. His style, though idiomatic, stops short of the vocabulary of every day; it is nice—instinctively edited. Certain words are favorites with him, and moreover, as is so often the case with the literary temperament, these words reveal some of his special preoccupations. Such words are *lucidity*, *urbanity*, *amenity*, *fluid* (as an epithet for style), *vital*, *puissant*.

Arnold is never afraid of repeating a word or a phrase, hardly enough afraid of this. His trick of ending one sentence and beginning the next with the same set of words has already been noted. At times, his repetitions seem due to his attempt to write down to his public; he will not confuse them by making them grasp the same idea twice through two different forms of speech. Often, his repetitions come palpably from sheer fondness for his own happy phraseology. His description of Shelley as "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," pleases him so well that he carries it over entire from one essay to another; even a whole page of his writing is sometimes so transferred.

[1] *Culture and Anarchy*, ed. 1883, p. 205.

And indeed iteration and reiteration of single phrases or forms of words is a mannerism with Arnold, and at times proves one of his most effective means both for stamping his own ideas on the mind of the public and for ridiculing his opponents. Many of his positive formulas have become part and parcel of the modern literary man's equipment. His account of poetry as "a criticism of life"; his plea for "high seriousness" as essential to a classic; his pleasant substitute for the old English word God—"the not ourselves which makes for righteousness"; "lucidity of mind"; "natural magic" in the poetic treatment of nature; "the grand style" in poetry; these phrases of his have passed into the literary consciousness and carried with them at least a superficial recognition of many of his ideas.

Iteration Arnold uses, too, as a weapon of ridicule. He isolates some unluckily symbolic phrase of his opponent's, points out its damaging implications or its absurdity, and then repeats it pitilessly as an ironical refrain. The phrase gains in grotesqueness at each return—"sweetening and gathering sweetness evermore"—and finally seems to the reader to contain the distilled quintessence of the foolishness inherent in the view that Arnold ridicules. It is in this way that in *Culture and Anarchy* the agitation to "enable a man to marry his deceased wife's sister" becomes symbolic of all the absurd fads of "liberal practitioners." Similarly, when he is criticising the cheap enthusiasm with which democratic politicians describe modern life, Arnold culls from the account of a Nottingham child-murder the phrase, "Wragg is in custody," and adds

it decoratively after every eulogy on present social conditions. Or again the *Times* at a certain diplomatic crisis exhorts the Government to set forth England's claims "with promptitude and energy";[1] and this grandiloquent and under the circumstances empty phrase becomes, as Arnold persistently rings its changes, irresistibly funny as symbolic of cheap bluster. Whole sentences are often reiterated by Arnold in this same satirical fashion. In the course of a somewhat atrabilious criticism he had been attacked by Mr. Frederic Harrison as being a mere dilettante and as having "no philosophy with coherent, interdependent, subordinate, and derivative principles."[2] This latter phrase, with its bristling array of epithets, struck Arnold as delightfully redolent of pedantry; and, as has already been noted, it recurs again and again in his writings in passages of mock apology and ironical self-depreciation. Readers of *Literature and Science*, too, will remember how amusingly Arnold plays with "Mr. Darwin's famous proposition that 'our ancestor was a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits.'"[3] It should be noted that in all these cases the phrase that is reiterated has a symbolic quality, and therefore, in addition to its delicious absurdity, comes to possess a subtly argumentative value.

Akin to Arnold's skillful use of reiteration is his ingenuity in the invention of telling nicknames. His

[1] *Friendship's Garland*, ed. 1883, p. 285.
[2] *Culture and Anarchy*, ed. 1883, p. 56.
[3] *Discourses in America*, ed. 1894, p. 110.

classification of his fellow-countrymen as Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace has become common property. The Nonconformist because of his unyielding sectarianism he compares to Ephraim, "a wild ass alone by himself."[1] To Professor Huxley, who has been talking of "the Levites of culture," Arnold suggests that "the poor humanist is sometimes apt to regard" men of science as the "Nebuchadnezzars" of culture. *The Church and State Review* Arnold dubs "the High Church rhinoceros"; the *Record* is "the Evangelical hyena."[2]

It is interesting to note how often Arnold's satire has a biblical turn. His mind is saturated with Bible history and his memory stored with biblical phraseology; moreover, allusions whether to the incidents or the language of the Bible are sure to be quickly caught by English readers; hence Arnold frequently gives point to his style through the use of scriptural phrases or illustrations. Many of the foregoing nicknames come from biblical sources. The lectures on Homer offer one admirable instances of Scripture quotation. Arnold has been urged to define the grand style. With his customary dislike of abstractions, he protests against the demand. "Alas! the grand style is the last matter in the world for verbal definition to deal with adequately. One may say of it as is said of faith: 'One must feel it in order to know what it is.' But, as of faith, so too we may say of nobleness, of the grand style: 'Woe to those who know it not!' yet this expression, though indefinable, has a charm;

[1] *Culture and Anarchy*, ed. 1883, p. xxxviii.

[2] *Selections*, p. 28.

one is the better for considering it; *bonum est, nos hic esse;* nay, one loves to try to explain it, though one knows that one must speak imperfectly. For those, then, who ask the question, What is the grand style? with sincerity, I will try to make some answer, inadequate as it must be. For those who ask it mockingly I have no answer, except to repeat to them, with compassionate sorrow, the Gospel words: *Moriemini in peccatis vestris*, Ye shall die in your sins."[1]

An interesting comment on this habit of Arnold's of scriptural phrasing occurs in one of his letters: "The Bible," he says, "is the only book well enough known to quote as the Greeks quoted Homer, sure that the quotation would go home to every reader, and it is quite astonishing how a Bible sentence clinches and sums up an argument. 'Where the State's treasure is bestowed,' etc., for example, saved me at least half a column of disquisition."[2] A moment later he adds a charmingly characteristic explanation as regards his incidental use of Scripture texts: "I put it in the Vulgate Latin, as I always do when I am not earnestly serious." This habit of "high seriousness" in such matters, it is to be feared he in some measure outgrew.

Arnold's fine instinct in the choice of words has thus far been illustrated chiefly as subservient to satire. In point of fact, however, it is subject to no such limitation. Whatever his purpose, he has in a high degree the faculty of putting words together with a delicate congruity that gives them a

[1] *Selections*, p. 83. [2] *Letters*, i. 191.

permanent hold on the imagination. In this power of fashioning memorable phrases he far surpasses Newman, and indeed most recent writers except those who have developed epigram and paradox into a meretricious manner. "A free play of the mind;" "disinterestedness;" "a current of true and fresh ideas;" "the note of provinciality;" "sweet reasonableness;" "the method of inwardness;" "the secret of Jesus;" "the study of perfection;" "the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, and the power of social life and manners"—how happily vital are all these phrases! How perfectly integrated! Yet they are unelaborate and almost obvious. Christianity is "the greatest and happiest stroke ever yet made for human perfection." "Burke saturates politics with thought." "Our august Constitution sometimes looks . . . a colossal machine for the manufacture of Philistines." "English public life . . . that Thyestëan banquet of claptrap." The Atlantic cable—"that great rope, with a Philistine at each end of it talking inutilities." These sentences illustrate still further Arnold's deftness of phrasing. But with the last two or three we return to the ironical manner that has already been exemplified.

In his use of figures Arnold is sparing; similes are few, metaphors by no means frequent. It may be questioned whether it is ever the case with Arnold as with Newman that a whole paragraph is subtly controlled in its phrasing by the presence of a single figure in the author's mind. Simpler in this respect Arnold's style probably is than even Newman's; its general inferiority to Newman's style in point of sim-

plicity is owing to the infelicities of tone and manner that have already been noted.

Illustrations Arnold uses liberally and happily. He excels in drawing them patly from current events and the daily prints. This increases both the actuality of his discussion—its immediacy—and its appearance of casualness, of being a pleasantly unconsidered trifle. For example, the long and elaborate discussion, *Culture and Anarchy*, begins with an allusion to a recent article in the *Quarterly Review* on Sainte-Beuve, and turns over and over the use of the word *curiosity* that occurs in that article. Arnold is thus led to his analysis of *culture*. Later in the same chapter, references occur to such sectarian journals as the *Nonconformist*, and to current events as reported and criticised in their columns. Even in essays dealing with purely literary topics—in such an essay as that on *Eugénie de Guérin*—there is this same actuality. "While I was reading the journal of Mdlle. de Guérin," Arnold tells us, "there came into my hands the memoir and poems of a young Englishwoman, Miss Emma Tatham"; and then he uses this memoir to illustrate the contrasts between the poetic traditions of Romanism and the somewhat sordid intellectual poetry of English sectarian life. This closeness of relation between Arnold's writing and his daily experience is very noticeable and increases the reader's sense of the novelty and genuineness and immediacy of what he reads; it conduces to that impression of vitality that is perhaps, in the last analysis, the most characteristic impression the reader carries away from Arnold's writings.

VIII.

And indeed the union in Arnold's style of actuality with distinction becomes a very significant matter when we turn to consider his precise relation to his age, for it suggests what is perhaps the most striking characteristic of his personality—his reconciliation of conventionality with fineness of spiritual temper. In this reconciliation lies the secret of Arnold's relation to his romantic predecessors and to the men of his own time. He accepts the actual, conventional life of the everyday world frankly and fully, as the earlier idealists had never quite done, and yet he retains a strain of other-worldliness inherited from the dreamers of former generations. Arnold's gospel of culture is an attempt to import into actual life something of the fine spiritual fervor of the Romanticists with none of the extravagance or the remoteness from fact of those "madmen"—those idealists of an earlier age.

Like the Romanticists, Arnold really gives to the imagination and the emotions the primacy in life; like the Romanticists he contends against formalists, system-makers, and all devotees of abstractions. It is by an exquisite tact, rather than by logic, that Arnold in all doubtful matters decides between good and evil. He keeps to the concrete image; he is an appreciator of life, not a deducer of formulas or a demonstrator. He is continually concerned about what *ought* to be; he is not cynically content with the knowledge of what *is*. And yet, unlike the Romanticists, Arnold is *in* the world, and *of* it; he has given heed to the

world-spirit's warning, "submit, submit"; he has "learned the Second Reverence, for things around." In Arnold, imaginative literature returns from its romantic quest for the Holy Grail and betakes itself half-humorously, and yet with now and then traces of the old fervor, to the homely duties of everyday life.

Arnold had in his youth been under the spell of romantic poetry; he had heard the echoes of "the puissant hail" of those "former men," whose "voices were in all men's ears." Indeed, much of his poetry is essentially a beautiful threnody over the waning of romance, and in its tenor bears witness alike to the thoroughness with which he had been imbued with the spirit of the earlier idealists and to his inability to rest content with their relation to life and their accounts of it. It is the unreality of the idealists that dissatisfies Arnold; their visionary blindness to fact; their morbid distaste for the actual. Much as he delights in the poetry of Shelley and Coleridge, these qualities in their work seem to him unsound and injurious. Or at other times it is the capricious self-will of the Romanticists, their impotent isolation, their enormous egoism that impress him as fatally wrong. Even in Wordsworth he is troubled by a semi-untruth and by the lack of a courageous acceptance of the conditions of human life. Wordsworth's

> "Eyes avert their ken
> From half of human fate."

Tempered, then, as Arnold was by a deep sense of the beauty and nobleness of romantic and idealistic

poetry, finely touched as he was into sympathy with the whole range of delicate intuitions, quivering sensibilities, and half-mystical aspirations that this poetry called into play, he yet came to regard its underlying conceptions of life as inadequate and misleading, and to feel the need of supplementing them by a surer and saner relation to the conventional world of common sense. The Romanticists lamented that "the world is too much with us." Arnold shared their dislike of the world of dull routine, their fear of the world that enslaves to petty cares; yet he came more and more to distinguish between this world and the great world of common experience, spread out generously in the lives of all men; more and more clearly he realized that the true land of romance is in this region of everyday fact, or else is a mere mirage; that "America is here or nowhere."

Arnold, then, sought to correct the febrile unreality of the idealists by restoring to men a true sense of the actual values of life. In this attempt he had recourse to Hellenic conceptions with their sanity, their firm delight in the tangible and the visible, their regard for proportion and symmetry—and more particularly to the Hellenism of Goethe. Indeed, Goethe may justly be called Arnold's master—the writer who had the largest share in determining the characteristic principles in his theory of life. Goethe's formula for the ideal life—*Im Ganzen, Guten, Wahren, resolut zu leben*—sums up in a phrase the plea for perfection, for totality, for wisely balanced self-culture that Arnold is continually making throughout so many of his essays and books.

Allusions to Goethe abound in Arnold's essays, and in one of his letters he speaks particularly of his close and extended reading of Goethe's works.[1] His splendid poetic tributes to Goethe, in his *Memorial Verses* and *Obermann*, have given enduring expression to his admiration for Goethe's sanity, insight, and serene courage. His frankest prose appreciation of Goethe occurs in *A French Critic on Goethe*, where he characterizes him as "the clearest, the largest, the most helpful thinker of modern times"; . . . "in the width, depth, and richness of his criticism of life, by far our greatest modern man."[2] It is precisely in this matter of the criticism of life that Arnold took Goethe for master. Goethe, as Arnold saw, had passed through the tempering experiences of Romanticism; he had rebelled against the limitations of actual life (in *Werther*, for example, and *Goetz*) and sought passionately for the realization of romantic dreams; and he had finally come to admit the futility of rebellion and to recognize the treacherous evasiveness of emotional ideals; he had learned the "Second Reverence, for things around." He had found in self-development, in wise self-discipline for the good of society, the secret of successful living. Arnold's gospel of culture is largely a translation of Goethe's doctrine into the idiom of the later years of the century, and the minute adaptation of it to the special needs of Englishmen. There is in Arnold somewhat less sleek Paganism than in Goethe—a somewhat more genuine spiritual quality. But the wise limitation of the scope of human en-

[1] *Letters*, ii. 165.

[2] *Mixed Essays*, pp. 233–234.

deavor to this world is the same with both ; so, too, is the sane and uncomplaining acceptance of fact and the concentration of all thought and effort on the pursuit of tangible ideals of human perfection. Goethe tempered by Wordsworth—this is not an unfair account of the derivation of Arnold's ideal.

From one point of view, then, Arnold may fairly enough be called the special advocate of conventionality. He recommends and practices conformity to the demands of conventional life. He has none of the pose or the mannerisms of the seer or the bard; he is even a frequenter of drawing rooms and a diner-out, and is fairly adept in the dialect and mental idiom of the frivolously-minded. In all that he writes, "he delivers himself," as the heroine in Peacock's novel urged Scythrop (Shelley) to do, "like a man of this world." He pretends to no transcendental second-sight and indulges in none of Carlyle's spinning-dervish jargon. He is never guilty of Ruskin's occasional false sentiment or falsetto rhetoric. The world that he lives in is the world that exists in the minds and thoughts and feelings of the most sensible and cultivated people who make up modern society; the world over which, as its presiding genius, broods the haunting presence of Mr. George Meredith's Comic Spirit. It is "in this world" that "he has hope," in its ever greater refinement, in its ever greater comprehensiveness, in its increasing ability to impose its standards on others. When he half pleads for an English Academy—he never quite pleads for one—he does this because of his desire for some organ by which, in art and literature, the collective

sense of the best minds in society assembled may make itself effective. So, too, when he pleads for the Established Church he does this for similar reasons; he is convinced that it offers by far the best means for imposing widely upon the nation, as a standard of religious experience, what is most spiritual in the lives and aspirations of the greatest number of cultivated people. In many such ways as these, then, Matthew Arnold's kingdom is a kingdom of this world.

And yet, after all, Arnold "wears" his worldliness "with a" very great "difference." If he be compared, for example, with other literary men of the world,—with Francis Jeffrey or Lord Macaulay or Lockhart,—there is at once obvious in him an all-pervasive quality that marks his temper as far subtler and finer than theirs. His worldliness is a worldliness of his own, "compounded" out of many exquisite "simples." His faith in poetry is intense and absolute; "the future of poetry," he declares, "is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay." This declaration contrasts strikingly with Macaulay's pessimistic theory of the essentially make-believe character of poetry—a theory that puts it on a level with children's games, and, like the still more puerile theory of Herr Max Nordau, looks forward to its extinction as the race reaches genuine maturity. Poetry always remains for Arnold the most adequate and beautiful mode of speech possible to man; and this faith, which runs implicitly through all his writing, is plainly the outcome of a mood very

different from that of the ordinary man of the world, and is the expression of an emotional refinement and a spiritual sensitiveness that are, at least in part, his abiding inheritance from the Romanticists. This faith is the manifestation of the ideal element in his nature, which, in spite of the plausible man-of-the-world aspect and tone of much of his prose, makes itself felt even in his prose as the inspirer of a kind of "divine unrest."

In his Preface to his first series of Essays Arnold playfully takes to himself the name transcendentalist. To the stricter sect of the transcendentalists he can hardly pretend to belong. He certainly has none of their delight in envisaging mystery; none of their morbid relish for an "*O altitudo!*" provided only the altitude be wrapped in clouds. He believes, to be sure, in a "power not ourselves that makes for righteousness"; but his interest in this power and his comments upon it confine themselves almost wholly to its plain and palpable influence upon human conduct. Even in his poetry he can hardly be rated as more than a transcendentalist *manqué;* and in his prose he is never so aware of the unseen as in his poetry.

Yet, whether or no he be strictly a transcendentalist, Arnold is, in Disraeli's famous phrase, "on the side of the angels"; he is a persistent and ingenious opponent of purely materialistic or utilitarian conceptions of life. "The kingdom of God is within you"; this is a cardinal point in the doctrine of Culture. The highest good, that for which every man should continually be striving, is an *inner state* of perfection; material prosperity, political enactments, religious

organizations—all these things are to be judged solely according to their furtherance of the spiritual well-being of the individual; they are all mere *machinery*—more or less ingenious means for giving to every man a chance to make the most of his life. The true "ideal of human perfection" is "an inward spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy."[1] Arnold's worldliness, then, is a worldliness that holds many of the elements of idealism in solution, that has none of the cynical acquiescence of unmitigated worldliness, that throughout all its range shows the gentle urgency of a fine discontent with fact.

To realize the subtle and high quality of Arnold's genius, one has but to compare him with men of science or with rationalists pure and simple,—with men like Professor Huxley, Darwin, or Bentham. Their carefulness for truth, their intellectual strength, their vast services to mankind are acknowledged even by their opponents. Yet Arnold has a far wider range of sensibilities than any one of them; life plays upon him in far richer and more various ways; it touches him into response through associations that have a more distinctively human character, and that have a deeper and a warmer color of emotion drawn out of the past of the race. In short, Arnold brings to bear upon the present a finer spiritual appreciation than the mere man of the world or the mere man of science—a larger accumulation of imaginative experience. Through this temperamental scope and refinement he is able, while accepting conventional

[1] *Selections*, i. 172.

and actual life, to redeem it in some measure from its routine and its commonplace character, and to import into it beauty and meaning and good from beyond the range of science or positive truth. All this comes from the fact that, despite his worldly conformity, he has the romantic ferment in his blood. If his conformity be compared with that of the eighteenth century,—with the worldliness of Swift or Addison,—the enormous value of the romantic increment cannot be missed.

Finally, Arnold makes of life an art rather than a science, and commits the conduct of it to an exquisite tact, rather than to reason or demonstration. The imaginative assimilation of all the best experience of the past—this he regards as the right training to develop true tact for the discernment of good and evil in all practical matters, where probability must be the guide of life. We are at once reminded of Newman's Illative Sense, which was also an intuitive faculty for the dextrous apprehension of truth through the aid of the feelings and the imagination. But Arnold's new Sense comes much nearer than Newman's to being a genuinely sublimated *Common* Sense. Arnold's own *flair* in matters of art and life was astonishingly keen, and yet he would have been the last to exalt it as unerring. His faith is ultimately in the best instincts of the so-called *remnant*—in the collective sense of the most cultivated, most delicately perceptive, most spiritually-minded people of the world. Through the combined intuitions of such men sincerely aiming at perfection, truth in all that pertains to the conduct of life will be more and more

nearly won. Because of this faith of his in sublimated worldly wisdom, Arnold, unlike Newman, is in sympathy with the *Zeitgeist* of a democratic age.

And indeed here seems to rest Arnold's really most permanent claim to gratitude and honor. He accepts—with some sadness, it is true, and yet genuinely and generously—the modern age, with its scientific bias and its worldly preoccupations; humanist as he is, half-romantic lover of an elder time, he yet masters his regret over what is disappearing and welcomes the present loyally. Believing, however, in the continuity of human experience, and above all in the transcendent worth to mankind of its spiritual acquisitions, won largely through the past domination of Christian ideals, he devotes himself to preserving the quintessence of this ideal life of former generations, and insinuating it into the hearts and imaginations of men of a ruder age. He converts himself into a patient, courageous mediator between the old and the new. Herein he contrasts with Newman on the one hand, and with the modern devotees of æstheticism on the other hand. In the case of Newman, a delicately spiritual temperament, subdued even more deeply than Arnold's to Romanticism, shrunk before the immediacy and apparent anarchy of modern life, and sought to realize its spiritual ideals through the aid of mediæval formulas and a return to mediæval conceptions and standards of truth. Exquisite spirituality was attained, but at the cost of what some have called the Great Refusal. A like imperfect synthesis is characteristic of the followers of art for art's sake. They, too, give up com-

mon life as irredeemably crass, as unmalleable, irreducible to terms of the ideal. They turn for consolation to their own dreams, and frame for themselves a House Beautiful, where they may let these dreams have their way, "far from the world's noise," and "life's confederate plea." Arnold, with a temperament perhaps as exacting as either of these other temperaments, takes life as it offers itself and does his best with it. He sees and feels its crudeness and disorderliness; but he has faith in the instincts that civilized men have developed in common, and finds in the working of these instincts the continuous, if irregular, realization of the ideal.

DATES IN ARNOLD'S LIFE.

1822. Born at Laleham near Staines; son of Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby.
1841. Matriculated at Balliol College, Oxford.
1843. Wins the Newdigate prize for English verse.
1844. Graduated in honors.
1845. Elected Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.
1847–51. Private Secretary of Lord Lansdowne.
1851. Appointed Lay Inspector of Schools.
1857–67. Professor of Poetry at Oxford.
1870. Receives the degree of Doctor of Laws from Oxford.
1883–84. Lectures in America.
1886. Resigns his post as Inspector of Schools.
1888. Death of Arnold.

—From *Men of the Time*, ed. 1887.

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What is the great rule
which Dr. Lange draws for
optimism, — the most
important characteristic
which will assure us of
this?

SELECTIONS.

The Function of Criticism at the Present Time.

MANY objections have been made to a proposition which, in some remarks of mine on translating Homer, I ventured to put forth; a proposition about criticism, and its importance at the present day. I said: "Of the literature of France and Germany, as of the intellect of Europe in general, the main effort, for now many years, has been a critical effort; the endeavour, in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is." I added, that owing to the operation in English literature of certain causes, "almost the last thing for which one would come to English literature is just that very thing which now Europe most desires,—criticism"; and that the power and value of English literature was thereby impaired. More than one rejoinder declared that the importance I here assigned to criticism was excessive, and asserted the inherent superiority of the creative effort of the human spirit over its critical effort. And the other day, having been led by a Mr. Shairp's excellent notice of Wordsworth [1] to turn again to his biography,

[1] I cannot help thinking that a practice, common in England during the last century, and still followed in France, of printing a

I found, in the words of this great man, whom I, for one, must always listen to with the profoundest respect, a sentence passed on the critic's business, which seems to justify every possible disparagement of it. Wordsworth says in one of his letters:—

"The writers in these publications" (the Reviews), "while they prosecute their inglorious employment, cannot be supposed to be in a state of mind very favourable for being affected by the finer influences of a thing so pure as genuine poetry."

And a trustworthy reporter of his conversation quotes a more elaborate judgment to the same effect:—

"Wordsworth holds the critical power very low, infinitely lower than the inventive; and he said to-day that if the quantity of time consumed in writing critiques on the works of others were given to original composition, of whatever kind it might be, it would be much better employed; it would make a man find out sooner his own level, and it would do infinitely less mischief. A false or malicious criticism may do much injury to the minds of others, a stupid invention, either in prose or verse, is quite harmless."

It is almost too much to expect of poor human nature, that a man capable of producing some effect

notice of this kind,—a notice by a competent critic,—to serve as an introduction to an eminent author's works, might be revived among us with advantage. To introduce all succeeding editions of Wordsworth, Mr. Shairp's notice might, it seems to me, excellently serve; it is written from the point of view of an admirer, nay, of a disciple, and that is right; but then the disciple must be also, as in this case he is, a critic, a man of letters, not, as too often happens, some relation or friend with no qualification for his task except affection for his author.

in one line of literature, should, for the greater good of society, voluntarily doom himself to impotence and obscurity in another. Still less is this to be expected from men addicted to the composition of the "false or malicious criticism" of which Wordsworth speaks. However, everybody would admit that a false or malicious criticism had better never have been written. Everybody, too, would be willing to admit, as a general proposition, that the critical faculty is lower than the inventive. But is it true that criticism is really, in itself, a baneful and injurious employment; is it true that all time given to writing critiques on the works of others would be much better employed if it were given to original composition, of whatever kind this may be? Is it true that Johnson had better have gone on producing more *Irenes* instead of writing his *Lives of the Poets;* nay, is it certain that Wordsworth himself was better employed in making his Ecclesiastical Sonnets than when he made his celebrated Preface, so full of criticism, and criticism of the works of others? Wordsworth was himself a great critic, and it is to be sincerely regretted that he has not left us more criticism; Goethe was one of the greatest of critics, and we may sincerely congratulate ourselves that he has left us so much criticism. Without wasting time over the exaggeration which Wordsworth's judgment on criticism clearly contains, or over an attempt to trace the causes,—not difficult, I think, to be traced,—which may have led Wordsworth to this exaggeration, a critic may with advantage seize an occasion for trying his own conscience, and for asking himself of what real service at any

given moment the practice of criticism either is or may be made to his own mind and spirit, and to the minds and spirits of others.

The critical power is of lower rank than the creative. True ; but in assenting to this proposition, one or two things are to be kept in mind. It is undeniable that the exercise of a creative power, that a free creative activity, is the highest function of man ; it is proved to be so by man's finding in it his true happiness. But it is undeniable, also, that men may have the sense of exercising this free creative activity in other ways than in producing great works of literature or art ; if it were not so, all but a very few men would be shut out from the true happiness of all men. They may have it in well-doing, they may have it in learning, they may have it even in criticising. This is one thing to be kept in mind. Another is, that the exercise of the creative power in the production of great works of literature or art, however high this exercise of it may rank, is not at all epochs and under all conditions possible ; and that therefore labour may be vainly spent in attempting it, which might with more fruit be used in preparing for it, in rendering it possible. This creative power works with elements, with materials ; what if it has not those materials, those elements, ready for its use ? In that case it must surely wait till they are ready. Now, in literature,—I will limit myself to literature, for it is about literature that the question arises,—the elements with which the creative power works are ideas ; the best ideas on every matter which literature touches, current at the time. At any rate we may lay it down as

certain that in modern literature no manifestation of the creative power not working with these can be very important or fruitful. And I say *current* at the time, not merely accessible at the time; for creative literary genius does not principally show itself in discovering new ideas, that is rather the business of the philosopher. The grand work of literary genius is a work of synthesis and exposition, not of analysis and discovery; its gift lies in the faculty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, when it finds itself in them; of dealing divinely with these ideas, presenting them in the most effective and attractive combinations,—making beautiful works with them, in short. But it must have the atmosphere, it must find itself amidst the order of ideas, in order to work freely; and these it is not so easy to command. This is why great creative epochs in literature are so rare, this is why there is so much that is unsatisfactory in the productions of many men of real genius; because, for the creation of a master-work of literature two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment, and the man is not enough without the moment; the creative power has, for its happy exercise, appointed elements, and those elements are not in its own control.

Nay, they are more within the control of the critical power. It is the business of the critical power, as I said in the words already quoted, "in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is." Thus it tends, at last, to make an intellectual situation of

which the creative power can profitably avail itself. It tends to establish an order of ideas, if not absolutely true, yet true by comparison with that which it displaces; to make the best ideas prevail. Presently these new ideas reach society, the touch of truth is the touch of life, and there is a stir and growth everywhere; out of this stir and growth come the creative epochs of literature.

Or, to narrow our range, and quit these considerations of the general march of genius and of society,—considerations which are apt to become too abstract and impalpable,—every one can see that a poet, for instance, ought to know life and the world before dealing with them in poetry; and life and the world being in modern times very complex things, the creation of a modern poet, to be worth much, implies a great critical effort behind it; else it must be a comparatively poor, barren, and short-lived affair. This is why Byron's poetry had so little endurance in it, and Goethe's so much; both Byron and Goethe had a great productive power, but Goethe's was nourished by a great critical effort providing the true materials for it, and Byron's was not; Goethe knew life and the world, the poet's necessary subjects, much more comprehensively and thoroughly than Byron. He knew a great deal more of them, and he knew them much more as they really are.

It has long seemed to me that the burst of creative activity in our literature, through the first quarter of this century, had about it in fact something premature; and that from this cause its productions are doomed, most of them, in spite of the sanguine hopes

which accompanied and do still accompany them, to prove hardly more lasting than the productions of far less splendid epochs. And this prematureness comes from its having proceeded without having its proper data, without sufficient materials to work with. In other words, the English poetry of the first quarter of this century, with plenty of energy, plenty of creative force, did not know enough. This makes Byron so empty of matter, Shelley so incoherent, Wordsworth even, profound as he is, yet so wanting in completeness and variety. Wordsworth cared little for books, and disparaged Goethe. I admire Wordsworth, as he is, so much that I cannot wish him different ; and it is vain, no doubt, to imagine such a man different from what he is, to suppose that he *could* have been different. But surely the one thing wanting to make Wordsworth an even greater poet than he is,—his thought richer, and his influence of wider application,—was that he should have read more books, among them, no doubt, those of that Goethe whom he disparaged without reading him.

But to speak of books and reading may easily lead to a misunderstanding here. It was not really books and reading that lacked to our poetry at this epoch ; Shelley had plenty of reading, Coleridge had immense reading. Pindar and Sophocles—as we all say so glibly, and often with so little discernment of the real import of what we are saying—had not many books ; Shakspeare was no deep reader. True ; but in the Greece of Pindar and Sophocles, in the England of Shakspeare, the poet lived in a current of ideas in the highest degree animating and nourishing to the crea-

tive power; society was, in the fullest measure, permeated by fresh thought, intelligent and alive. And this state of things is the true basis for the creative power's exercise, in this it finds its data, its materials, truly ready for its hand; all the books and reading in the world are only valuable as they are helps to this. Even when this does not actually exist, books and reading may enable a man to construct a kind of semblance of it in his own mind, a world of knowledge and intelligence in which he may live and work. This is by no means an equivalent to the artist for the nationally diffused life and thought of the epochs of Sophocles or Shakspeare; but, besides that it may be a means of preparation for such epochs, it does really constitute, if many share in it, a quickening and sustaining atmosphere of great value. Such an atmosphere the many-sided learning and the long and widely-combined critical effort of Germany formed for Goethe, when he lived and worked. There was no national glow of life and thought there as in the Athens of Pericles or the England of Elizabeth. That was the poet's weakness. But there was a sort of equivalent for it in the complete culture and unfettered thinking of a large body of Germans. That was his strength. In the England of the first quarter of this century there was neither a national glow of life and thought, such as we had in the age of Elizabeth, nor yet a culture and a force of learning and criticism such as were to be found in Germany. Therefore the creative power of poetry wanted, for success in the highest sense, materials and a basis; a thorough interpretation of the world was necessarily denied to it.

At first sight it seems strange that out of the immense stir of the French Revolution and its age should not have come a crop of works of genius equal to that which came out of the stir of the great productive time of Greece, or out of that of the Renascence, with its powerful episode the Reformation. But the truth is that the stir of the French Revolution took a character which essentially distinguished it from such movements as these. These were, in the main, disinterestedly intellectual and spiritual movements; movements in which the human spirit looked for its satisfaction in itself and in the increased play of its own activity. The French Revolution took a political, practical character. The movement which went on in France under the old *régime*, from 1700 to 1789, was far more really akin than that of the Revolution itself to the movement of the Renascence; the France of Voltaire and Rousseau told far more powerfully upon the mind of Europe than the France of the Revolution. Goethe reproached this last expressly with having "thrown quiet culture back." Nay, and the true key to how much in our Byron, even in our Wordsworth, is this!—that they had their source in a great movement of feeling, not in a great movement of mind. The French Revolution, however,—that object of so much blind love and so much blind hatred,—found undoubtedly its motive-power in the intelligence of men, and not in their practical sense; this is what distinguishes it from the English Revolution of Charles the First's time. This is what makes it a more spiritual event than our Revolution, an event of much more powerful and world-wide interest, though practically

less successful ; it appeals to an order of ideas which are universal, certain, permanent. 1789 asked of a thing, Is it rational? 1642 asked of a thing, Is it legal? or, when it went furthest, Is it according to conscience? This is the English fashion, a fashion to be treated, within its own sphere, with the highest respect ; for its success, within its own sphere, has been prodigious. But what is law in one place is not law in another, what is law here to-day is not law even here to-morrow ; and as for conscience, what is binding on one man's conscience is not binding on another's. The old woman who threw her stool at the head of the surpliced minister in St. Giles's Church at Edinburgh obeyed an impulse to which millions of the human race may be permitted to remain strangers. But the prescriptions of reason are absolute, unchanging, of universal validity ; *to count by tens is the easiest way of counting*—that is a proposition of which every one, from here to the Antipodes, feels the force ; at least I should say so if we did not live in a country where it is not impossible that any morning we may find a letter in the *Times* declaring that a decimal coinage is an absurdity. That a whole nation should have been penetrated with an enthusiasm for pure reason, and with an ardent zeal for making its prescriptions triumph, is a very remarkable thing, when we consider how little of mind, or anything so worthy and quickening as mind, comes into the motives which alone, in general, impel great masses of men. In spite of the extravagant direction given to this enthusiasm, in spite of the crimes and follies in which it lost itself, the French Revolution derives from the

force, truth, and universality of the ideas which it took for its law, and from the passion with which it could inspire a multitude for these ideas, a unique and still living power ; it is—it will probably long remain—the greatest, the most animating event in history. And as no sincere passion for the things of the mind, even though it turn out in many respects an unfortunate passion, is ever quite thrown away and quite barren of good, France has reaped from hers one fruit—the natural and legitimate fruit, though not precisely the grand fruit she expected : she is the country in Europe where *the people* is most alive.

But the mania for giving an immediate political and practical application to all these fine ideas of the reason was fatal. Here an Englishman is in his element : on this theme we can all go on for hours. And all we are in the habit of saying on it has undoubtedly a great deal of truth. Ideas cannot be too much prized in and for themselves, cannot be too much lived with ; but to transport them abruptly into the world of politics and practice, violently to revolutionise this world to their bidding,—that is quite another thing. There is the world of ideas and there is the world of practice ; the French are often for suppressing the one, and the English the other ; but neither is to be suppressed. A member of the House of Commons said to me the other day : "That a thing is an anomaly, I consider to be no objection to it whatever." I venture to think he was wrong ; that a thing is an anomaly *is* an objection to it, but absolutely and in the sphere of ideas : it is not necessarily, under such and such circumstances, or at such and such a moment, an objection to it in

the sphere of politics and practice. Joubert has said beautifully: "C'est la force et le droit qui règlent toutes choses dans le monde; la force en attendant le droit." (Force and right are the governors of this world; force till right is ready.) *Force till right is ready;* and till right is ready, force, the existing order of things, is justified, is the legitimate ruler. But right is something moral, and implies inward recognition, free assent of the will; we are not ready for right,—*right*, so far as we are concerned, *is not ready*,— until we have attained this sense of seeing it and willing it. The way in which for us it may change and transform force, the existing order of things, and become, in its turn, the legitimate ruler of the world, should depend on the way in which, when our time comes, we see it and will it. Therefore for other people enamoured of their own newly discerned right, to attempt to impose it upon us as ours, and violently to substitute their right for our force, is an act of tyranny, and to be resisted. It sets at nought the second great half of our maxim, *force till right is ready*. This was the grand error of the French Revolution; and its movement of ideas, by quitting the intellectual sphere and rushing furiously into the political sphere, ran, indeed, a prodigious and memorable course, but produced no such intellectual fruit as the movement of ideas of the Renascence, and created, in opposition to itself, what I may call an *epoch of concentration*. The great force of that epoch of concentration was England; and the great voice of that epoch of concentration was Burke. It is the fashion to treat Burke's writings on the French Revolution as superannuated

and conquered by the event ; as the eloquent but unphilosophical tirades of bigotry and prejudice. I will not deny that they are often disfigured by the violence and passion of the moment, and that in some directions Burke's view was bounded, and his observation therefore at fault. But on the whole, and for those who can make the needful corrections, what distinguishes these writings is their profound, permanent, fruitful, philosophical truth. They contain the true philosophy of an epoch of concentration, dissipate the heavy atmosphere which its own nature is apt to engender round it, and make its resistance rational instead of mechanical.

But Burke is so great because, almost alone in England, he brings thought to bear upon politics, he saturates politics with thought. It is his accident that his ideas were at the service of an epoch of concentration, not of an epoch of expansion ; it is his characteristic that he so lived by ideas, and had such a source of them welling up within him, that he could float even an epoch of concentration and English Tory politics with them. It does not hurt him that Dr. Price and the Liberals were enraged with him ; it does not even hurt him that George the Third and the Tories were enchanted with him. His greatness is that he lived in a world which neither English Liberalism nor English Toryism is apt to enter ;—the world of ideas, not the world of catchwords and party habits. So far is it from being really true of him that he "to party gave up what was meant for mankind," that at the very end of his fierce struggle with the French Revolution, after all his invectives against its false pre-

tensions, hollowness, and madness, with his sincere conviction of its mischievousness, he can close a memorandum on the best means of combating it, some of the last pages he ever wrote,—the *Thoughts on French Affairs*, in December, 1791,—with these striking words :—

"The evil is stated, in my opinion, as it exists. The remedy must be where power, wisdom, and information, I hope, are more united with good intentions than they can be with me. I have done with this subject, I believe, for ever. It has given me many anxious moments for the last two years. *If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it ; the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear, every hope will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty current in human affairs, will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself, than the mere designs of men. They will not be resolute and firm, but perverse and obstinate.*"

That return of Burke upon himself has always seemed to me one of the finest things in English literature, or indeed in any literature. That is what I call living by ideas : when one side of a question has long had your earnest support, when all your feelings are engaged, when you hear all round you no language but one, when your party talks this language like a steam-engine and can imagine no other,—still to be able to think, still to be irresistibly carried, if so it be, by the current of thought to the opposite side of the question, and, like Balaam, to be unable to speak anything *but what the Lord has put in your mouth.*

I know nothing more striking, and I must add that I know nothing more un-English.

For the Englishman in general is like my friend the Member of Parliament, and believes, point-blank, that for a thing to be an anomaly is absolutely no objection to it whatever. He is like the Lord Auckland of Burke's day, who, in a memorandum on the French Revolution, talks of "certain miscreants, assuming the name of philosophers, who have presumed themselves capable of establishing a new system of society." The Englishman has been called a political animal, and he values what is political and practical so much that ideas easily become objects of dislike in his eyes, and thinkers "miscreants," because ideas and thinkers have rashly meddled with politics and practice. This would be all very well if the dislike and neglect confined themselves to ideas transported out of their own sphere, and meddling rashly with practice; but they are inevitably extended to ideas as such, and to the whole life of intelligence; practice is everything, a free play of the mind is nothing. The notion of the free play of the mind upon all subjects being a pleasure in itself, being an object of desire, being an essential provider of elements without which a nation's spirit, whatever compensations it may have for them, must, in the long run, die of inanition, hardly enters into an Englishman's thoughts. It is noticeable that the word *curiosity*, which in other languages is used in a good sense, to mean, as a high and fine quality of man's nature, just this disinterested love of a free play of the mind on all subjects, for its own sake,—it is noticeable, I say, that this word has in our language

no sense of the kind, no sense but a rather bad and disparaging one. But criticism, real criticism, is essentially the exercise of this very quality. It obeys an instinct prompting it to try to know the best that is known and thought in the world, irrespectively of practice, politics, and everything of the kind; and to value knowledge and thought as they approach this best, without the intrusion of any other considerations whatever. This is an instinct for which there is, I think, little original sympathy in the practical English nature, and what there was of it has undergone a long benumbing period of blight and suppression in the epoch of concentration which followed the French Revolution.

But epochs of concentration cannot well endure for ever; epochs of expansion, in the due course of things, follow them. Such an epoch of expansion seems to be opening in this country. In the first place all danger of a hostile forcible pressure of foreign ideas upon our practice has long disappeared; like the traveller in the fable, therefore, we begin to wear our cloak a little more loosely. Then, with a long peace, the ideas of Europe steal gradually and amicably in, and mingle, though in infinitesimally small quantities at a time, with our own notions. Then, too, in spite of all that is said about the absorbing and brutalising influence of our passionate material progress, it seems to me indisputable that this progress is likely, though not certain, to lead in the end to an apparition of intellectual life; and that man, after he has made himself perfectly comfortable and has now to determine what to do with himself next, may begin

to remember that he has a mind, and that the mind may be made the source of great pleasure. I grant it is mainly the privilege of faith, at present, to discern this end to our railways, our business, and our fortune-making; but we shall see if, here as elsewhere, faith is not in the end the true prophet. Our ease, our travelling, and our unbounded liberty to hold just as hard and securely as we please to the practice to which our notions have given birth, all tend to beget an inclination to deal a little more freely with these notions themselves, to canvass them a little, to penetrate a little into their real nature. Flutterings of curiosity, in the foreign sense of the word, appear amongst us, and it is in these that criticism must look to find its account. Criticism first; a time of true creative activity, perhaps,—which, as I have said, must inevitably be preceded amongst us by a time of criticism,—hereafter, when criticism has done its work.

It is of the last importance that English criticism should clearly discern what rule for its course, in order to avail itself of the field now opening to it, and to produce fruit for the future, it ought to take. The rule may be summed up in one word,—*disinterestedness*. And how is criticism to show disinterestedness? By keeping aloof from what is called "the practical view of things"; by resolutely following the law of its own nature, which is to be a free play of the mind on all subjects which it touches. By steadily refusing to lend itself to any of those ulterior, political, practical considerations about ideas, which plenty of people will be sure to attach to them, which perhaps ought often to be attached to them, which in this country at

any rate are certain to be attached to them quite sufficiently, but which criticism has really nothing to do with. Its business is, as I have said, simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by in its turn making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas. Its business is to do this with inflexible honesty, with due ability; but its business is to do no more, and to leave alone all questions of practical consequences and applications, questions which will never fail to have due prominence given to them. Else criticism, besides being really false to its own nature, merely continues in the old rut which it has hitherto followed in this country, and will certainly miss the chance now given to it. For what is at present the bane of criticism in this country? It is that practical considerations cling to it and stifle it. It subserves interests not its own. Our organs of criticism are organs of men and parties having practical ends to serve, and with them those practical ends are the first thing and the play of mind the second; so much play of mind as is compatible with the prosecution of those practical ends is all that is wanted. An organ like the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, having for its main function to understand and utter the best that is known and thought in the world, existing, it may be said, as just an organ for a free play of the mind, we have not. But we have the *Edinburgh Review*, existing as an organ of the old Whigs, and for as much play of the mind as may suit its being that; we have the *Quarterly Review*, existing as an organ of the Tories, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *British Quarterly*

Review, existing as an organ of the political Dissenters, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *Times*, existing as an organ of the common, satisfied, well-to-do Englishman, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that. And so on through all the various fractions, political and religious, of our society; every fraction has, as such, its organ of criticism, but the notion of combining all fractions in the common pleasure of a free disinterested play of mind meets with no favour. Directly this play of mind wants to have more scope, and to forget the pressure of practical considerations a little, it is checked, it is made to feel the chain. We saw this the other day in the extinction, so much to be regretted, of the *Home and Foreign Review*. Perhaps in no organ of criticism in this country was there so much knowledge, so much play of mind; but these could not save it. The *Dublin Review* subordinates play of mind to the practical business of English and Irish Catholicism, and lives. It must needs be that men should act in sects and parties, that each of these sects and parties should have its organ, and should make this organ subserve the interests of its action; but it would be well, too, that there should be a criticism, not the minister of these interests, not their enemy, but absolutely and entirely independent of them. No other criticism will ever attain any real authority or make any real way towards its end,—the creating a current of true and fresh ideas.

It is because criticism has so little kept in the pure intellectual sphere, has so little detached itself from practice, has been so directly polemical and contro-

versial, that it has so ill accomplished, in this country, its best spiritual work; which is to keep man from a self-satisfaction which is retarding and vulgarising, to lead him towards perfection, by making his mind dwell upon what is excellent in itself, and the absolute beauty and fitness of things. A polemical practical criticism makes men blind even to the ideal perfection of their practice, makes them willingly assert its ideal perfection, in order the better to secure it against attack; and clearly this is narrowing and baneful for them. If they were reassured on the practical side, speculative considerations of ideal perfection they might be brought to entertain, and their spiritual horizon would thus gradually widen. Sir Charles Adderley says to the Warwickshire farmers:—

"Talk of the improvement of breed! Why, the race we ourselves represent, the men and women, the old Anglo-Saxon race, are the best breed in the whole world. . . . The absence of a too enervating climate, too unclouded skies, and a too luxurious nature, has produced so vigorous a race of people, and has rendered us so superior to all the world."

Mr. Roebuck says to the Sheffield cutlers:—

"I look around me and ask what is the state of England? Is not property safe? Is not every man able to say what he likes? Can you not walk from one end of England to the other in perfect security? I ask you whether, the world over or in past history, there is anything like it? Nothing. I pray that our unrivalled happiness may last."

Now obviously there is a peril for poor human

nature in words and thoughts of such exuberant self-satisfaction, until we find ourselves safe in the streets of the Celestial City.

> " Das wenige verschwindet leicht dem Blicke
> Der vorwärts sieht, wie viel noch übrig bleibt—"

says Goethe; "the little that is done seems nothing when we look forward and see how much we have yet to do." Clearly this is a better line of reflection for weak humanity, so long as it remains on this earthly field of labour and trial.

But neither Sir Charles Adderley nor Mr. Roebuck is by nature inaccessible to considerations of this sort. They only lose sight of them owing to the controversial life we all lead, and the practical form which all speculation takes with us. They have in view opponents whose aim is not ideal, but practical; and in their zeal to uphold their own practice against these innovators, they go so far as even to attribute to this practice an ideal perfection. Somebody has been wanting to introduce a six-pound franchise, or to abolish church-rates, or to collect agricultural statistics by force, or to diminish local self-government. How natural, in reply to such proposals, very likely improper or ill-timed, to go a little beyond the mark, and to say stoutly, "Such a race of people as we stand, so superior to all the world! The old Anglo-Saxon race, the best breed in the whole world! I pray that our unrivalled happiness may last! I ask you whether, the world over or in past history, there is anything like it?" And so long as criticism answers this dithyramb by insisting that the old

Anglo-Saxon race would be still more superior to all others if it had no church-rates, or that our unrivalled happiness would last yet longer with a six-pound franchise, so long will the strain, "The best breed in the whole world!" swell louder and louder, everything ideal and refining will be lost out of sight, and both the assailed and their critics will remain in a sphere, to say the truth, perfectly unvital, a sphere in which spiritual progression is impossible. But let criticism leave church-rates and the franchise alone, and in the most candid spirit, without a single lurking thought of practical innovation, confront with our dithyramb this paragraph on which I stumbled in a newspaper immediately after reading Mr. Roebuck:—

"A shocking child murder has just been committed at Nottingham. A girl named Wragg left the workhouse there on Saturday morning with her young illegitimate child. The child was soon afterwards found dead on Mapperly Hills, having been strangled. Wragg is in custody."

Nothing but that; but, in juxtaposition with the absolute eulogies of Sir Charles Adderley and Mr. Roebuck, how eloquent, how suggestive are those few lines! "Our old Anglo-Saxon breed, the best in the whole world!"—how much that is harsh and ill-favoured there is in this best! *Wragg!* If we are to talk of ideal perfection, of "the best in the whole world," has any one reflected what a touch of grossness in our race, what an original shortcoming in the more delicate spiritual perceptions, is shown by the natural growth amongst us of such hideous names,—Higginbottom, Stiggins, Bugg! In Ionia and Attica

they were luckier in this respect than "the best race in the world"; by the Ilissus there was no Wragg, poor thing! And "our unrivalled happiness";—what an element of grimness, bareness, and hideousness mixes with it and blurs it; the workhouse, the dismal Mapperly Hills,—how dismal those who have seen them will remember;—the gloom, the smoke, the cold, the strangled illegitimate child! "I ask you whether, the world over or in past history, there is anything like it?" Perhaps not, one is inclined to answer; but at any rate, in that case, the world is very much to be pitied. And the final touch,—short, bleak, and inhuman: *Wragg is in custody.* The sex lost in the confusion of our unrivalled happiness; or (shall I say?) the superfluous Christian name lopped off by the straightforward vigour of our old Anglo-Saxon breed! There is profit for the spirit in such contrasts as this; criticism serves the cause of perfection by establishing them. By eluding sterile conflict, by refusing to remain in the sphere where alone narrow and relative conceptions have any worth and validity, criticism may diminish its momentary importance, but only in this way has it a chance of gaining admittance for those wider and more perfect conceptions to which all its duty is really owed. Mr. Roebuck will have a poor opinion of an adversary who replies to his defiant songs of triumph only by murmuring under his breath, *Wragg is in custody;* but in no other way will these songs of triumph be induced gradually to moderate themselves, to get rid of what in them is excessive and offensive, and to fall into a softer and truer key.

It will be said that it is a very subtle and indirect

action which I am thus prescribing for criticism, and that, by embracing in this manner the Indian virtue of detachment and abandoning the sphere of practical life, it condemns itself to a slow and obscure work. Slow and obscure it may be, but it is the only proper work of criticism. The mass of mankind will never have any ardent zeal for seeing things as they are; very inadequate ideas will always satisfy them. On these inadequate ideas reposes, and must repose, the general practice of the world. That is as much as saying that whoever sets himself to see things as they are will find himself one of a very small circle; but it is only by this small circle resolutely doing its own work that adequate ideas will ever get current at all. The rush and roar of practical life will always have a dizzying and attracting effect upon the most collected spectator, and tend to draw him into its vortex; most of all will this be the case where that life is so powerful as it is in England. But it is only by remaining collected, and refusing to lend himself to the point of view of the practical man, that the critic can do the practical man any service; and it is only by the greatest sincerity in pursuing his own course, and by at last convincing even the practical man of his sincerity, that he can escape misunderstandings which perpetually threaten him.

For the practical man is not apt for fine distinctions, and yet in these distinctions truth and the highest culture greatly find their account. But it is not easy to lead a practical man,—unless you reassure him as to your practical intentions, you have no chance of leading him,—to see that a thing which he

has always been used to look at from one side only, which he greatly values, and which, looked at from that side, quite deserves, perhaps, all the prizing and admiring which he bestows upon it,—that this thing, looked at from another side, may appear much less beneficent and beautiful, and yet retain all its claims to our practical allegiance. Where shall we find language innocent enough, how shall we make the spotless purity of our intentions evident enough, to enable us to say to the political Englishman that the British Constitution itself, which, seen from the practical side, looks such a magnificent organ of progress and virtue, seen from the speculative side,—with its compromises, its love of facts, its horror of theory, its studied avoidance of clear thoughts,—that, seen from this side, our august Constitution sometimes looks,—forgive me, shade of Lord Somers!—a colossal machine for the manufacture of Philistines? How is Cobbett to say this and not be misunderstood, blackened as he is with the smoke of a lifelong conflict in the field of political practice? how is Mr. Carlyle to say it and not be misunderstood, after his furious raid into this field with his *Latter-day Pamphlets?* how is Mr. Ruskin, after his pugnacious political economy? I say, the critic must keep out of the region of immediate practice in the political, social, humanitarian sphere, if he wants to make a beginning for that more free speculative treatment of things, which may perhaps one day make its benefits felt even in this sphere, but in a natural and thence irresistible manner.

Do what he will, however, the critic will still remain exposed to frequent misunderstandings, and nowhere

so much as in this country. For here people are particularly indisposed even to comprehend that without this free disinterested treatment of things, truth and the highest culture are out of the question. So immersed are they in practical life, so accustomed to take all their notions from this life and its processes, that they are apt to think that truth and culture themselves can be reached by the processes of this life, and that it is an impertinent sigularity to think of reaching them in any other. "We are all *terræ filii*," cries their eloquent advocate; "all Philistines together. Away with the notion of proceeding by any other course than the course dear to the Philistines; let us have a social movement, let us organise and combine a party to pursue truth and new thought, let us call it *the liberal party*, and let us all stick to each other, and back each other up. Let us have no nonsense about independent criticism, and intellectual delicacy, and the few and the many. Don't let us trouble ourselves about foreign thought; we shall invent the whole thing for ourselves as we go along. If one of us speaks well, applaud him; if one of us speaks ill, applaud him too; we are all in the same movement, we are all liberals, we are all in pursuit of truth." In this way the pursuit of truth becomes really a social, practical, pleasurable affair, almost requiring a chairman, a secretary, and advertisements; with the excitement of an occasional scandal, with a little resistance to give the happy sense of difficulty overcome; but, in general, plenty of bustle and very little thought. To act is so easy, as Goethe says; to think is so hard! It is true that the critic has many temp-

tations to go with the stream, to make one of the party movement, one of these *terræ filii;* it seems ungracious to refuse to be a *terræ filius*, when so many excellent people are; but the critic's duty is to refuse, or, if resistance is vain, at least to cry with Obermann: *Périssons en résistant.*

How serious a matter it is to try and resist, I had ample opportunity of experiencing when I ventured some time ago to criticise the celebrated first volume of Bishop Colenso.[1] The echoes of the storm which was then raised I still, from time to time, hear grumbling round me. That storm arose out of a misunderstanding almost inevitable. It is a result of no little culture to attain to a clear perception that science and religion are two wholly different things. The multitude will for ever confuse them; but happily that is of no great real importance, for while the multitude imagines itself to live by its false science, it does really live by its true religion. Dr. Colenso, however, in his first volume did all he could to strengthen the confusion,[2] and to make it dangerous. He did this

[1] So sincere is my dislike to all personal attack and controversy, that I abstain from reprinting, at this distance of time from the occasion which called them forth, the essays in which I criticised Dr. Colenso's book; I feel bound, however, after all that has passed, to make here a final declaration of my sincere impenitence for having published them. Nay, I cannot forbear repeating yet once more, for his benefit and that of his readers, this sentence from my original remarks upon him: *There is truth of science and truth of religion; truth of science does not become truth of religion till it is made religious.* And I will add: Let us have all the science there is from the men of science; from the men of religion let us have religion.

[2] It has been said I make it "a crime against literary criticism

with the best intentions, I freely admit, and with the most candid ignorance that this was the natural effect of what he was doing; but, says Joubert, "Ignorance, which in matters of morals extenuates the crime, is itself, in intellectual matters, a crime of the first order." I criticised Bishop Colenso's speculative confusion. Immediately there was a cry raised: "What is this? here is a liberal attacking a liberal. Do not you belong to the movement? are not you a friend of truth? Is not Bishop Colenso in search of truth? then speak with proper respect of his book. Dr. Stanley is another friend of truth, and you speak with proper respect of his book; why make these invidious differences? both books are excellent, admirable, liberal; Bishop Colenso's perhaps the most so, because it is the boldest, and will have the best practical consequences for the liberal cause. Do you want to encourage to the attack of a brother liberal his, and your, and our implacable enemies, the *Church and State Review* or the *Record*,—the High Church rhinoceros and the Evangelical hyæna? Be silent, therefore; or rather speak, speak as loud as ever you can! and go into ecstasies over the eighty and odd pigeons."

But criticism cannot follow this coarse and indiscriminate method. It is unfortunately possible for a man in pursuit of truth to write a book which reposes upon a false conception. Even the practical consequences of a book are to genuine criticism no recommendation of it, if the book is, in the highest sense,

and the higher culture to attempt to inform the ignorant." Need I point out that the ignorant are not informed by being confirmed in a confusion?

blundering. I see that a lady who herself, too, is in pursuit of truth, and who writes with great ability, but a little too much, perhaps, under the influence of the practical spirit of the English liberal movement, classes Bishop Colenso's book and M. Renan's together, in her survey of the religious state of Europe, as facts of the same order, works, both of them, of "great importance"; "great ability, power, and skill"; Bishop Colenso's, perhaps, the most powerful; at least, Miss Cobbe gives special expression to her gratitude that to Bishop Colenso "has been given the strength to grasp, and the courage to teach, truths of such deep import." In the same way, more than one popular writer has compared him to Luther. Now it is just this kind of false estimate which the critical spirit is, it seems to me, bound to resist. It is really the strongest possible proof of the low ebb at which, in England, the critical spirit is, that while the critical hit in the religious literature of Germany is Dr. Strauss's book, in that of France M. Renan's book, the book of Bishop Colenso is the critical hit in the religious literature of England. Bishop Colenso's book reposes on a total misconception of the essential elements of the religious problem, as that problem is now presented for solution. To criticism, therefore, which seeks to have the best that is known and thought on this problem, it is, however well meant, of no importance whatever. M. Renan's book attempts a new synthesis of the elements furnished to us by the Four Gospels. It attempts, in my opinion, a synthesis, perhaps premature, perhaps impossible, certainly not successful. Up to the

present time, at any rate, we must acquiesce in Fleury's sentence on such recastings of the Gospel-story: *Quiconque s'imagine la pouvoir mieux écrire, ne l'entend pas.* M. Renan had himself passed by anticipation a like sentence on his own work, when he said: "If a new presentation of the character of Jesus were offered to me, I would not have it; its very clearness would be, in my opinion, the best proof of its insufficiency." His friends may with perfect justice rejoin that at the sight of the Holy Land, and of the actual scene of the Gospel-story, all the current of M. Renan's thoughts may have naturally changed, and a new casting of that story irresistibly suggested itself to him; and that this is just a case for applying Cicero's maxim: Change of mind is not inconsistency—*nemo doctus unquam mutationem consilii inconstantiam dixit esse.* Nevertheless, for criticism, M. Renan's first thought must still be the truer one, as long as his new casting so fails more fully to commend itself, more fully (to use Coleridge's happy phrase about the Bible) to *find* us. Still M. Renan's attempt is, for criticism, of the most real interest and importance, since, with all its difficulty, a fresh synthesis of the New Testament *data*,—not a making war on them, in Voltaire's fashion, not a leaving them out of mind, in the world's fashion, but the putting a new construction upon them, the taking them from under the old, traditional, conventional point of view and placing them under a new one,—is the very essence of the religious problem, as now presented; and only by efforts in this direction can it receive a solution.

Again, in the same spirit in which she judges Bishop Colenso, Miss Cobbe, like so many earnest liberals of our practical race, both here and in America, herself sets vigorously about a positive reconstruction of religion, about making a religion of the future out of hand, or at least setting about making it. We must not rest, she and they are always thinking and saying, in negative criticism, we must be creative and constructive; hence we have such works as her recent *Religious Duty*, and works still more considerable, perhaps, by others, which will be in every one's mind. These works often have much ability; they often spring out of sincere convictions, and a sincere wish to do good; and they sometimes, perhaps, do good. Their fault is (if I may be permitted to say so) one which they have in common with the British College of Health, in the New Road. Every one knows the British College of Health; it is that building with the lion and the statue of the Goddess Hygeia before it; at least I am sure about the lion, though I am not absolutely certain about the Goddess Hygeia. This building does credit, perhaps, to the resources of Dr. Morrison and his disciples; but it falls a good deal short of one's idea of what a British College of Health ought to be. In England, where we hate public interference and love individual enterprise, we have a whole crop of places like the British College of Health; the grand name without the grand thing. Unluckily, creditable to individual enterprise as they are, they tend to impair our taste by making us forget what more grandiose, noble, or beautiful character

properly belongs to a public institution. The same may be said of the religions of the future of Miss Cobbe and others. Creditable, like the British College of Health, to the resources of their authors, they yet tend to make us forget what more grandiose, noble, or beautiful character properly belongs to religious constructions. The historic religions, with all their faults, have had this; it certainly belongs to the religious sentiment, when it truly flowers, to have this; and we impoverish our spirit if we allow a religion of the future without it. What then is the duty of criticism here? To take the practical point of view, to applaud the liberal movement and all its works,—its New Road religions of the future into the bargain,—for their general utility's sake? By no means; but to be perpetually dissatisfied with these works, while they perpetually fall short of a high and perfect ideal.

For criticism, these are elementary laws; but they never can be popular, and in this country they have been very little followed, and one meets with immense obstacles in following them. That is a reason for asserting them again and again. Criticism must maintain its independence of the practical spirit and its aims. Even with well-meant efforts of the practical spirit it must express dissatisfaction, if in the sphere of the ideal they seem impoverishing and limiting. It must not hurry on to the goal because of its practical importance. It must be patient, and know how to wait; and flexible, and know how to attach itself to things and how to withdraw from them. It must be apt to study and praise elements

that for the fulness of spiritual perfection are wanted, even though they belong to a power which in the practical sphere may be maleficent. It must be apt to discern the spiritual shortcomings or illusions of powers that in the practical sphere may be beneficent. And this without any notion of favouring or injuring, in the practical sphere, one power or the other; without any notion of playing off, in this sphere, one power against the other. When one looks, for instance, at the English Divorce Court,—an institution which perhaps has its practical conveniences, but which in the ideal sphere is so hideous; an institution which neither makes divorce impossible nor makes it decent, which allows a man to get rid of his wife, or a wife of her husband, but makes them drag one another first, for the public edification, through a mire of unutterable infamy,—when one looks at this charming institution, I say, with its crowded trials, its newspaper reports, and its money compensations, this institution in which the gross unregenerate British Philistine has indeed stamped an image of himself,—one may be permitted to find the marriage theory of Catholicism refreshing and elevating. Or when Protestantism, in virtue of its supposed rational and intellectual origin, gives the law to criticism too magisterially, criticism may and must remind it that its pretensions, in this respect, are illusive and do it harm; that the Reformation was a moral rather than an intellectual event; that Luther's theory of grace no more exactly reflects the mind of the spirit than Bossuet's philosophy of history reflects it; and that there is no more antecedent probability

of the Bishop of Durham's stock of ideas being agreeable to perfect reason than of Pope Pius the Ninth's. But criticism will not on that account forget the achievements of Protestantism in the practical and moral sphere; nor that, even in the intellectual sphere, Protestantism, though in a blind and stumbling manner, carried forward the Renascence, while Catholicism threw itself violently across its path.

I lately heard a man of thought and energy contrasting the want of ardour and movement which he now found amongst young men in this country with what he remembered in his own youth, twenty years ago. "What reformers we were then!" he exclaimed; "what a zeal we had! how we canvassed every institution in Church and State, and were prepared to remodel them all on first principles!" He was inclined to regret, as a spiritual flagging, the lull which he saw. I am disposed rather to regard it as a pause in which the turn to a new mode of spiritual progress is being accomplished. Everything was long seen, by the young and ardent amongst us, in inseparable connection with politics and practical life. We have pretty well exhausted the benefits of seeing things in this connection, we have got all that can be got by so seeing them. Let us try a more disinterested mode of seeing them; let us betake ourselves more to the serener life of the mind and spirit. This life, too, may have its excesses and dangers; but they are not for us at present. Let us think of quietly enlarging our stock of true and fresh ideas, and not, as soon as we get an idea or half an idea, be running out with it into the street, and trying to make it rule there. Our

ideas will, in the end, shape the world all the better for maturing a little. Perhaps in fifty years' time it will in the English House of Commons be an objection to an institution that it is an anomaly, and my friend the Member of Parliament will shudder in his grave. But let us in the meanwhile rather endeavour that in twenty years' time it may, in English literature, be an objection to a proposition that it is absurd. That will be a change so vast, that the imagination almost fails to grasp it. *Ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.*

If I have insisted so much on the course which criticism must take where politics and religion are concerned, it is because, where these burning matters are in question, it is most likely to go astray. I have wished, above all, to insist on the attitude which criticism should adopt towards things in general ; on its right tone and temper of mind. But then comes another question as to the subject-matter which literary criticism should most seek. Here, in general, its course is determined for it by the idea which is the law of its being ; the idea of a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world, and thus to establish a current of fresh and true ideas. By the very nature of things, as England is not all the world, much of the best that is known and thought in the world cannot be of English growth, must be foreign ; by the nature of things, again, it is just this that we are least likely to know, while English thought is streaming in upon us from all sides, and takes excellent care that we shall not be ignorant of its existence. The English critic

of literature, therefore, must dwell much on foreign thought, and with particular heed on any part of it, which, while significant and fruitful in itself, is for any reason specially likely to escape him. Again, judging is often spoken of as the critic's one business, and so in some sense it is ; but the judgment which almost insensibly forms itself in a fair and clear mind, along with fresh knowledge, is the valuable one ; and thus knowledge, and ever fresh knowledge, must be the critic's great concern for himself. And it is by communicating fresh knowledge, and letting his own judgment pass along with it,—but insensibly, and in the second place, not the first, as a sort of companion and clue, not as an abstract lawgiver,—that the critic will generally do most good to his readers. Sometimes, no doubt, for the sake of establishing an author's place in literature, and his relation to a central standard (and if this is not done, how are we to get at our *best in the world?*) criticism may have to deal with a subject-matter so familiar that fresh knowledge is out of the question, and then it must be all judgment ; an enunciation and detailed application of principles. Here the great safeguard is never to let oneself become abstract, always to retain an intimate and lively consciousness of the truth of what one is saying, and, the moment this fails us, to be sure that something is wrong. Still, under all circumstances, this mere judgment and application of principles is, in itself, not the most satisfactory work to the critic ; like mathematics, it is tautological, and cannot well give us, like fresh learning, the sense of creative activity.

But stop, some one will say ; all this talk is of no

practical use to us whatever ; this criticism of yours is not what we have in our minds when we speak of criticism ; when we speak of critics and criticism, we mean critics and criticism of the current English literature of the day ; when you offer to tell criticism its function, it is to this criticism that we expect you to address yourself. I am sorry for it, for I am afraid I must disappoint these expectations. I am bound by my own definition of criticism : *a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world.* How much of current English literature comes into this "best that is known and thought in the world?" Not very much, I fear certainly less, at this moment, than of the current literature of France or Germany. Well, then, am I to alter my definition of criticism, in order to meet the requirements of a number of practising English critics, who, after all, are free in their choice of a business? That would be making criticism lend itself just to one of those alien practical considerations, which, I have said, are so fatal to it. One may say, indeed, to those who have to deal with the mass—so much better disregarded—of current English literature, that they may at all events endeavour, in dealing with this, to try it, so far as they can, by the standard of the best that is known and thought in the world ; one may say, that to get anywhere near this standard, every critic should try and possess one great literature, at least, besides his own, and the more unlike his own, the better. But, after all, the criticism I am really concerned with,—the criticism which alone can much help us for the future, the criticism which, throughout Europe,

is at the present day meant, when so much stress is laid on the importance of criticism and the critical spirit,—is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result; and whose members have, for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special, local, and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress, which most thoroughly carries out this programme. And what is that but saying that we too, all of us, as individuals, the more thoroughly we carry it out, shall make the more progress?

There is so much inviting us!—what are we to take? what will nourish us in growth towards perfection? That is the question which, with the immense field of life and of literature lying before him, the critic has to answer; for himself first, and afterwards for others. In this idea of the critic's business the essays brought together in the following pages have had their origin; in this idea, widely different as are their subjects, they have, perhaps, their unity.

I conclude with what I said at the beginning: to have the sense of creative activity is the great happiness and the great proof of being alive, and it is not denied to criticism to have it; but then criticism must be sincere, simple, flexible, ardent, ever widening its knowledge. Then it may have, in no contemptible measure, a joyful sense of creative activity; a sense which a man of insight and conscience will prefer to

what he might derive from a poor, starved, fragmentary, inadequate creation. And at some epochs no other creation is possible.

Still, in full measure, the sense of creative activity belongs only to genuine creation; in literature we must never forget that. But what true man of letters ever can forget it? It is no such common matter for a gifted nature to come into possession of a current of true and living ideas, and to produce amidst the inspiration of them, that we are likely to underrate it. The epochs of Æschylus and Shakspeare make us feel their pre-eminence. In an epoch like those is, no doubt, the true life of literature; there is the promised land, towards which criticism can only beckon. That promised land it will not be ours to enter, and we shall die in the wilderness; but to have desired to enter it, to have saluted it from afar, is already, perhaps, the best distinction among contemporaries; it will certainly be the best title to esteem with posterity.—*Essays*, I., ed. 1896, pp. 1–41.

On Translating Homer.

. . . Nunquamne reponam?

It has more than once been suggested to me that I should translate Homer. That is a task for which I have neither the time nor the courage; but the suggestion led me to regard yet more closely a poet whom I had already long studied, and for one or two years the works of Homer were seldom out of my hands. The study of classical literature is probably on the decline; but, whatever may be the fate of this study in general, it is certain that, as instruction spreads and the number of readers increases, attention will be more and more directed to the poetry of Homer, not indeed as part of a classical course, but as the most important poetical monument existing. Even within the last ten years two fresh translations of the *Iliad* have appeared in England: one by a man of great ability and genuine learning, Professor Newman; the other by Mr. Wright, the conscientious and painstaking translator of Dante. It may safely be asserted that neither of these works will take rank as the standard translation of Homer; that the task of rendering him will still be attempted by other translators. It may perhaps be possible to render to these some service, to save them some loss of labour, by pointing out rocks on which their predecessors have

split, and the right objects on which a translator of Homer should fix his attention.

It is disputed what aim a translator should propose to himself in dealing with his original. Even this preliminary is not yet settled. On one side it is said that the translation ought to be such "that the reader should, if possible, forget that it is a translation at all, and be lulled into the illusion that he is reading an original work—something original" (if the translation be in English), "from an English hand." The real original is in this case, it is said, "taken as a basis on which to rear a poem that shall affect our countrymen as the original may be conceived to have affected its natural hearers." On the other hand, Mr. Newman, who states the foregoing doctrine only to condemn it, declares that he "aims at precisely the opposite: to retain every peculiarity of the original, so far as he is able, *with the greater care the more foreign it may happen to be*"; so that it may "never be forgotten that he is imitating, and imitating in a different material." The translator's "first duty," says Mr. Newman, "is a historical one, to be *faithful*." Probably both sides would agree that the translator's "first duty is to be faithful"; but the question at issue between them is, in what faithfulness consists.

My one object is to give practical advice to a translator; and I shall not the least concern myself with theories of translation as such. But I advise the translator not to try "to rear on the basis of the *Iliad*, a poem that shall affect our countrymen as the original may be conceived to have affected its natural hearers"; and for this simple reason, that we cannot

possibly tell *how* the *Iliad* "affected its natural hearers." It is probably meant merely that he should try to affect Englishmen powerfully, as Homer affected Greeks powerfully; but this direction is not enough, and can give no real guidance. For all great poets affect their hearers powerfully, but the effect of one poet is one thing, that of another poet another thing; it is our translator's business to reproduce the effect of Homer, and the most powerful emotion of the unlearned English reader can never assure him whether he has *re*produced this, or whether he has produced something else. So, again, he may follow Mr. Newman's directions, he may try to be "faithful," he may "retain every peculiarity of his original"; but who is to assure him, who is to assure Mr. Newman himself, that, when he has done this, he has done that for which Mr. Newman enjoins this to be done, "adhered closely to Homer's manner and habit of thought"? Evidently the translator needs some more practical directions than these. No one can tell him how Homer affected the Greeks: but there are those who can tell him how Homer affects *them*. These are scholars; who possess, at the same time with knowledge of Greek, adequate poetical taste and feeling. No translation will seem to them of much worth compared with the original; but they alone can say whether the translation produces more or less the same effect upon them as the original. They are the only competent tribunal in this matter: the Greeks are dead; the unlearned Englishman has not the data for judging; and no man can safely confide in his own single judgment of his own work. Let not the

translator, then, trust to his notions of what the ancient Greeks would have thought of him ; he will lose himself in the vague. Let him not trust to what the ordinary English reader thinks of him ; he will be taking the blind for his guide. Let him not trust to his own judgment of his own work ; he may be misled by individual caprices. Let him ask how his work affects those who both know Greek and can appreciate poetry ; whether to read it gives the Provost of Eton, or Professor Thompson at Cambridge, or Professor Jowett here in Oxford, at all the same feeling which to read the original gives them. I consider that when Bentley said of Pope's translation, "It was a pretty poem, but must not be called Homer," the work, in spite of all its power and attractiveness, was judged.

Ὡς ἂν ὁ φρόνιμος ὁρίσειεν,—"as the judicious would determine,"—that is a test to which every one professes himself willing to submit his works. Unhappily, in most cases, no two persons agree as to who "the judicious" are. In the present case, the ambiguity is removed : I suppose the translator at one with me as to the tribunal to which alone he should look for judgment ; and he has thus obtained a practical test by which to estimate the real success of his work. How is he to proceed, in order that his work, tried by this test, may be found most successful ?

First of all, there are certain negative counsels which I will give him. Homer has occupied men's minds so much, such a literature has arisen about him, that every one who approaches him should resolve strictly to limit himself to that which may

directly serve the object for which he approaches him. I advise the translator to have nothing to do with the questions, whether Homer ever existed; whether the poet of the *Iliad* be one or many; whether the *Iliad* be one poem or an *Achilleis* and an *Iliad* stuck together; whether the Christian doctrine of the Atonement is shadowed forth in the Homeric mythology; whether the Goddess Latona in any way prefigures the Virgin Mary, and so on. These are questions which have been discussed with learning, with ingenuity, nay, with genius; but they have two inconveniences,—one general for all who approach them, one particular for the translator. The general inconvenience is that there really exist no data for determining them. The particular inconvenience is that their solution by the translator, even were it possible, could be of no benefit to his translation.

I advise him, again, not to trouble himself with constructing a special vocabulary for his use in translation; with excluding a certain class of English words, and with confining himself to another class, in obedience to any theory about the peculiar qualities of Homer's style. Mr. Newman says that "the entire dialect of Homer being essentially archaic, that of a translator ought to be as much Saxo-Norman as possible, and owe as little as possible to the elements thrown into our language by classical learning." Mr. Newman is unfortunate in the observance of his own theory; for I continually find in his translation words of Latin origin, which seem to me quite alien to the simplicity of Homer,—"responsive," for instance,

which is a favourite word of Mr. Newman, to represent the Homeric ἀμειβόμενος :—

"Great Hector of the motley helm thus spake to her *responsive*."

"But thus *responsively* to him spake god-like Alexander."

And the word "celestial," again, in the grand address of Zeus to the horses of Achilles,

"You, who are born *celestial*, from Eld and Death exempted!"

seems to me in that place exactly to jar upon the feeling as too bookish. But, apart from the question of Mr. Newman's fidelity to his own theory, such a theory seems to me both dangerous for a translator and false in itself. Dangerous for a translator; because, wherever one finds such a theory announced (and one finds it pretty often), it is generally followed by an explosion of pedantry; and pedantry is of all things in the world the most un-Homeric. False in itself; because, in fact, we owe to the Latin element in our language most of that very rapidity and clear decisiveness by which it is contradistinguished from the German, and in sympathy with the languages of Greece and Rome: so that to limit an English translator of Homer to words of Saxon origin is to deprive him of one of his special advantages for translating Homer. In Voss's well-known translation of Homer, it is precisely the qualities of his German language itself, something heavy and trailing both in the structure of its sentences and in the words of which it is composed, which prevent his translation, in spite of the hexameters, in spite of the fidelity, from creating in us the impression created by the Greek. Mr.

Newman's prescription, if followed, would just strip the English translator of the advantage which he has over Voss.

The frame of mind in which we approach an author influences our correctness of appreciation of him ; and Homer should be approached by a translator in the simplest frame of mind possible. Modern sentiment tries to make the ancient not less than the modern world its own ; but against modern sentiment in its applications to Homer the translator, if he would feel Homer truly—and unless he feels him truly, how can he render him truly ?—cannot be too much on his guard. For example : the writer of an interesting article on English translations of Homer, in the last number of the *National Review*, quotes, I see, with admiration, a criticism of Mr. Ruskin on the use of the epithet φυσίζοος, "life-giving," in that beautiful passage in the third book of the *Iliad*, which follows Helen's mention of her brothers Castor and Pollux as alive, though they were in truth dead :—

ὣς φάτο · τοὺς δ' ἤδη κατέχεν φυσίζοος αἶα
ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αὖθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ. [1]

"The poet," says Mr. Ruskin, "has to speak of the earth in sadness ; but he will not let that sadness affect or change his thought of it. No ; though Castor and Pollux be dead, yet the earth is our mother still—fruitful, life-giving." This is a just specimen of that sort of application of modern sentiment to the ancients, against which a student, who wishes to feel the ancients truly, cannot too resolutely

[1] *Iliad*, iii. 243.

defend himself. It reminds one, as, alas! so much of Mr. Ruskin's writing reminds one, of those words of the most delicate of living critics: "Comme tout genre de composition a son écueil particulier, *celui du genre romanesque, c'est le faux.*" The reader may feel moved as he reads it: but it is not the less an example of "le faux" in criticism; it is false. It is not true, as to that particular passage, that Homer called the earth φυσίζοος, because, "though he had to speak of the earth in sadness, he would not let that sadness change or affect his thought of it," but consoled himself by considering that "the earth is our mother still—fruitful, life-giving." It is not true, as a matter of general criticism, that this kind of sentimentality, eminently modern, inspires Homer at all. "From Homer and Polygnotus I every day learn more clearly," says Goethe, "that in our life here above ground we have, properly speaking, to enact Hell": [2]—if the student must absolutely have a key-note to the *Iliad*, let him take this of Goethe, and see what he can do with it; it will not, at any rate, like the tender pantheism of Mr. Ruskin, falsify for him the whole strain of Homer.

These are negative counsels; I come to the positive. When I say, the translator of Homer should above all be penetrated by a sense of four qualities of his author; that he is eminently rapid; that he is eminently plain and direct, both in the evolution of his thought and in the expression of it, that is, both in his syntax and in his words; that he is eminently plain and direct in the substance of his thought, that

[2] *Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Goethe*, vi. 230.

is, in his matter and ideas; and, finally, that he is eminently noble;—I probably seem to be saying what is too general to be of much service to anybody. Yet it is strictly true that, for want of duly penetrating themselves with the first-named quality of Homer, his rapidity, Cowper and Mr. Wright have failed in rendering him: that, for want of duly appreciating the second-named quality, his plainness and directness of style and diction, Pope and Mr. Sotheby have failed in rendering him; that for want of appreciating the third, his plainness and directness of ideas, Chapman has failed in rendering him; while for want of appreciating the fourth, his nobleness, Mr. Newman, who has clearly seen some of the faults of his predecessors, has yet failed more conspicuously than any of them.

Coleridge says, in his strange language, speaking of the union of the human soul with the divine essence, that this takes place

> "Whene'er the mist, which stands 'twixt God and thee,
> Defecates to a pure transparency;"

and so, too, it may be said of that union of the translator with his original, which alone can produce a good translation, that it takes place when the mist which stands between them—the mist of alien modes of thinking, speaking, and feeling on the translator's part—"defecates to a pure transparency," and disappears. But between Cowper and Homer—(Mr. Wright repeats in the main Cowper's manner, as Mr. Sotheby repeats Pope's manner, and neither Mr. Wright's translation nor Mr. Sotheby's has, I must

be forgiven for saying, any proper reason for existing) —between Cowper and Homer there is interposed the mist of Cowper's elaborate Miltonic manner, entirely alien to the flowing rapidity of Homer; between Pope and Homer there is interposed the mist of Pope's literary artificial manner, entirely alien to the plain naturalness of Homer's manner; between Chapman and Homer there is interposed the mist of the fancifulness of the Elizabethan age, entirely alien to the plain directness of Homer's thought and feeling; while between Mr. Newman and Homer is interposed a cloud of more than Egyptian thickness—namely, a manner, in Mr. Newman's version, eminently ignoble, while Homer's manner is eminently noble.

I do not despair of making all these propositions clear to a student who approaches Homer with a free mind. First, Homer is eminently rapid, and to this rapidity the elaborate movement of Miltonic blank verse is alien. The reputation of Cowper, that most interesting man and excellent poet, does not depend on his translation of Homer; and in his preface to the second edition, he himself tells us that he felt,—he had too much poetical taste not to feel,—on returning to his own version after six or seven years, "more dissatisfied with it himself than the most difficult to be pleased of all his judges." And he was dissatisfied with it for the right reason,—that "it seemed to him deficient *in the grace of ease*." Yet he seems to have originally misconceived the manner of Homer so much, that it is no wonder he rendered him amiss. "The similitude of Milton's manner to that of Homer is such," he says, "that no person

familiar with both can read either without being reminded of the other; and it is in those breaks and pauses to which the numbers of the English poet are so much indebted, both for their dignity and variety, that he chiefly copies the Grecian." It would be more true to say: "The unlikeness of Milton's manner to that of Homer is such, that no person familiar with both can read either without being struck with his difference from the other; and it is in his breaks and pauses that the English poet is most unlike the Grecian."

The inversion and pregnant conciseness of Milton or Dante are, doubtless, most impressive qualities of style; but they are the very opposites of the directness and flowingness of Homer, which he keeps alike in passages of the simplest narrative, and in those of the deepest emotion. Not only, for example, are these lines of Cowper un-Homeric:—

> "So numerous seemed those fires the banks between
> Of Xanthus, blazing, and the fleet of Greece
> In prospect all of Troy;"

where the position of the word "blazing" gives an entirely un-Homeric movement to this simple passage, describing the fires of the Trojan camp outside of Troy; but the following lines, in that very highly-wrought passage where the horse of Achilles answers his master's reproaches for having left Patroclus on the field of battle, are equally un-Homeric:—

> "For not through sloth or tardiness on us
> Aught chargeable, have Ilium's sons thine arms
> Stript from Patroclus' shoulders; but a God
> Matchless in battle, offspring of bright-haired

Latona, him contending in the van
Slew, for the glory of the chief of Troy."

Here even the first inversion, "have Ilium's sons thine arms Stript from Patroclus' shoulders," gives the reader a sense of a movement not Homeric; and the second inversion, "a God him contending in the van Slew," gives this sense ten times stronger. Instead of moving on without check, as in reading the original, the reader twice finds himself, in reading the translation, brought up and checked. Homer moves with the same simplicity and rapidity in the highly-wrought as in the simple passage.

It is in vain that Cowper insists on his fidelity: "my chief boast is that I have adhered closely to my original":—"the matter found in me, whether the reader like it or not, is found also in Homer; and the matter not found in me, how much soever the reader may admire it, is found only in Mr. Pope." To suppose that it is *fidelity* to an original to give its matter, unless you at the same time give its manner; or, rather, to suppose that you can really give its matter at all, unless you can give its manner, is just the mistake of our pre-Raphaelite school of painters who do not understand that the peculiar effect of nature resides in the whole and not in the parts. So the peculiar effect of a poet resides in his manner and movement, not in his words taken separately. It is well known how conscientiously literal is Cowper in his translation of Homer. It is well known how extravagantly free is Pope.

"So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are lost on me:"

that is Pope's rendering of the words,

Ξάνθε, τί μοι θάνατον μαντεύεαι; οὐδέ τί σε χρή·[3]

"Xanthus, why prophesiest thou my death to me? thou needest not at all:"—

yet on the whole, Pope's translation of the *Iliad* is more Homeric than Cowper's, for it is more rapid.

Pope's movement, however, though rapid, is not of the same kind as Homer's; and here I come to the real objection to rhyme in a translation of Homer. It is commonly said that rhyme is to be abandoned in a translation of Homer, because "the exigencies of rhyme," to quote Mr. Newman, "positively forbid faithfulness"; because "a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme," to quote Cowper, "is impossible." This, however, is merely an accidental objection to rhyme. If this were all, it might be supposed, that if rhymes were more abundant, Homer could be more adequately translated in rhyme. But this is not so; there is a deeper, a substantial objection to rhyme in a translation of Homer. It is, that rhyme inevitably tends to pair lines which in the original are independent, and thus the movement of the poem is changed. In these lines of Chapman, for instance, from Sarpedon's speech to Glaucus, in the twelfth book of the *Iliad*:—

"O friend, if keeping back
Would keep back age from us, and death, and that we might not wrack
In this life's human sea at all, but that deferring now
We shurned death ever,—nor would I half this vain valor show,

[3] *Iliad*, xix. 420.

Nor glorify a folly so, to wish thee to advance ;
But since we *must* go, though not here, and that besides the chance
Proposed now, there are infinite fates," etc.

Here the necessity of making the line,

"Nor glorify a folly so, to wish thee to advance,"

rhyme with the line which follows it, entirely changes and spoils the movement of the passage.

οὔτε κεν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μαχοίμην,
οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν· [4]

"Neither would I myself go forth to fight with the foremost,
Nor would I urge thee on to enter the glorious battle,"

says Homer ; there he stops, and begins an opposed movement :—

νῦν δ'—ἔμπης γὰρ Κῆρες ἐφεστᾶσιν θανάτοιο—

"But—for a thousand fates of death stand close to us always"—

This line, in which Homer wishes to go away with the most marked rapidity from the line before, Chapman is forced, by the necessity of rhyming, intimately to connect with the line before.

"But since we *must* go, though not here, and that besides the chance"—

The moment the word *chance* strikes our ear, we are irresistibly carried back to *advance* and to the whole previous line, which, according to Homer's own feeling, we ought to have left behind us entirely, and to be moving farther and farther away from.

Rhyme certainly, by intensifying antithesis, can intensify separation, and this is precisely what Pope

[4] *Iliad*, xii. 324.

does ; but this balanced rhetorical antithesis, though very effective, is entirely un-Homeric. And this is what I mean by saying that Pope fails to render Homer, because he does not render his plainness and directness of style and diction. Where Homer marks separation by moving away, Pope marks it by antithesis. No passage could show this better than the passage I have just quoted, on which I will pause for a moment.

Robert Wood, whose *Essay on the Genius of Homer* is mentioned by Goethe as one of the books which fell into his hands when his powers were first developing themselves, and strongly interested him, relates of this passage a striking story. He says that in 1762, at the end of the Seven Years' War, being then Under-Secretary of State, he was directed to wait upon the President of the Council, Lord Granville, a few days before he died, with the preliminary articles of the Treaty of Paris. "I found him," he continues, "so languid, that I proposed postponing my business for another time ; but he insisted that I should stay, saying, it could not prolong his life to neglect his duty ; and repeating the following passage out of Sarpedon's speech, he dwelled with particular emphasis on the third line, which recalled to his mind the distinguishing part he had taken in public affairs :—

> ὦ πέπον, εἰ μὲν γὰρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγόντε,
> αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλοιμεν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε
> ἔσσεσθ', οὔτε κεν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μαχοίμην,[5]

[5] These are the words on which Lord Granville "dwelled with particular emphasis."

οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν·
νῦν δ'—ἔμπης γὰρ Κῆρες ἐφεστᾶσιν θανάτοιο
μυρίαι, ἃς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βρότον, οὐδ' ὑπαλύξαι—
ἴομεν.

His Lordship repeated the last word several times with a calm and determinate resignation; and, after a serious pause of some minutes, he desired to hear the Treaty read, to which he listened with great attention, and recovered spirits enough to declare the approbation of a dying statesman (I use his own words) 'on the most glorious war, and most honourable peace, this nation ever saw.' "[6]

I quote this story, first, because it is interesting as exhibiting the English aristocracy at its very height of culture, lofty spirit, and greatness, towards the middle of the last century. I quote it, secondly, because it seems to me to illustrate Goethe's saying which I mentioned, that our life, in Homer's view of it, represents a conflict and a hell; and it brings out too, what there is tonic and fortifying in this doctrine. I quote it, lastly, because it shows that the passage is just one of those in translating which Pope will be at his best, a passage of strong emotion and oratorical movement, not of simple narrative or description.

Pope translates the passage thus :—

"Could all our care elude the gloomy grave
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war:

[6] Robert Wood, *Essay on the Original Genius and Writings of Homer*, London, 1775, p. vii.

> But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
> Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
> The life which others pay, let us bestow,
> And give to fame what we to nature owe."

Nothing could better exhibit Pope's prodigious talent, and nothing, too, could be better in its own way. But, as Bentley said, "You must not call it Homer." One feels that Homer's thought has passed through a literary and rhetorical crucible, and come out highly intellectualised; come out in a form which strongly impresses us, indeed, but which no longer impresses us in the same way as when it was uttered by Homer. The antithesis of the last two lines—

> "The life which others pay, let us bestow,
> And give to fame what we to nature owe"—

is excellent, and is just suited to Pope's heroic couplet; but neither the antithesis itself, nor the couplet which conveys it is suited to the feeling or to the movement of the Homeric ἴομεν.

A literary and intellectualised language is, however, in its own way well suited to grand matters; and Pope, with a language of this kind and his own admirable talent, comes off well enough as long as he has passion, or oratory, or a great crisis to deal with. Even here, as I have been pointing out, he does not render Homer; but he and his style are in themselves strong. It is when he comes to level passages, passages of narrative or description, that he and his style are sorely tried, and prove themselves weak. A perfectly plain direct style can of course convey the

simplest matter as naturally as the grandest ; indeed, it must be harder for it, one would say, to convey a grand matter worthily and nobly, than to convey a common matter, as alone such a matter should be conveyed, plainly and simply. But the style of Rasselas is incomparably better fitted to describe a sage philosophising than a soldier lighting his camp-fire. The style of Pope is not the style of Rasselas ; but it is equally a literary style, equally unfitted to describe a simple matter with the plain naturalness of Homer.

Every one knows the passage at the end of the eighth book of the *Iliad*, where the fires of the Trojan encampment are likened to the stars. It is very far from my wish to hold Pope up to ridicule, so I shall not quote the commencement of the passage, which in the original is of great and celebrated beauty, and in translating which Pope has been singularly and notoriously unfortunate. But the latter part of the passage, where Homer leaves the stars, and comes to the Trojan fires, treats of the plainest, most matter-of-fact subject possible, and deals with this, as Homer always deals with every subject, in the plainest and most straightforward style. "So many in number, between the ships and the streams of Xanthus, shone forth in front of Troy the fires kindled by the Trojans. There were kindled a thousand fires on the plain ; and by each one there sat fifty men in the light of the blazing fire. And the horses, munching white barley and rye, and standing by the chariots, waited for the bright-throned Morning."[1]

[1] *Iliad*, viii. 560.

In Pope's translation, this plain story becomes the following:—

> "So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
> And brighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
> The long reflections of the distant fires
> Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.
> A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
> And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
> Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
> Whose umbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send;
> Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
> And ardent warriors wait the rising morn."

It is for passages of this sort, which, after all, form the bulk of a narrative poem, that Pope's style is so bad. In elevated passages he is powerful, as Homer is powerful, though not in the same way; but in plain narrative, where Homer is still powerful and delightful, Pope, by the inherent fault of his style, is ineffective and out of taste. Wordsworth says somewhere, that wherever Virgil seems to have composed "with his eye on the object," Dryden fails to render him. Homer invariably composes "with his eye on the object," whether the object be a moral or a material one: Pope composes with his eye on his style, into which he translates his object, whatever it is. That, therefore, which Homer conveys to us immediately, Pope conveys to us through a medium. He aims at turning Homer's sentiments pointedly and rhetorically; at investing Homer's description with ornament and dignity. A sentiment may be changed by being put into a pointed and oratorical form, yet may still be very effective in that form; but a description,

the moment it takes its eyes off that which it is to describe, and begins to think of ornamenting itself, is worthless.

Therefore, I say, the translator of Homer should penetrate himself with a sense of the plainness and directness of Homer's style; of the simplicity with which Homer's thought is evolved and expressed. He has Pope's fate before his eyes, to show him what a divorce may be created even between the most gifted translator and Homer by an artificial evolution of thought and a literary cast of style.

Chapman's style is not artificial and literary like Pope's, nor his movement elaborate and self-retarding like the Miltonic movement of Cowper. He is plain-spoken, fresh, vigorous, and, to a certain degree, rapid; and all these are Homeric qualities. I cannot say that I think the movement of his fourteen-syllable line, which has been so much commended, Homeric; but on this point I shall have more to say by and by, when I come to speak of Mr. Newman's metrical exploits. But it is not distinctly anti-Homeric, like the movement of Milton's blank verse; and it has a rapidity of its own. Chapman's diction, too, is generally good, that is, appropriate to Homer; above all, the syntactical character of his style is appropriate. With these merits, what prevents his translation from being a satisfactory version of Homer? Is it merely the want of literal faithfulness to his original, imposed upon him, it is said, by the exigencies of rhyme? Has this celebrated version, which has so many advantages, no other and deeper defect than that? Its author is a poet, and a poet, too, of the Elizabethan

age; the golden age of English literature as it is called, and on the whole truly called; for, whatever be the defects of Elizabethan literature (and they are great), we have no development of our literature to compare with it for vigour and richness. This age, too, showed what it could do in translating, by producing a masterpiece, its version of the Bible.

Chapman's translation has often been praised as eminently Homeric. Keats's fine sonnet in its honour every one knows; but Keats could not read the original, and therefore could not really judge the translation. Coleridge, in praising Chapman's version, says at the same time, "It will give you small idea of Homer." But the grave authority of Mr. Hallam pronounces this translation to be "often exceedingly Homeric"; and its latest editor boldly declares that by what, with a deplorable style, he calls "his own innative Homeric genius," Chapman "has thoroughly identified himself with Homer"; and that "we pardon him even for his digressions, for they are such as we feel Homer himself would have written."

I confess that I can never read twenty lines of Chapman's version without recurring to Bentley's cry, "This is not Homer!" and that from a deeper cause than any unfaithfulness occasioned by the fetters of rhyme.

I said that there were four things which eminently distinguished Homer, and with a sense of which Homer's translator should penetrate himself as fully as possible. One of these four things was, the plainness and directness of Homer's ideas. I have just

been speaking of the plainness and directness of his style; but the plainness and directness of the contents of his style, of his ideas themselves, is not less remarkable. But as eminently as Homer is plain, so eminently is the Elizabethan literature in general, and Chapman in particular, fanciful. Steeped in humours and fantasticality up to its very lips, the Elizabethan age, newly arrived at the free use of the human faculties after their long term of bondage, and delighting to exercise them freely, suffers from its own extravagance in this first exercise of them, can hardly bring itself to see an object quietly or to describe it temperately. Happily, in the translation of the Bible, the sacred character of their original inspired the translators with such respect that they did not dare to give the rein to their own fancies in dealing with it. But, in dealing with works of profane literature, in dealing with poetical works above all, which highly stimulated them, one may say that the minds of the Elizabethan translators were *too* active; that they could not forbear importing so much of their own, and this of a most peculiar and Elizabethan character, into their original, that they effaced the character of the original itself.

Take merely the opening pages to Chapman's translation, the introductory verses, and the dedications. You will find:—

> "An Anagram of the name of our Dread Prince,
> My most gracious and sacred Mæcenas,
> Henry, Prince of Wales,
> Our Sunn, Heyr, Peace, Life,"—

Henry, son of James the First, to whom the work is dedicated. Then comes an address,

> " To the sacred Fountain of Princes,
> Sole Empress of Beauty and Virtue, Anne, Queen
> Of England," etc.

All the Middle Age, with its grotesqueness, its conceits, its irrationality, is still in these opening pages; they by themselves are sufficient to indicate to us what a gulf divides Chapman from the "clearest-souled" of poets, from Homer; almost as great a gulf as that which divides him from Voltaire. Pope has been sneered at for saying that Chapman writes "somewhat as one might imagine Homer himself to have written before he arrived at years of discretion." But the remark is excellent: Homer expresses himself like a man of adult reason, Chapman like a man whose reason has not yet cleared itself. For instance, if Homer had had to say of a poet, that he hoped his merit was now about to be fully established in the opinion of good judges, he was as incapable of saying this as Chapman says it,—"Though truth in her very nakedness sits in so deep a pit, that from Gades to Aurora, and Ganges, few eyes can sound her, I hope yet those few here will so discover and confirm that the date being out of her darkness in this morning of our poet, he shall now gird his temples with the sun," —I say, Homer was as incapable of saying this in that manner, as Voltaire himself would have been. Homer, indeed, has actually an affinity with Voltaire in the unrivalled clearness and straightforwardness of his thinking; in the way in which he keeps to one thought

at a time, and puts that thought forth in its complete natural plainness, instead of being led away from it by some fancy striking him in connection with it, and being beguiled to wander off with this fancy till his original thought, in its natural reality, knows him no more. What could better show us how gifted a race was this Greek race? The same member of it has not only the power of profoundly touching that natural heart of humanity which it is Voltaire's weakness that he cannot reach, but can also address the understanding with all Voltaire's admirable simplicity and rationality.

My limits will not allow me to do more than shortly illustrate, from Chapman's version of the *Iliad*, what I mean when I speak of this vital difference between Homer and an Elizabethan poet in the quality of their thought; between the plain simplicity of the thought of the one, and the curious complexity of the thought of the other. As in Pope's case, I carefully abstain from choosing passages for the express purpose of making Chapman appear ridiculous; Chapman, like Pope, merits in himself all respect, though he too, like Pope, fails to render Homer.

In that tonic speech of Sarpedon, of which I have said so much, Homer, you may remember, has :—

> εἰ μὲν γὰρ, πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγόντε,
> αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλοιμεν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε
> ἔσσεσθ',—
>
> "if indeed, but once *this* battle avoided,
> We were for ever to live without growing old and immortal."

Chapman cannot be satisfied with this, but must add a fancy to it :—

" if keeping back
Would keep back age from us, and death, and *that we might not wrack*
In this life's human sea at all;"

and so on. Again; in another passage which I have before quoted, where Zeus says to the horses of Peleus,

τί σφῶϊ δόμεν Πηλῆϊ ἀνάκτι
θνητῷ; ὑμεῖς δ' ἐστὸν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε·[8]

"Why gave we you to royal Peleus, to a mortal? but ye are without old age, and immortal."

Chapman sophisticates this into:—

"Why gave we you t' a mortal king, when immortality
And *incapacity of age so dignifies your states?*"

Again; in the speech of Achilles to his horses, where Achilles, according to Homer, says simply, "Take heed that ye bring your master safe back to the host of the Danaans, in some other sort than the last time, when the battle is ended," Chapman sophisticates this into:—

"*When with blood, for this day's fast observed, revenge shall yield Our heart satiety*, bring us off."

In Hector's famous speech, again, at his parting from Andromache, Homer makes him say: "Nor does my own heart so bid me" (to keep safe behind the walls), "since I have learned to be staunch always, and to fight among the foremost of the Trojans, busy on behalf of my father's great glory, and my own."[9] In

[8] *Iliad*, xvii. 443.

[9] *Iliad*, vi. 444.

Chapman's hands this becomes :—

" The spirit I first did breathe,
Did never teach me that ; much less, since the contempt of death
Was settled in me, *and my mind knew what a worthy was,*
Whose office is to lead in fight, and give no danger pass
Without improvement. In this fire must Hector's trial shine :
Here must his country, father, friends, be in him made divine."

You see how ingeniously Homer's plain thought is *tormented*, as the French would say, here. Homer goes on : " For well I know this in my mind and in my heart, the day will be, when sacred Troy shall perish ":—

ἔσσεται ἦμαρ, ὅτ' ἂν ποτ' ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἱρή.

Chapman makes this :

" And such a *stormy* day shall come, in mind and soul I know,
When sacred Troy *shall shed her towers, for tears of overthrow*."

I might go on for ever, but I could not give you a better illustration than this last, of what I mean by saying that the Elizabethan poet fails to render Homer because he cannot forbear to interpose a play of thought between his object and its expression. Chapman translates his object into Elizabethan, as Pope translates it into the Augustan of Queen Anne ; both convey it to us through a medium. Homer, on the other hand, sees his object and conveys it to us immediately.

And yet, in spite of this perfect plainness and directness of Homer's style, in spite of this perfect

plainness and directness of his ideas, he is eminently *noble ;* he works as entirely in the grand style, he is as grandiose, as Phidias, or Dante, or Michael Angelo. This is what makes his translators despair. "To give relief," says Cowper, "to prosaic subjects" (such as dressing, eating, drinking, harnessing, travelling, going to bed), that is to treat such subjects nobly, in the grand style, "without seeming unreasonably tumid, is extremely difficult." It *is* difficult, but Homer has done it. Homer is precisely the incomparable poet he is, because he has done it. His translator must not be tumid, must not be artifical, must not be literary ; true : but then also he must not be commonplace, must not be ignoble. I have shown you how translators of Homer fail by wanting rapidity, by wanting simplicity of style, by wanting plainness of thought : in a second lecture I will show you how a translator fails by wanting nobility.—*On the Study of Celtic Literature and on Translating Homer*, ed. 1895, pp. 141–168.

Philology and Literature.

But Mr. Newman does not confine himself to complaints on his own behalf, he complains on Homer's behalf too. He says that my "statements about Greek literature are against the most notorious and elementary fact"; that I "do a public wrong to literature by publishing them"; and that the Professors to whom I appealed in my three Lectures, "would only lose credit if they sanctioned the use I make of their names." He does these eminent men the kindness of adding, however, that, "whether they are pleased with this parading of their names in behalf of paradoxical error, he may well doubt," and that "until they endorse it themselves, he shall treat my process as a piece of forgery." He proceeds to discuss my statements at great length, and with an erudition and ingenuity which nobody can admire more than I do. And he ends by saying that my ignorance is great.

Alas! that is very true. Much as Mr. Newman was mistaken when he talked of my rancour, he is entirely right when he talks of my ignorance. And yet, perverse as it seems to say so, I sometimes find myself wishing, when dealing with these matters of poetical criticism, that my ignorance were even greater than it is. To handle these matters properly there is needed a poise so perfect that the least overweight in

any direction tends to destroy the balance. Temper destroys it, a crotchet destroys it, even erudition may destroy it. To press to the sense of the thing itself with which one is dealing, not to go off on some collateral issue about the thing, is the hardest matter in the world. The "thing itself" with which one is here dealing,—the critical perception of poetic truth,—is of all things the most volatile, elusive, and evanescent; by even pressing too impetuously after it, one runs the risk of losing it. The critic of poetry should have the finest tact, the nicest moderation, the most free, flexible, and elastic spirit imaginable; he should be indeed the "ondoyant et divers," the *undulating and diverse* being of Montaigne. The less he can deal with his object simply and freely, the more things he has to take into account in dealing with it,—the more, in short, he has to encumber himself,—so much the greater force of spirit he needs to retain his elasticity. But one cannot exactly have this greater force by wishing for it; so, for the force of spirit one has, the load put upon it is often heavier than it will well bear. The late Duke of Wellington said of a certain peer that "it was a great pity his education had been so far too much for his abilities." In like manner, one often sees erudition out of all proportion to its owner's critical faculty. Little as I know, therefore, I am always apprehensive, in dealing with poetry, lest even that little should prove "too much for my abilities."

With this consciousness of my own lack of learning, —nay, with this sort of acquiescence in it, with this belief that for the labourer in the field of poetical

criticism learning has its disadvantages,—I am not likely to dispute with Mr. Newman about matters of erudition. All that he says on these matters in his Reply I read with great interest: in general I agree with him; but only, I am sorry to say, up to a certain point. Like all learned men, accustomed to desire definite rules, he draws his conclusions too absolutely; he wants to include too much under his rules; he does not quite perceive that in poetical criticism the shade, the fine distinction, is everything; and that when he has once missed this, in all he says he is in truth but beating the air. For instance: because I think Homer noble, he imagines I must think him elegant; and in fact he says in plain words that I do think him so,—that to me Homer seems "pervadingly elegant." But he does not. Virgil is elegant,—"pervadingly elegant,"—even in passages of the highest emotion:

> "O, ubi campi,
> Spercheosque, et virginibus bacchata Lacænis
> Taygeta!"[1]

Even there Virgil, though of a divine elegance, is still elegant: but Homer is not elegant; the word is quite a wrong one to apply to him, and Mr. Newman is quite right in blaming any one he finds so applying it. Again; arguing against my assertion that Homer is not quaint, he says: "It is quaint to call waves *wet*, milk *white*, blood *dusky*, horses *single-hoofed*, words *winged*, Vulcan *Lobfoot* (Κυλλοποδίων), a spear *long-*

[1] "O for the fields of Thessaly and the streams of Spercheios! O for the hills alive with the dances of the Laconian maidens, the hills of Taygetus!"—*Georgics*, ii. 486.

shadowy," and so on. I find I know not how many distinctions to draw here. I do not think it quaint to call waves *wet*, or milk *white*, or words *winged*; but I do think it quaint to call horses *single-hoofed*, or Vulcan *Lobfoot*, or a spear *longshadowy*. As to calling blood *dusky*, I do not feel quite sure; I will tell Mr. Newman my opinion when I see the passage in which he calls it so. But then, again, because it is quaint to call Vulcan *Lobfoot*, I cannot admit that it was quaint to call him Κυλλοποδίων; nor that, because it is quaint to call a spear *longshadowy*, it was quaint to call it δολιχόσκιον. Here Mr. Newman's erudition misleads him: he knows the literal value of the Greek so well, that he thinks his literal rendering identical with the Greek, and that the Greek must stand or fall along with his rendering. But the real question is, not whether he has given us, so to speak, full change for the Greek, but *how* he gives us our change: we want it in gold, and he gives it us in copper. Again: "It is quaint," says Mr. Newman, "to address a young friend as 'O Pippin!'—it is quaint to compare Ajax to an ass whom boys are belabouring." Here, too, Mr. Newman goes much too fast, and his category of quaintness is too comprehensive. To address a young friend as "O Pippin!" is, I cordially agree with him, very quaint; although I do not think it was quaint in Sarpedon to address Glaucus as ὦ πέπον: but in comparing, whether in Greek or in English, Ajax to an ass whom boys are belabouring, I do not see that there is of necessity anything quaint at all. Again; because I said that *eld*, *lief*, *in sooth*, and other words, are, as Mr. Newman uses them in

certain places, bad words, he imagines that I must mean to stamp these words with an absolute reprobation; and because I said that "my Bibliolatry is excessive," he imagines that I brand all words as ignoble which are not in the Bible. Nothing of the kind: there are no such absolute rules to be laid down in these matters. The Bible vocabulary is to be used as an assistance, not as an authority. Of the words which, placed where Mr. Newman places them, I have called bad words, every one may be excellent in some other place. Take *eld*, for instance: when Shakspeare, reproaching man with the dependence in which his youth is passed, says:

> "all thy blessed youth
> Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
> Of palsied *eld*," . . .

it seems to me that *eld* comes in excellently there, in a passage of curious meditation; but when Mr. Newman renders ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε by "from *Eld* and Death exempted," it seems to me he infuses a tinge of quaintness into the transparent simplicity of Homer's expression, and so I call *eld* a bad word in that place.

Once more. Mr. Newman lays it down as a general rule that "many of Homer's energetic descriptions are expressed in coarse physical words." He goes on: "I give one illustration,—Τρῶες προὔτυψαν ἀολλέες. Cowper, misled by the *ignis fatuus* of 'stateliness,' renders it absurdly:

> 'The powers of Ilium gave the first assault
> Embattled close;'

but it is, strictly, 'The Trojans *knocked forward* (or, thumped, butted forward) *in close pack*.' The verb is too coarse for later polished prose, and even the adjective is very strong (*packed together*). I believe, that 'forward in pack the Trojans pitched,' would not be really unfaithful to the Homeric colour; and I maintain, that 'forward in mass the Trojans pitched,' would be an irreprovable rendering." He actually gives us all that as if it were a piece of scientific deduction; and as if, at the end, he had arrived at an incontrovertible conclusion. But, in truth, one cannot settle these matters quite in this way. Mr. Newman's general rule may be true or false (I dislike to meddle with general rules), but every part in what follows must stand or fall by itself, and its soundness or unsoundness has nothing at all to do with the truth or falsehood of Mr. Newman's general rule. He first gives, as a strict rendering of the Greek, "The Trojans knocked forward (or, thumped, butted forward), in close pack." I need not say that, as a "strict rendering of the Greek," this is good,—all Mr. Newman's "strict renderings of the Greek" are sure to be, as such, good; but "in close pack," for ἀολλέες; seems to me to be what Mr. Newman's renderings are not always,—an excellent *poetical rendering* of the Greek; a thousand times better, certainly, than Cowper's "embattled close." Well, but Mr. Newman goes on: "I believe that, 'forward in pack the Trojans pitched,' would not be really unfaithful to the Homeric colour." Here, I say, the Homeric colour is half washed out of Mr. Newman's happy rendering of ἀολλέες; while in "pitched" for προΰτυψαν, the

literal fidelity of the first rendering is gone, while certainly no Homeric colour has come in its place. Finally, Mr. Newman concludes: "I maintain that 'forward in mass the Trojans pitched,' would be an irreprovable rendering." Here, in what Mr. Newman fancies his final moment of triumph, Homeric colour and literal fidelity have alike abandoned him altogether; the last stage of his translation is much worse than the second, and immeasurably worse than the first.

All this to show that a looser, easier method than Mr. Newman's must be taken, if we are to arrive at any good result in these questions. I now go on to follow Mr. Newman a little further, not at all as wishing to dispute with him, but as seeking (and this is the true fruit we may gather from criticisms upon us) to gain hints from him for the establishment of some useful truth about our subject, even when I think him wrong. I still retain, I confess, my conviction that Homer's characteristic qualities are rapidity of movement, plainness of words and style, simplicity and directness of ideas, and, above all, nobleness, the grand manner. Whenever Mr. Newman drops a word, awakens a train of thought, which leads me to see any of these characteristics more clearly, I am grateful to him; and one or two suggestions of this kind which he affords, are all that now,—having expressed my sorrow that he should have misconceived my feelings towards him, and pointed out what I think the vice of this method of criticism,—I have to notice in his Reply.

Such a suggestion I find in Mr. Newman's remarks

on my assertion that the translator of Homer must not adopt a quaint and antiquated style in rendering him, because the impression which Homer makes upon the living scholar is not that of a poet quaint and antiquated, but that of a poet perfectly simple, perfectly intelligible. I added that we cannot, I confess, really know how Homer seemed to Sophocles, but that it is impossible to me to believe that he seemed to him quaint and antiquated. Mr. Newman asserts, on the other hand, that I am absurdly wrong here; that Homer seemed "out and out" quaint and antiquated to the Athenians; that "every sentence of him was more or less antiquated to Sophocles, who could no more help feeling at every instant the foreign and antiquated character of the poetry than an Englishman can help feeling the same in reading Burns's poems." And not only does Mr. Newman say this, but he has managed thoroughly to convince some of his readers of it. "Homer's Greek," says one of them, "certainly seemed antiquated to the historical times of Greece. Mr. Newman, taking a far broader historical and philological view than Mr. Arnold, stoutly maintains that it did seem so." And another says: "Doubtless Homer's dialect and diction were as hard and obscure to a later Attic Greek as Chaucer to an Englishman of our day."

Mr. Newman goes on to say, that not only was Homer antiquated relatively to Pericles, but he is antiquated to the living scholar; and, indeed, is in himself, "absolutely antique, being the poet of a barbarian age." He tells us of his "inexhaustible quaintnesses," of his "very eccentric diction"; and he

infers, of course, that he is perfectly right in rendering him in a quaint and antiquated style.

Now this question,—whether or no Homer seemed quaint and antiquated to Sophocles,—I call a delightful question to raise. It is not a barren verbal dispute; it is a question "drenched in matter," to use an expression of Bacon; a question full of flesh and blood, and of which the scrutiny, though I still think we cannot settle it absolutely, may yet give us a directly useful result. To scrutinise it may lead us to see more clearly what sort of a style a modern translator of Homer ought to adopt.

Homer's verses were some of the first words which a young Athenian heard. He heard them from his mother or his nurse before he went to school; and at school, when he went there, he was constantly occupied with them. So much did he hear of them that Socrates proposes, in the interests of morality, to have selections from Homer made, and placed in the hands of mothers and nurses, in his model republic; in order that, of an author with whom they were sure to be so perpetually conversant, the young might learn only those parts which might do them good. His language was as familiar to Sophocles, we may be quite sure, as the language of the Bible is to us.

Nay, more. Homer's language was not, of course, in the time of Sophocles, the spoken or written language of ordinary life, any more than the language of the Bible, any more than the language of poetry, is with us; but for one great species of composition—epic poetry—it was still the current language; it was the language in which every one who made that sort

of poetry composed. Every one at Athens who dabbled in epic poetry, not only understood Homer's language,—he possessed it. He possessed it as every one who dabbles in poetry with us, possesses what may be called the poetical vocabulary, as distinguished from the vocabulary of common speech and of modern prose : I mean, such expressions as *perchance* for *perhaps*, *spake* for *spoke*, *aye* for *ever*, *don* for *put on*, *charméd* for *charm'd*, and thousands of others.

I might go to Burns and Chaucer, and, taking words and passages from them, ask if they afforded any parallel to a language so familiar and so possessed. But this I will not do, for Mr. Newman himself supplies me with what he thinks a fair parallel, in its effect upon us, to the language of Homer in its effect upon Sophocles. He says that such words as *mon*, *londis*, *libbard*, *withouten*, *muchel*, give us a tolerable but incomplete notion of this parallel ; and he finally exhibits the parallel in all its clearness, by this poetical specimen :—

> " Dat mon, quhich hauldeth Kyngis af
> Londis yn féo, niver
> (I tell 'e) feereth aught ; sith hee
> Doth hauld hys londis yver."

Now, does Mr. Newman really think that Sophocles could, as he says, " no more help feeling at every instant the foreign and antiquated character of Homer, than an Englishman can help feeling the same in hearing " these lines ? Is he quite sure of it ? He says he is ; he will not allow of any doubt or hesitation in the matter. I had confessed we could not

really know how Homer seemed to Sophocles ;—" Let Mr. Arnold confess for himself," cries Mr. Newman, " and not for me, who know perfectly well." And this is what he knows !

Mr. Newman says, however, that I " play fallaciously on the words familiar and unfamiliar "; that " Homer's words may have been familiar to the Athenians (*i. e.* often heard) even when they were either not understood by them or else, being understood, were yet felt and known to be utterly foreign. Let my renderings," he continues, " be heard, as Pope or even Cowper has been heard, and no one will be 'surprised.' "

But the whole question is here. The translator must not assume that to have taken place which has not taken place, although, perhaps, he may wish it to have taken place,—namely, that his diction is become an established possession of the minds of men, and therefore is, in its proper place, familiar to them, will not " surprise " them. If Homer's language was familiar,—that is, often heard,—then to this language words like *londis* and *libbard*, which are not familiar, offer, for the translator's purpose, no parallel. For some purpose of the philologer they may offer a parallel to it ; for the translator's purpose they offer none. The question is not, whether a diction is antiquated for current speech, but whether it is antiquated for that particular purpose for which it is employed. A diction that is antiquated for common speech and common prose, may very well not be antiquated for poetry or certain special kinds of prose. " Peradventure there shall be ten found there," is

not antiquated for Biblical prose, though for conversation or for a newspaper it is antiquated. "The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng," is not antiquated for poetry, although we should not write in a letter, "he *spake* to me," or say, "the British soldier is *arméd* with the Enfield rifle." But when language is antiquated for that particular purpose for which it is employed,—as numbers of Chaucer's words, for instance, are antiquated for poetry,—such language is a bad representative of language which, like Homer's, was never antiquated for that particular purpose for which it was employed. I imagine that Πηλῃϊάδεω for Πηλείδου, in Homer, no more sounded antiquated to Sophocles than *arméd* for *arm'd*, in Milton, sounds antiquated to us; but Mr. Newman's *withouten* and *muchel* do sound to us antiquated, even for poetry, and therefore they do not correspond in their effect upon us with Homer's words in their effect upon Sophocles. When Chaucer, who uses such words, is to pass current amongst us, to be familiar to us, as Homer was familiar to the Athenians, he has to be modernised, as Wordsworth and others set to work to modernise him; but an Athenian no more needed to have Homer modernised, than we need to have the Bible modernised, or Wordsworth himself.

Therefore, when Mr. Newman's words *bragly*, *bulkin*, and the rest, are an established possession of our minds, as Homer's words were an established possession of an Athenian mind, he may use them; but not till then. Chaucer's words, the words of Burns, great poets as these were, are yet not thus an established possession of an Englishman's mind, and

therefore they must not be used in rendering Homer into English.

Mr. Newman has been misled just by doing that which his admirer praises him for doing, by taking a "far broader historical and philological view than" mine. Precisely because he has done this, and has applied the "philological view" where it was not applicable, but where the "poetical view" alone was rightly applicable, he has fallen into error.

It is the same with him in his remarks on the difficulty and obscurity of Homer. Homer, I say, is perfectly plain in speech, simple, and intelligible. And I infer from this that his translator, too, ought to be perfectly plain in speech, simple, and intelligible; ought not to say, for instance, in rendering

Οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν . . .

"Nor liefly thee would I advance to man-ennobling battle,"—and things of that kind. Mr. Newman hands me a list of some twenty hard words, invokes Buttman, Mr. Malden, and M. Benfey, and asks me if I think myself wiser than all the world of Greek scholars, and if I am ready to supply the deficiencies of Liddell and Scott's *Lexicon!* But here, again, Mr. Newman errs by not perceiving that the question is one not of scholarship, but of a poetical translation of Homer. This, I say, should be perfectly simple and intelligible. He replies by telling me that ἀδινὸς, εἰλίποδες, and σιγαλόεις are hard words. Well, but what does he infer from that? That the poetical translator, in his rendering of them, is to give us a sense of the difficulties of the scholar, and so is to

make his translation obscure? If he does not mean that, how, by bringing forward these hard words, does he touch the question whether an English version of Homer should be plain or not plain? If Homer's poetry, as poetry, is in its general effect on the poetical reader perfectly simple and intelligible, the uncertainty of the scholar about the true meaning of certain words can never change this general effect. Rather will the poetry of Homer make us forget his philology, than his philology make us forget his poetry. It may even be affirmed that every one who reads Homer perpetually for the sake of enjoying his poetry (and no one who does not so read him will ever translate him well), comes at last to form a perfectly clear sense in his own mind for every important word in Homer, such as ἀδινὸς, or ἠλίβατος, whatever the scholar's doubts about the word may be. And this sense is present to his mind with perfect clearness and fulness, whenever the word recurs, although as a scholar he may know that he cannot be sure whether this sense is the right one or not. But poetically he feels clearly about the word, although philologically he may not. The scholar in him may hesitate, like the father in Sheridan's play; but the reader of poetry in him is, like the governor, fixed. The same thing happens to us with our own language. How many words occur in the Bible, for instance, to which thousands of hearers do not feel sure they attach the precise real meaning; but they make out *a* meaning for them out of what materials they have at hand; and the words, heard over and over again, come to convey this meaning with a certainty which poetically is adequate,

though not philologically. How many have attached a clear and poetically adequate sense to "the *beam*" and "the *mote*," though not precisely the right one! How clearly, again, have readers got a sense from Milton's words, "grate on their *scrannel* pipes," who yet might have been puzzled to write a commentary on the word *scrannel* for the dictionary! So we get a clear sense from ἀδινὸς as an epithet for grief, after often meeting with it and finding out all we can about it, even though that all be philologically insufficient; so we get a clear sense from εἰλίποδες as an epithet for cows. And this his clear poetical sense about the words, not his philological uncertainties about them, is what the translator has to convey. Words like *bragly* and *bulkin* offer no parallel to these words; because the reader, from his entire want of familiarity with the words *bragly* and *bulkin*, has no clear sense of them poetically.

Perplexed by his knowledge of the philological aspect of Homer's language, encumbered by his own learning, Mr. Newman, I say, misses the poetical aspect, misses that with which alone we are here concerned. "Homer *is* odd," he persists, fixing his eyes on his own philological analysis of μώνυξ, and μέροψ, and Κυλλοποδίων, and not on these words in their synthetic character;—just as Professor Max Müller, going a little farther back, and fixing his attention on the elementary value of the word θυγάτηρ, might say Homer was "odd" for using *that* word;—"if the whole Greek nation, by long familiarity, had become inobservant of Homer's oddities,"—of the oddities of this "noble barbarian," as Mr. Newman elsewhere

calls him, this "noble barbarian" with the "lively eye of the savage,"—"that would be no fault of mine. That would not justify Mr. Arnold's blame of me for rendering the words correctly." *Correctly*,—ah, but what *is* correctness in this case? This correctness of his is the very rock on which Mr. Newman has split. He is so correct that at last he finds peculiarity everywhere. The true knowledge of Homer becomes at last, in his eyes, a knowledge of Homer's "peculiarities, pleasant and unpleasant." Learned men know these "peculiarities," and Homer is to be translated because the unlearned are impatient to know them too. "That," he exclaims, "is just why people want to read an English Homer,—*to know all his oddities, just as learned men do.*" Here I am obliged to shake my head, and to declare that, in spite of all my respect for Mr. Newman, I cannot go these lengths with him. He talks of my "monomaniac fancy that there is nothing quaint or antique in Homer." Terrible learning,—I cannot help in my turn exclaiming,—terrible learning, which discovers so much!—*On the Study of Celtic Literature and on Translating Homer*, ed. 1895, pp. 244–260.

The Grand Style.

NOTHING has raised more questioning among my critics than these words,—*noble, the grand style.* People complain that I do not define these words sufficiently, that I do not tell them enough about them. "The grand style,—but what *is* the grand style?"—they cry; some with an inclination to believe in it, but puzzled; others mockingly and with incredulity. Alas! the grand style is the last matter in the world for verbal definition to deal with adequately. One may say of it as is said of faith: "One must feel it in order to know what it is." But, as of faith, so too one may say of nobleness, of the grand style: "Woe to those who know it not!" Yet this expression, though indefinable, has a charm; one is the better for considering it; *bonum est, nos hic esse;* nay, one loves to try to explain it, though one knows that one must speak imperfectly. For those, then, who ask the question,—What is the grand style?—with sincerity, I will try to make some answer, inadequate as it must be. For those who ask it mockingly I have no answer, except to repeat to them, with compassionate sorrow, the Gospel words: *Moriemini in peccatis vestris,*—Ye shall die in your sins.

But let me, at any rate, have the pleasure of again giving, before I begin to try and define the grand style, a specimen of what it *is*.

> "Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
> More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
> To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
> On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues." . . .

There is the grand style in perfection; and any one who has a sense for it, will feel it a thousand times better from repeating those lines than from hearing anything I can say about it.

Let us try, however, what *can* be said, controlling what we say by examples. I think it will be found that the grand style arises in poetry, *when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject.* I think this definition will be found to cover all instances of the grand style in poetry which present themselves. I think it will be found to exclude all poetry which is not in the grand style. And I think it contains no terms which are obscure, which themselves need defining. Even those who do not understand what is meant by calling poetry noble, will understand, I imagine, what is meant by speaking of a noble nature in a man. But the noble or powerful nature—the *bedeutendes individuum* of Goethe—is not enough. For instance, Mr. Newman has zeal for learning, zeal for thinking, zeal for liberty, and all these things are noble, they ennoble a man; but he has not the poetical gift; there must be the poetical gift, the "divine faculty," also. And, besides all this, the subject must be a serious one (for it is only by a kind of license that we can speak of the grand style in comedy); and it must be treated *with simplicity or severity.* Here is the great difficulty; the poets of the world have been many; there has been wanting neither abundance of poetical

gift nor abundance of noble natures; but a poetical gift so happy, in a noble nature so circumstanced and trained, that the result is a continuous style, perfect in simplicity or perfect in severity, has been extremely rare. One poet has had the gifts of nature and faculty in unequalled fulness, without the circumstances and training which make this sustained perfection of style possible. Of other poets, some have caught this perfect strain now and then, in short pieces or single lines, but have not been able to maintain it through considerable works; others have composed all their productions in a style which, by comparison with the best, one must call secondary.

The best model of the grand style simple is Homer; perhaps the best model of the grand style severe is Milton. But Dante is remarkable for affording admirable examples of both styles; he has the grand style which arises from simplicity, and he has the grand style which arises from severity; and from him I will illustrate them both. In a former lecture I pointed out what that severity of poetical style is, which comes from saying a thing with a kind of intense compression, or in an allusive, brief, almost haughty way, as if the poet's mind were charged with so many and such grave matters, that he would not deign to treat any one of them explicitly. Of this severity the last line of the following stanza of the *Purgatory* is a good example. Dante has been telling Forese that Virgil had guided him through Hell, and he goes on :—

"Indi m' han tratto su gli suoi conforti,
Salendo e rigirando la Montagna
Che drizza voi che il mondo fece torti."[1]

[1] *Purgatory*, xxiii. 124.

"Thence hath his comforting aid led me up, climbing and circling the Mountain, *which straightens you whom the world made crooked.*" These last words, "la Montagna *che drizza voi che il mondo fece torti.*"—"the Mountain *which straightens you whom the world made crooked*,"—for the Mountain of Purgatory, I call an excellent specimen of the grand style in severity, where the poet's mind is too full charged to suffer him to speak more explicitly. But the very next stanza is a beautiful specimen of the grand style in simplicity, where a noble nature and a poetical gift unite to utter a thing with the most limpid plainness and clearness :—

> "Tanto dice di farmi sua compagna
> Ch' io sarò là dove fia Beatrice ;
> Quivi convien che senza lui rimagna."[2]

"So long," Dante continues, "so long he (Virgil) saith he will bear me company, until I shall be there where Beatrice is ; there it behoves that without him I remain." But the noble simplicity of that in the Italian no words of mine can render.

Both these styles, the simple and the severe, are truly grand ; the severe seems, perhaps, the grandest, so long as we attend most to the great personality, to the noble nature, in the poet its author ; the simple seems the grandest when we attend most to the exquisite faculty, to the poetical gift. But the simple is no doubt to be preferred. It is the more *magical* : in the other there is something intellectual, something which gives scope for a play of thought which may

[2] *Ibid.* xxiii. 127.

exist where the poetical gift is either wanting or present in only inferior degree : the severe is much more imitable, and this a little spoils its charm. A kind of semblance of this style keeps Young going, one may say, through all the nine parts of that most indifferent production, the *Night Thoughts*. But the grand style in simplicity is inimitable :

αἰὼν ἀσφαλὴς
οὐκ ἔγεντ' οὔτ' Αἰακίδᾳ παρὰ Πηλεῖ,
οὔτε παρ' ἀντιθέῳ Κάδμῳ· λέγονται μὰν βροτῶν
ὄλβον ὑπέρτατον οἱ σχεῖν, οἵ τε καὶ χρυσαμπύκων
μελπομενᾶν ἐν ὄρει Μοισᾶν, καὶ ἐν ἑπταπύλοις
ἄϊον Θήβαις . . .[3]

There is a limpidness in that, a want of salient points to seize and transfer, which makes imitation impossible, except by a genius akin to the genius which produced it.—*On the Study of Celtic Literature and on Translating Homer*, ed. 1895, pp. 264–269.

[3] "A secure time fell to the lot neither of Peleus the son of Æacus, nor of the godlike Cadmus ; howbeit these are said to have had, of all mortals, the supreme of happiness, who heard the golden-snooded Muses sing, one of them on the mountain (Pelion), the other in seven-gated Thebes."

Style in Literature.

If I were asked where English poetry got these three things, its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic, for catching and rendering the charm of nature in a wonderfully near and vivid way,—I should answer, with some doubt, that it got much of its turn for style from a Celtic source; with less doubt, that it got much of its melancholy from a Celtic source; with no doubt at all, that from a Celtic source it got nearly all its natural magic.

Any German with penetration and tact in matters of literary criticism will own that the principal deficiency of German poetry is in style; that for style, in the highest sense, it shows but little feeling. Take the eminent masters of style, the poets who best give the idea of what the peculiar power which lies in style is,—Pindar, Virgil, Dante, Milton. An example of the peculiar effect which these poets produce, you can hardly give from German poetry. Examples enough you can give from German poetry of the effect produced by genius, thought, and feeling expressing themselves in clear language, simple language, passionate language, eloquent language, with harmony and melody; but not of the peculiar effect exercised by eminent power of style. Every reader of Dante can at once call to mind what the peculiar

effect I mean is; I spoke of it in my lectures on translating Homer, and there I took an example of it from Dante, who perhaps manifests it more eminently than any other poet. But from Milton, too, one may take examples of it abundantly; compare this from Milton:

> . . . . nor sometimes forget
> Those other two equal with me in fate,
> So were I equall'd with them in renown,
> Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides—

with this from Goethe:

> Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
> Sich ein Character in dem Strom der Welt.

Nothing can be better in its way than the style in which Goethe there presents his thought, but it is the style of prose as much as of poetry; it is lucid, harmonious, earnest, eloquent, but it has not received that peculiar kneading, heightening, and recasting which is observable in the style of the passage from Milton,—a style which seems to have for its cause a certain pressure of emotion, and an ever-surging, yet bridled, excitement in the poet, giving a special intensity to his way of delivering himself. In poetical races and epochs this turn for style is peculiarly observable; and perhaps it is only on condition of having this somewhat heightened and difficult manner, so different from the plain manner of prose, that poetry gets the privilege of being loosed, at its best moments, into that perfectly simple, limpid style, which is the supreme style of all, but the simplicity

of which is still not the simplicity of prose. The simplicity of Menander's style is the simplicity of prose, and is the same kind of simplicity as that which Goethe's style, in the passage I have quoted, exhibits; but Menander does not belong to a great poetical moment, he comes too late for it; it is the simple passages in poets like Pindar or Dante which are perfect, being masterpieces of *poetical* simplicity. One may say the same of the simple passages in Shakspeare; they are perfect, their simplicity being a *poetical* simplicity. They are the golden, easeful, crowning moments of a manner which is always pitched in another key from that of prose, a manner changed and heightened; the Elizabethan style, regnant in most of our dramatic poetry to this day, is mainly the continuation of this manner of Shakspeare's. It was a manner much more turbid and strewn with blemishes than the manner of Pindar, Dante, or Milton; often it was detestable; but it owed its existence to Shakspeare's instinctive impulse towards *style* in poetry, to his native sense of the necessity for it; and without the basis of style everywhere, faulty though it may in some places be, we should not have had the beauty of expression, unsurpassable for effectiveness and charm, which is reached in Shakspeare's best passages. The turn for style is perceptible all through English poetry, proving, to my mind, the genuine poetical gift of the race; this turn imparts to our poetry a stamp of high distinction, and sometimes it doubles the force of a poet not by nature of the very highest order, such as Gray, and raises him to a rank beyond what his natural

richness and power seem to promise. Goethe, with his fine critical perception, saw clearly enough both the power of style in itself, and the lack of style in the literature of his own country ; and perhaps if we regard him solely as a German, not as a European, his great work was that he labored all his life to impart style into German literature, and firmly to establish it there. Hence the immense importance to him of the world of classical art, and of the productions of Greek or Latin genius, where style so eminently manifests its power. Had he found in the German genius and literature an element of style existing by nature and ready to his hand, half his work, one may say, would have been saved him, and he might have done much more in poetry. But as it was, he had to try and create, out of his own powers, a style for German poetry, as well as to provide contents for this style to carry ; and thus his labour as a poet was doubled.

It is to be observed that power of style, in the sense in which I am here speaking of style, is something quite different from the power of idiomatic, simple, nervous, racy expression, such as the expression of healthy, robust natures so often is, such as Luther's was in a striking degree. Style, in my sense of the word, is a peculiar recasting and heightening, under a certain condition of spiritual excitement, of what a man has to say, in such a manner as to add dignity and distinction to it ; and dignity and distinction are not terms which suit many acts or words of Luther. Deeply touched with the *Gemeinheit* which is the bane of his nation, as he is at the same time a

grand example of the honesty which is his nation's excellence, he can seldom even show himself brave, resolute, and truthful, without showing a strong dash of coarseness and commonness all the while; the right definition of Luther, as of our own Bunyan, is that he is a Philistine of genius. So Luther's sincere idiomatic German,—such language as this: "Hilf lieber Gott, wie manchen Jammer habe ich gesehen, dass der gemeine Mann doch so gar nichts weiss von der christlichen Lehre!"—no more proves a power of style in German literature, than Cobbett's sinewy idiomatic English proves it in English literature. Power of style, properly so called, as manifested in masters of style like Dante or Milton in poetry, Cicero, Bossuet, or Bolingbroke in prose, is something quite different, and has, as I have said, for its characteristic effect, this: to add dignity and distinction.—*On the Study of Celtic Literature*, ed. 1895, pp. 102-107.

Nature in English Poetry.

THE Celt's quick feeling for what is noble and distinguished gave his poetry style; his indomitable personality gave it pride and passion; his sensibility and nervous exaltation gave it a better gift still, the gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature. The forest solitude, the bubbling spring, the wild flowers, are everywhere in romance. They have a mysterious life and grace there; they are Nature's own children, and utter her secret in a way which make them something quite different from the woods, waters, and plants of Greek and Latin poetry. Now of this delicate magic, Celtic romance is so pre-eminent a mistress, that it seems impossible to believe the power did not come into romance from the Celts.[1] Magic is just the word for it,—the magic of nature; not merely the beauty of nature,—that the Greeks and Latins had; not merely an honest smack of the soil, a faithful realism,—that the Germans had; but the intimate life of Nature, her weird power and her fairy charm. As the Saxon names of places, with the pleasant wholesome smack of the soil in them,—

[1] Rhyme,—the most striking characteristic of our modern poetry as distinguished from that of the ancients, and a main source, to our poetry, of its magic and charm, of what we call its *romantic element*,—rhyme itself, all the weight of evidence tends to show, comes into our poetry from the Celts.

Weathersfield, Thaxted, Shalford,—are to the Celtic names of places, with their penetrating. lofty beauty,—Velindra, Tyntagel, Caernarvon,—so is the homely realism of German and Norse nature to the fairy-like loveliness of Celtic nature. Gwydion wants a wife for his pupil: "Well," says Math, "we will seek, I and thou, by charms and illusions, to form a wife for him out of flowers. So they took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw. And they baptized her, and gave her the name of Flower-Aspect." Celtic romance is full of exquisite touches like that, showing the delicacy of the Celt's feeling in these matters, and how deeply Nature lets him come into her secrets. The quick dropping of blood is called "faster than the fall of the dewdrop from the blade of reed-grass upon the earth, when the dew of June is at the heaviest." And thus is Olwen described: "More yellow was her hair than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood-anemony amidst the spray of the meadow fountains." For loveliness it would be hard to beat that; and for magical clearness and nearness take the following:—

"And in the evening Peredur entered a valley, and at the head of the valley he came to a hermit's cell, and the hermit welcomed him gladly, and there he spent the night. And in the morning he arose, and when he went forth, behold, a shower of snow

had fallen the night before, and a hawk had killed a wild-fowl in front of the cell. And the noise of the horse scared the hawk away, and a raven alighted upon the bird. And Peredur stood and compared the blackness of the raven, and the whiteness of the snow, and the redness of the blood, to the hair of the lady whom best he loved, which was blacker than the raven, and to her skin, which was whiter than the snow, and to her two cheeks, which were redder than the blood upon the snow appeared to be."

And this, which is perhaps less striking, is not less beautiful :—

"And early in the day Geraint and Enid left the wood, and they came to an open country, with meadows on one hand and mowers mowing the meadows. And there was a river before them, and the horses bent down and drank the water. And they went up out of the river by a steep bank, and there they met a slender stripling with a satchel about his neck; and he had a small blue pitcher in his hand, and a bowl on the mouth of the pitcher."

And here the landscape, up to this point so Greek in its clear beauty, is suddenly magicalised by the romance touch :—

"And they saw a tall tree by the side of the river, one-half of which was in flames from the root to the top, and the other half was green and in full leaf."

Magic is the word to insist upon,—a magically vivid and near interpretation of nature; since it is this which constitutes the special charm and power of the effect I am calling attention to, and it is for this that the Celt's sensibility gives him a peculiar

aptitude. But the matter needs rather fine handling, and it is easy to make mistakes here in our criticism. In the first place, Europe tends constantly to become more and more one community, and we tend to become Europeans instead of merely Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians; so whatever aptitude or felicity one people imparts into spiritual work, gets imitated by the others, and thus tends to become the common property of all. Therefore anything so beautiful and attractive as the natural magic I am speaking of, is sure, nowadays, if it appears in the productions of the Celts, or of the English, or of the French, to appear in the productions of the Germans also, or in the productions of the Italians; but there will be a stamp of perfectness and inimitableness about it in the literatures where it is native, which it will not have in the literatures where it is not native. Novalis or Rückert, for instance, have their eye fixed on nature, and have undoubtedly a feeling for natural magic; a rough-and-ready critic easily credits them and the Germans with the Celtic fineness of tact, the Celtic nearness to Nature and her secret; but the question is whether the strokes in the German's picture of nature[2] have ever the indefinable delicacy,

[2] Take the following attempt to render the natural magic supposed to pervade Tieck's poetry:—"In diesen Dichtungen herrscht eine geheimnissvolle Innigkeit, ein sonderbares Einverständniss mit der Natur, besonders mit der Pflanzen- und Steinreich. Der Leser fühlt sich da wie in einem verzauberten Walde; er hört die unterirdischen Quellen melodisch rauschen; wildfremde Wunderblumen schauen ihn an mit ihren bunten sehnsüchtigen Augen; unsichtbare Lippen küssen seine Wangen mit neckender Zärtlichkeit; *hohe Pilze, wie goldne Glocken,*

charm, and perfection of the Celt's touch in the pieces I just now quoted, or of Shakspeare's touch in his daffodil, Wordsworth's in his cuckoo, Keats's in his Autumn, Obermann's in his mountain birch-tree or his Easter-daisy among the Swiss farms. To decide where the gift for natural magic originally lies, whether it is properly Celtic or Germanic, we must decide this question.

In the second place, there are many ways of handling nature, and we are here only concerned with one of them; but a rough-and-ready critic imagines that it is all the same so long as Nature is handled at all, and fails to draw the needful distinction between modes of handling her. But these modes are many; I will mention four of them now: there is the conventional way of handling nature, there is the faithful way of handling nature, there is the Greek way of handling nature, there is the magical way of handling nature. In all these three last the eye is on the object, but with a difference; in the faithful way of handling nature, the eye is on the object, and that is all you can say; in the Greek, the eye is on the object, but lightness and brightness are added; in the magical, the eye is on the object,

wachsen klingend empor am Fusse der Bäume;" and so on. Now that stroke of the *hohe Pilze*, the great funguses, would have been impossible to the tact and delicacy of a born lover of nature like the Celt, and could only have come from a German who has *hineinstudirt* himself into natural magic. It is a crying false note, which carries us at once out of the world of nature-magic and the breath of the woods, into the world of theatre-magic and the smell of gas and orange-peel.

but charm and magic are added. In the conventional way of handling nature, the eye is not on the object; what that means we all know, we have only to think of our eighteenth-century poetry :—

" As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night "—

to call up any number of instances. Latin poetry supplies plenty of instances too ; if we put this from Propertius's *Hylas :*—

. . . " manus heroum . . . .
Mollia camposita litora fronde tegit "—

side by side the line of Theocritus by which it was suggested :—

" λειμὼν γάρ σφιν ἔκειτο μέγας, στιβάδεσσιν ὄνειαρ "—

we get at the same moment a good specimen both of the conventional and of the Greek way of handling nature. But from our own poetry we may get specimens of the Greek way of handling nature, as well as of the conventional : for instance, Keats's :—

" What little town, by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with quiet citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ? "

is Greek, as Greek as a thing from Homer or Theocritus ; it is composed with the eye on the object, a radiancy and light clearness being added. German poetry abounds in specimens of the faithful way of handling nature ; an excellent example is to be found in the stanzas called *Zueignung*, prefixed to Goethe's poems ; the morning walk, the mist, the dew, the

sun, are as faithful as they can be, they are given with the eye on the object, but there the merit of the work, as a handling of nature, stops; neither Greek radiance nor Celtic magic is added; the power of these is not what gives the poem in question its merit, but a power of quite another kind, a power of moral and spiritual emotion. But the power of Greek radiance Goethe could give to his handling of nature, and nobly too, as any one who will read his *Wanderer*, —the poem in which a wanderer falls in with a peasant woman and her child by their hut, built out of the ruins of a temple near Cuma,—may see. Only the power of natural magic Goethe, does not, I think, give; whereas Keats passes at will from the Greek power to that power which is, as I say, Celtic; from his:—

> "What little town, by river or seashore"—

to his:—

> "White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine,
> Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves"—

or his:—

> . . . "magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn"—

in which the very same note is struck as in those extracts which I quoted from Celtic romance, and struck with authentic and unmistakable power.

Shakspeare, in handling nature, touches this Celtic note so exquisitely, that perhaps one is inclined to be always looking for the Celtic note in him, and not to recognise his Greek note when it comes. But if one attends well to the difference between the two

notes, and bears in mind, to guide one, such things as Virgil's "moss-grown springs and grass softer than sleep":—

"Muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba"—

as his charming flower-gatherer, who :—

"Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi"—

as his quinces and chestnuts :—

. . . "cana legam tenera lanugine mala
Castaneasque nuces" . . . . . .

then, I think, we shall be disposed to say that in Shakspeare's :—

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with lucious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine"—

it is mainly a Greek note which is struck. Then, again in his :—

. . . . . "look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!"—

we are at the very point of transition from the Greek note to the Celtic ; there is the Greek clearness and brightness, with the Celtic aërialness and magic coming in. Then we have the sheer, inimitable Celtic note in passages like this :—

"Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea"—

or this, the last I will quote :—

" The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls—

. . . . . " in such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew—

. . . . . " in such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage."

And those last lines of all are so drenched and intoxicated with the fairy-dew of that natural magic which is our theme, that I cannot do better than end with them.—*On the Study of Celtic Literature*, ed. 1895, pp. 120–128.

Poetry and Science.

The grand power of poetry is its interpretative power; by which I mean, not a power of drawing out in black and white an explanation of the mystery of the universe, but the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new, and intimate sense of them, and of our relations with them. When this sense is awakened in us, as to objects without us, we feel ourselves to be in contact with the essential nature of those objects, to be no longer bewildered and oppressed by them, but to have their secret, and to be in harmony with them; and this feeling calms and satisfies us as no other can. Poetry, indeed, interprets in another way besides this; but one of its two ways of interpreting, of exercising its highest power, is by awakening this sense in us. I will not now inquire whether this sense is illusive, whether it can be proved not to be illusive, whether it does absolutely make us possess the real nature of things; all I say is, that poetry can awaken it in us, and that to awaken it is one of the highest powers of poetry. The interpretations of science do not give us this intimate sense of objects as the interpretations of poetry give it; they appeal to a limited faculty and not to the whole man. It is not Linnæus or Cavendish or Cuvier who gives us the true sense of animals, or water, or plants, who seizes their secret for us, who

makes us participate in their life; it is Shakspeare, with his

> "daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty;"

it is Wordsworth, with his

> "voice . . . . heard
> In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides;"

it is Keats, with his

> "moving waters at their priestlike task
> Of cold ablution round Earth's human shores;"

it is Chateaubriand, with his, "*cîme indéterminée des forêts;*" it is Senancour, with his mountain birch-tree: "*Cette écorce blanche, lisse et crevassée; cette tige agreste; ces branches qui s'inclinent vers la terre; la mobilité des feuilles, et tout cet abandon, simplicité de la nature, attitude des déserts.*"—*Essays*, I., ed. 1896, pp. 81–82.

Literature and Science.

Practical people talk with a smile of Plato and of his absolute ideas; and it is impossible to deny that Plato's ideas do often seem unpractical and impracticable, and especially when one views them in connexion with the life of a great work-a-day world like the United States. The necessary staple of the life of such a world Plato regards with disdain; handicraft and trade and the working professions he regards with disdain; but what becomes of the life of an industrial modern community if you take handicraft and trade and the working professions out of it? The base mechanic arts and handicrafts, says Plato, bring about a natural weakness in the principle of excellence in a man, so that he cannot govern the ignoble growths in him, but nurses them, and cannot understand fostering any other. Those who exercise such arts and trades, as they have their bodies, he says marred, by their vulgar businesses, so they have their souls, too, bowed and broken by them. And if one of these uncomely people has a mind to seek self-culture and philosophy, Plato compares him to a bald little tinker, who has scraped together money, and has got his release from service, and has had a bath, and bought a new coat, and is rigged out like a bridegroom about to marry the daughter of his master who has fallen into poor and helpless estate.

Nor do the working professions fare any better than trade at the hands of Plato. He draws for us an inimitable picture of the working lawyer, and of his life of bondage; he shows how this bondage from his youth up has stunted and warped him, and made him small and crooked of soul, encompassing him with difficulties which he is not man enough to rely on justice and truth as means to encounter, but has recourse, for help out of them, to falsehood and wrong. And so, says Plato, this poor creature is bent and broken, and grows up from boy to man without a particle of soundness in him, although exceedingly smart and clever in his own esteem.

One cannot refuse to admire the artist who draws these pictures. But we say to ourselves that his ideas show the influence of a primitive and obsolete order of things, when the warrior caste and the priestly caste were alone in honour, and the humble work of the world was done by slaves. We have now changed all that; the modern majority consists in work, as Emerson declares; and in work, we may add, principally of such plain and dusty kind as the work of cultivators of the ground, handicraftsmen, men of trade and business, men of the working professions. Above all is this true in a great industrious community such as that of the United States.

Now education, many people go on to say, is still mainly governed by the ideas of men like Plato, who lived when the warrior caste and the priestly or philosophical class were alone in honour, and the really useful part of the community were slaves. It is an education fitted for persons of leisure in such

a community. This education passed from Greece and Rome to the feudal communities of Europe, where also the warrior caste and the priestly caste were alone held in honour, and where the really useful and working part of the community, though not nominally slaves as in the pagan world, were practically not much better off than slaves, and not more seriously regarded. And how absurd it is, people end by saying, to inflict this education upon an industrious modern community, where very few indeed are persons of leisure, and the mass to be considered has not leisure, but is bound, for its own great good, and for the great good of the world at large, to plain labour and to industrial pursuits, and the education in question tends necessarily to make men dissatisfied with these pursuits and unfitted for them!

That is what it said. So far I must defend Plato, as to plead that his view of education and studies is in the general, as it seems to me, sound enough, and fitted for all sorts and conditions of men, whatever their pursuits may be. "An intelligent man," says Plato, "will prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and will less value the others." I cannot consider *that* a bad description of the aim of education, and of the motives which should govern us in the choice of studies, whether we are preparing ourselves for a hereditary seat in the English House of Lords or for the pork trade in Chicago.

Still I admit that Plato's world was not ours, that his scorn of trade and handicraft is fantastic, that he had no conception of a great industrial community

such as that of the United States, and that such a community must and will shape its education to suit its own needs. If the usual education handed down to it from the past does not suit it, it will certainly before long drop this and try another. The usual education in the past has been mainly literary. The question is whether the studies which were long supposed to be the best for all of us are practically the best now; whether others are not better. The tyranny of the past, many think, weighs on us injuriously in the predominance given to letters in education. The question is raised whether, to meet the needs of our modern life, the predominance ought not now to pass from letters to science; and naturally the question is nowhere raised with more energy than here in the United States. The design of abasing what is called "mere literary instruction and education," and of exalting what is called "sound, extensive, and practical scientific knowledge," is, in this intensely modern world of the United States, even more perhaps than in Europe, a very popular design, and makes great and rapid progress.

I am going to ask whether the present movement for ousting letters from their old predominance in education, and for transferring the predominance in education to the natural sciences, whether this brisk and flourishing movement ought to prevail, and whether it is likely that in the end it really will prevail. An objection may be raised which I will anticipate. My own studies have been almost wholly in letters, and my visits to the field of the natural sciences have been very slight and inadequate, al-

though those sciences have always strongly moved my curiosity. A man of letters, it will perhaps be said, is not competent to discuss the comparative merits of letters and natural science as means of education. To this objection I reply, first of all, that his incompetence, if he attempts the discussion but is really incompetent for it, will be abundantly visible; nobody will be taken in; he will have plenty of sharp observers and critics to save mankind from that danger. But the line I am going to follow is, as you will soon discover, so extremely simple, that perhaps it may be followed without failure even by one who for a more ambitious line of discussion would be quite incompetent.

Some of you may possibly remember a phrase of mine which has been the object of a good deal of comment; an observation to the effect that in our culture, the aim being *to know ourselves and the world*, we have, as the means to this end, *to know the best which has been thought and said in the world*. A man of science, who is also an excellent writer and the very prince of debaters, Professor Huxley, in a discourse at the opening of Sir Josiah Mason's college at Birmingham, laying hold of this phrase, expanded it by quoting some more words of mine, which are these: "The civilised world is to be regarded as now being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result; and whose members have for their proper outfit a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special local and temporary advantages being put out of account,

that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress, which most thoroughly carries out this programme."

Now on my phrase, thus enlarged, Professor Huxley remarks that when I speak of the above-mentioned knowledge as enabling us to know ourselves and the world, I assert *literature* to contain the materials which suffice for thus making us know ourselves and the world. But it is not by any means clear, says he, that after having learnt all which ancient and modern literatures have to tell us, we have laid a sufficiently broad and deep foundation for that criticism of life, that knowlege of ourselves and the world, which constitutes culture. On the contrary, Professor Huxley declares that he finds himself "wholly unable to admit that either nations or individuals will really advance, if their outfit draws nothing from the stores of physical science. An army without weapons of precision, and with no particular base of operations, might more hopefully enter upon a campaign on the Rhine, than a man, devoid of a knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, upon a criticism of life.".

This shows how needful it is for those who are to discuss any matter together, to have a common understanding as to the sense of the terms they employ,—how needful, and how difficult. What Professor Huxley says, implies just the reproach which is so often brought against the study of *belles lettres*, as they are called: that the study is an elegant one, but slight and ineffectual; a smattering of Greek and Latin and other ornamental things, of little use for any one

whose object is to get at truth, and to be a practical man. So, too, M. Renan talks of the "superficial humanism" of a school-course which treats us as if we were all going to be poets, writers, preachers, orators, and he opposes this humanism to positive science, or the critical search after truth. And there is always a tendency in those who are remonstrating against the predominance of letters in education, to understand by letters *belles lettres*, and by *belles lettres* a superficial humanism, the opposite of science or true knowledge.

But when we talk of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, for instance, which is the knowledge people have called the humanities, I for my part mean a knowledge which is something more than a superficial humanism, mainly decorative. "I call all teaching *scientific*," says Wolf, the critic of Homer, "which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources. For example: a knowledge of classical antiquity is scientific when the remains of classical antiquity are correctly studied in the original languages." There can be no doubt that Wolf is perfectly right; that all learning is scientific which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources, and that a genuine humanism is scientific.

When I speak of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, therefore, as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, I mean more than a knowledge of so much vocabulary, so much grammar, so many portions of authors in the Greek and Latin languages, I mean knowing the Greeks and Romans, and their life and genius, and what they were and did in the world;

what we get from them, and what is its value. That, at least, is the ideal; and when we talk of endeavouring to know Greek and Roman antiquity, as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, we mean endeavouring so to know them as to satisfy this ideal, however much we may still fall short of it.

The same also as to knowing our own and other modern nations, with the like aim of getting to understand ourselves and the world. To know the best that has been thought and said by the modern nations, is to know, says Professor Huxley, "only what modern *literatures* have to tell us; it is the criticism of life contained in modern literature." And yet "the distinctive character of our times," he urges, "lies in the vast and constantly increasing part which is played by natural knowledge." And how, therefore, can a man, devoid of knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, enter hopefully upon a criticism of modern life?

Let us, I say, be agreed about the meaning of the terms we are using. I talk of knowing the best which has been thought and uttered in the world; Professor Huxley says this means knowing *literature*. Literature is a large word; it may mean everything written with letters or printed in a book. Euclid's *Elements* and Newton's *Principia* are thus literature. All knowledge that reaches us through books is literature. But by literature Professor Huxley means *belles lettres*. He means to make me say, that knowing the best which has been thought and said by the modern nations is knowing their *belles lettres* and no more. And this is no sufficient equipment, he argues, for

a criticism of modern life. But as I do not mean, by knowing ancient Rome, knowing merely more or less of Latin *belles lettres*, and taking no account of Rome's military, and political, and legal, and administrative work in the world; and as, by knowing ancient Greece, I understand knowing her as the giver of Greek art, and the guide to a free and right use of reason and to scientific method, and the founder of our mathematics and physics and astronomy and biology, —I understand knowing her as all this, and not merely knowing certain Greek poems, and histories, and treatises, and speeches,—so as to the knowledge of modern nations also. By knowing modern nations, I mean not merely knowing their *belles lettres*, but knowing also what has been done by such men as Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin. "Our ancestors learned," says Professor Huxley, "that the earth is the centre of the visible universe, and that man is the cynosure of things terrestrial; and more especially was it inculcated that the course of nature has no fixed order, but that it could be, and constantly was, altered." But for us now, continues Professor Huxley, "the notions of the beginning and the end of the world entertained by our forefathers are no longer credible. It is very certain that the earth is not the chief body in the material universe, and that the world is not subordinated to man's use. It is even more certain that nature is the expression of a definite order, with which nothing interferes." "And yet," he cries, "the purely classical education advocated by the representatives of the humanists in our day gives no inkling of all this!"

In due place and time I will just touch upon that vexed question of classical education ; but at present the question is as to what is meant by knowing the best which modern nations have thought and said. It is not knowing their *belles lettres* merely which is meant. To know Italian *belles lettres* is not to know Italy, and to know English *belles lettres* is not to know England. Into knowing Italy and England there comes a great deal more, Galileo and Newton amongst it. The reproach of being a superficial humanism, a tincture of *belles lettres*, may attach rightly enough to some other disciplines ; but to the particular discipline recommended when I proposed knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world, it does not apply. In that best I certainly include what in modern times has been thought and said by the great observers and knowers of nature.

There is, therefore, really no question between Professor Huxley and me as to whether knowing the great results of the modern scientific study of nature is not required as a part of our culture, as well as knowing the products of literature and art. But to follow the processes by which those results are reached, ought, say the friends of physical science, to be made the staple of education for the bulk of mankind. And here there does arise a question between those whom Professor Huxley calls with playful sarcasm "the Levites of culture," and those whom the poor humanist is sometimes apt to regard as its Nebuchadnezzars.

The great results of the scientific investigation of nature we are agreed upon knowing, but how much

of our study are we bound to give to the processes by which those results are reached? The results have their visible bearing on human life. But all the processes, too, all the items of fact by which those results are reached and established, are interesting. All knowledge is interesting to a wise man, and the knowledge of nature is interesting to all men. It is very interesting to know, that, from the albuminous white of the egg, the chick in the egg gets the materials for its flesh, bones, blood, and feathers; while, from the fatty yelk of the egg, it gets the heat and energy which enable it at length to break its shell and begin the world. It is less interesting, perhaps, but still it is interesting, to know that when a taper burns, the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water. Moreover, it is quite true that the habit of dealing with facts, which is given by the study of nature, is, as the friends of physical science praise it for being, an excellent discipline. The appeal, in the study of nature, is constantly to observation and experiment; not only is it said that the thing is so, but we can be made to see that it is so. Not only does a man tell us that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, as a man may tell us, if he likes, that Charon is punting his ferry-boat on the river Styx, or that Victor Hugo is a sublime poet, or Mr. Gladstone the most admirable of statesmen; but we are made to see that the conversion into carbonic acid and water does actually happen. This reality of natural knowledge it is, which makes the friends of physical science contrast it, as a knowledge of things, with the humanist's knowledge, which is, they say, a

knowledge of words. And hence Professor Huxley is moved to lay it down that, "for the purpose of attaining real culture, an exclusively scientific education is at least as effectual as an exclusively literary education." And a certain President of the Section for Mechanical Science in the British Association is, in Scripture phrase, "very bold," and declares that if a man, in his mental training, "has substituted literature and history for natural science, he has chosen the less useful alternative." But whether we go these lengths or not, we must all admit that in natural science the habit gained of dealing with facts is a most valuable discipline, and that every one should have some experience of it.

More than this, however, is demanded by the reformers. It is proposed to make the training in natural science the main part of education, for the great majority of mankind at any rate. And here, I confess, I part company with the friends of physical science, with whom up to this point I have been agreeing. In differing from them, however, I wish to proceed with the utmost caution and diffidence. The smallness of my own acquaintance with the disciplines of natural science is ever before my mind, and I am fearful of doing these disciplines an injustice. The ability and pugnacity of the partisans of natural science make them formidable persons to contradict. The tone of tenative inquiry, which befits a being of dim faculties and bounded knowledge, is the tone I would wish to take and not to depart from. At present it seems to me, that those who are for giving to natural knowledge, as they call it, the chief place

in the education of the majority of mankind, leave one important thing out of their account: the constitution of human nature. But I put this forward on the strength of some facts not at all recondite, very far from it; facts capable of being stated in the simplest possible fashion, and to which, if I so state them, the man of science will, I am sure, be willing to allow their due weight.

Deny the facts altogether, I think, he hardly can. He can hardly deny, that when we set ourselves to enumerate the powers which go to the building up of human life, and say that they are the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, and the power of social life and manners,—he can hardly deny that this scheme, though drawn in rough and plain lines enough, and not pretending to scientific exactness, does yet give a fairly true representation of the matter. Human nature is built up by these powers; we have the need for them all. When we have rightly met and adjusted the claims of them all, we shall then be in a fair way for getting soberness and righteousness, with wisdom. This is evident enough, and the friends of physical science would admit it.

But perhaps they may not have sufficiently observed another thing: namely, that the several powers just mentioned are not isolated, but there is, in the generality of mankind, a perpetual tendency to relate them one to another in divers ways. With one such way of relating them I am particularly concerned now. Following our instinct for intellect and knowledge, we acquire pieces of knowledge; and presently, in the

generality of men, there arises the desire to relate these pieces of knowledge to our sense for conduct, to our sense for beauty,—and there is weariness and dissatisfaction if the desire is baulked. Now in this desire lies, I think, the strength of that hold which letters have upon us.

All knowledge is, as I said just now, interesting; and even items of knowledge which from the nature of the case cannot well be related, but must stand isolated in our thoughts, have their interest. Even lists of exceptions have their interest. If we are studying Greek accents, it is interesting to know that *pais* and *pas*, and some other monosyllables of the same form of declension, do not take the circumflex upon the last syllable of the genitive plural, but vary, in this respect, from the common rule. If we are studying physiology, it is interesting to know that the pulmonary artery carries dark blood and the pulmonary vein carries bright blood, departing in this respect from the common rule for the division of labour between the veins and the arteries. But every one knows how we seek naturally to combine the pieces of our knowledge together, to bring them under general rules, to relate them to principles; and how unsatisfactory and tiresome it would be to go on for ever learning lists of exceptions, or accumulating items of fact which must stand isolated.

Well, that same need of relating our knowledge, which operates here within the sphere of our knowledge itself, we shall find operating, also, outside that sphere. We experience, as we go on learning and knowing,—the vast majority of us experience,—the

need of relating what we have learnt and known to the sense which we have in us for conduct, to the sense which we have in us for beauty.

A certain Greek prophetess of Mantineia in Arcadia, Diotima by name, once explained to the philosopher Socrates that love, and impulse, and bent of all kinds, is, in fact, nothing else but the desire in men that good should for ever be present to them. This desire for good, Diotima assured Socrates, is our fundamental desire, of which fundamental desire every impulse in us is only some one particular form. And therefore this fundamental desire it is, I suppose,—this desire in men that good should be for ever present to them,—which acts in us when we feel the impulse for relating our knowledge to our sense for conduct and to our sense for beauty. At any rate, with men in general the instinct exists. Such is human nature. And the instinct, it will be admitted, is innocent, and human nature is preserved by our following the lead of its innocent instincts. Therefore, in seeking to gratify this instinct in question, we are following the instinct of self-preservation in humanity.

But, no doubt, some kinds of knowledge cannot be made to directly serve the instinct in question, cannot be directly related to the sense for beauty, to the sense for conduct. These are instrument-knowledges; they lead on to other knowledges, which can. A man who passes his life in instrument-knowledges is a specialist. They may be invaluable as instruments to something beyond, for those who have the gift thus to employ them; and they may be disciplines in themselves wherein it is useful for every one

to have some schooling. But it is inconceivable that the generality of men should pass all their mental life with Greek accents or with formal logic. My friend Professor Sylvester, who is one of the first mathematicians in the world, holds transcendental doctrines as to the virtue of mathematics, but those doctrines are not for common men. In the very Senate House and heart of our English Cambridge I once ventured, though not without an apology for my profaneness, to hazard the opinion that for the majority of mankind a little of mathematics, even, goes a long way. Of course this is quite consistent with their being of immense importance as an instrument to something else ; but it is the few who have the aptitude for thus using them, not the bulk of mankind.

The natural sciences do not, however, stand on the same footing with these instrument-knowledges. Experience shows us that the generality of men will find more interest in learning that, when a taper burns, the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, or in learning the explanation of the phenomenon of dew, or in learning how the circulation of the blood is carried on, than they find in learning that the genitive plural of *pais* and *pas* does not take the circumflex on the termination. And one piece of natural knowledge is added to another, and others are added to that, and at last we come to propositions so interesting as Mr. Darwin's famous proposition that "our ancestor was a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits." Or we come to propositions

of such reach and magnitude as those which Professor Huxley delivers, when he says that the notions of our forefathers about the beginning and the end of the world were all wrong, and that nature is the expression of a definite order with which nothing interferes.

Interesting, indeed, these results of science are, important they are, and we should all of us be acquainted with them. But what I now wish you to mark is, that we are still, when they are propounded to us and we receive them, we are still in the sphere of intellect and knowledge. And for the generality of men there will be found, I say, to arise, when they have duly taken in the proposition that their ancestor was "a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits," there will be found to arise an invincible desire to relate this proposition to the sense in us for conduct, and to the sense in us for beauty. But this the men of science will not do for us, and will hardly even profess to do. They will give us other pieces of knowledge, other facts, about other animals and their ancestors, or about plants, or about stones, or about stars; and they may finally bring us to those great "general conceptions of the universe, which are forced upon us all," says Professor Huxley, "by the progress of physical science." But still it will be *knowledge* only which they give us; knowledge not put for us into relation with our sense for conduct, our sense for beauty, and touched with emotion by being so put; not thus put for us, and therefore, to the majority of mankind, after a certain while, unsatisfying, wearying.

Not to the born naturalist, I admit. But what do we mean by a born naturalist? We mean a man in whom the zeal for observing nature is so uncommonly strong and eminent, that it marks him off from the bulk of mankind. Such a man will pass his life happily in collecting natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and will ask for nothing, or hardly anything, more. I have heard it said that the sagacious and admirable naturalist whom we lost not very long ago, Mr. Darwin, once owned to a friend that for his part he did not experience the necessity for two things which most men find so necessary to them,—religion and poetry; science and the domestic affections, he thought, were enough. To a born naturalist, I can well understand that this should seem so. So absorbing is his occupation with nature, so strong his love for his occupation, that he goes on acquiring natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and has little time or inclination for thinking about getting it related to the desire in man for conduct, the desire in man for beauty. He relates it to them for himself as he goes along, so far as he feels the need; and he draws from the domestic affections all the additional solace necessary. But then Darwins are extremely rare. Another great and admirable master of natural knowledge, Faraday, was a Sandemanian. That is to say, he related his knowledge to his instinct for conduct and to his instinct for beauty, by the aid of that respectable Scottish sectary, Robert Sandeman. And so strong, in general, is the demand of religion and poetry to have their share in a man, to associate themselves with his knowing, and to relieve and

rejoice it, that probably, for one man amongst us with the disposition to do as Darwin did in this respect, there are at least fifty with the disposition to do as Faraday.

Education lays hold upon us, in fact, by satisfying this demand. Professor Huxley holds up to scorn mediæval education, with its neglect of the knowledge of nature, its poverty even of literary studies, its formal logic devoted to "showing how and why that which the Church said was true must be true." But the great mediæval universities were not brought into being, we may be sure, by the zeal for giving a jejune and contemptible education. Kings have been their nursing fathers, and queens have been their nursing mothers, but not for this. The mediæval universities came into being, because the supposed knowledge, delivered by Scripture and the Church, so deeply engaged men's hearts, by so simply, easily, and powerfully relating itself to their desire for conduct, their desire for beauty. All other knowledge was dominated by this supposed knowledge and was subordinated to it, because of the surpassing strength of the hold which it gained upon the affections of men, by allying itself profoundly with their sense for conduct, their sense for beauty.

But now, says Professor Huxley, conceptions of the universe fatal to the notions held by our forefathers have been forced upon us by physical science. Grant to him that they are thus fatal, that the new conceptions must and will soon become current everywhere, and that every one will finally perceive them to be fatal to the beliefs of our forefathers. The

need of humane letters, as they are truly called, because they serve the paramount desire in men that good should be for ever present to them,—the need of humane letters to establish a relation between the new conceptions, and our instinct for beauty, our instinct for conduct, is only the more visible. The Middle Age could do without humane letters, as it could do without the study of nature, because its supposed knowledge was made to engage its emotions so powerfully. Grant that the supposed knowledge disappears, its power of being made to engage the emotions will of course disappear along with it,—but the emotions themselves, and their claim to be engaged and satisfied, will remain. Now if we find by experience that humane letters have an undeniable power of engaging the emotions, the importance of humane letters in a man's training becomes not less, but greater, in proportion to the success of modern science in extirpating what it calls "mediæval thinking."

Have humane letters, then, have poetry and eloquence, the power here attributed to them of engaging the emotions, and do they exercise it? And if they have it and exercise it, *how* do they exercise it, so as to exert an influence upon man's sense for conduct, his sense for beauty? Finally, even if they both can and do exert an influence upon the senses in question, how are they to relate to them the results,—the modern results,—of natural science? All these questions may be asked. First, have poetry and eloquence the power of calling out the emotions? The appeal is to experience. Experience shows that for the vast majority of men, for mankind in general, they have the

power. Next, do they exercise it? They do. But then, *how* do they exercise it so as to affect man's sense for conduct, his sense for beauty? And this is perhaps a case for applying the Preacher's words: "Though a man labour to seek it out, yet he shall not find it; yea, farther, though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it."[1] Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say, "Patience is a virtue," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with Homer,

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν—[2]

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men"? Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with the philosopher Spinoza, *Felicitas in eo consistit quod homo suum esse conservare potest*—"Man's happiness consists in his being able to preserve his own essence," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with the Gospel, "What is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, forfeit himself?" How does this difference of effect arise? I cannot tell, and I am not much concerned to know; the important thing is that it does arise, and that we can profit by it. But how, finally, are poetry and eloquence to exercise the power of relating the modern results of natural science to man's instinct for conduct, his instinct for beauty? And here again I answer that I do not know *how* they will exercise it, but that they can and will exercise it I am sure. I do not mean that modern philosophical poets and modern

[1] *Ecclesiastes*, viii. 17. [2] *Iliad*, xxiv. 49.

philosophical moralists are to come and relate for us, in express terms, the results of modern scientific research to our instinct for conduct, our instinct for beauty. But I mean that we shall find, as a matter of experience, if we know the best that has been thought and uttered in the world, we shall find that the art and poetry and eloquence of men who lived, perhaps, long ago, who had the most limited natural knowledge, who had the most erroneous conceptions about many important matters, we shall find that this art, and poetry, and eloquence, have in fact not only the power of refreshing and delighting us, they have also the power,—such is the strength and worth, in essentials, of their authors' criticism of life,—they have a fortifying, and elevating, and quickening, and suggestive power, capable of wonderfully helping us to relate the results of modern science to our need for conduct, our need for beauty. Homer's conceptions of the physical universe were, I imagine, grotesque; but really, under the shock of hearing from modern science that "the world is not subordinated to man's use, and that man is not the cynosure of things terrestrial," I could, for my own part, desire no better comfort than Homer's line which I quoted just now,

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν—

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men"!

And the more that men's minds are cleared, the more that the results of science are frankly accepted, the more that poetry and eloquence come to be received and studied as what in truth they really

are,—the criticism of life by gifted men, alive and active with extraordinary power at an unusual number of points;—so much the more will the value of humane letters, and of art also, which is an utterance having a like kind of power with theirs, be felt and acknowledged, and their place in education be secured.

Let us therefore, all of us, avoid indeed as much as possible any invidious comparison between the merits of humane letters, as means of education, and the merits of the natural sciences. But when some President of a Section for Mechanical Science insists on making the comparison, and tells us that "he who in his training has substituted literature and history for natural science has chosen the less useful alternative," let us make answer to him that the student of humane letters only, will, at least, know also the great general conceptions brought in by modern physical science; for science, as Professor Huxley says, forces them upon us all. But the student of the natural sciences only, will, by our very hypothesis, know nothing of humane letters; not to mention that in setting himself to be perpetually accumulating natural knowledge, he sets himself to do what only specialists have in general the gift for doing genially. And so he will probably be unsatisfied, or at any rate incomplete, and even more incomplete than the student of humane letters only.

I once mentioned in a school-report, how a young man in one of our English training colleges having to paraphrase the passage in *Macbeth* beginning,

"Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

turned this line into, "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" And I remarked what a curious state of things it would be, if every pupil of our national schools knew, let us say, that the moon is two thousand one hundred and sixty miles in diameter, and thought at the same time that a good paraphrase for

"Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

was, "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" If one is driven to choose, I think I would rather have a young person ignorant about the moon's diameter, but aware that "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" is bad, than a young person whose education had been such as to manage things the other way.

Or to go higher than the pupils of our national schools. I have in my mind's eye a member of our British Parliament who comes to travel here in America, who afterwards relates his travels, and who shows a really masterly knowledge of the geology of this great country and of its mining capabilities, but who ends by gravely suggesting that the United States should borrow a prince from our Royal Family, and should make him their king, and should create a House of Lords of great landed proprietors after the pattern of ours; and then America, he thinks, would have her future happily and perfectly secured. Surely, in this case, the President of the Section for Mechanical Science would himself hardly say that our member of Parliament, by concentrating himself upon geology and mineralogy, and so on, and not attending to literature and history, had "chosen the more useful alternative."

If then there is to be separation and option between humane letters on the one hand, and the natural sciences on the other, the great majority of mankind, all who have not exceptional and overpowering aptitudes for the study of nature, would do well, I cannot but think, to choose to be educated in humane letters rather than in the natural sciences. Letters will call out their being at more points, will make them live more.

I said that before I ended I would just touch on the question of classical education, and I will keep my word. Even if literature is to retain a large place in our education, yet Latin and Greek, say the friends of progress, will certainly have to go. Greek is the grand offender in the eyes of these gentlemen. The attackers of the established course of study think that against Greek, at any rate, they have irresistible arguments. Literature may perhaps be needed in education, they say; but why on earth should it be Greek literature? Why not French or German? Nay, "has not an Englishman models in his own literature of every kind of excellence?' As before, it is not on any weak pleadings of my own that I rely for convincing the gainsayers; it is on the constitution of human nature itself, and on the instinct of self-preservation in humanity. The instinct for beauty is set in human nature, as surely as the instinct for knowledge is set there, or the instinct for conduct. If the instinct for beauty is served by Greek literature and art as it is served by no other literature and art, we may trust to the instinct of self-preservation in humanity for keeping Greek as part of our culture.

We may trust to it for even making the study of Greek more prevalent than it is now. Greek will come, I hope, some day to be studied more rationally than at present ; but it will be increasingly studied as men increasingly feel the need in them for beauty, and how powerfully Greek art and Greek literature can serve this need. Women will again study Greek, as Lady Jane Grey did ; I believe that in that chain of forts, with which the fair host of the Amazons are now engirdling our English universities, I find that here in America, in colleges like Smith College in Massachusetts, and Vassar College in the State of New York, and in the happy families of the mixed universities out West, they are studying it already.

Defuit una mihi symmetria prisca,—"The antique symmetry was the one thing wanting to me," said Leonardo da Vinci ; and he was an Italian. I will not presume to speak for the Americans, but I am sure that, in the Englishman, the want of this admirable symmetry of the Greeks is a thousand times more great and crying than in any Italian. The results of the want show themselves most glaringly, perhaps, in our architecture, but they show themselves, also, in all our art. *Fit details strictly combined, in view of a large general result nobly conceived ;* that is just the beautiful *symmetria prisca* of the Greeks, and it is just where we English fail, where all our art fails. Striking ideas we have, and well-executed details we have ; but that high symmetry which, with satisfying and delightful effect, combines them, we seldom or never have. The glorious beauty of the Acropolis at Athens did not come

from single fine things stuck about on that hill, a statue here, a gateway there ;—no, it arose from all things being perfectly combined for a supreme total effect. What must not an Englishman feel about our deficiencies in this respect, as the sense for beauty, whereof this symmetry is an essential element, awakens and strengthens within him ! what will not one day be his respect and desire for Greece and its *symmetria prisca,* when the scales drop from his eyes as he walks the London streets, and he sees such a lesson in meanness as the Strand, for instance, in its true deformity ! But here we are coming to our friend Mr. Ruskin's province, and I will not intrude upon it, for he is its very sufficient guardian.

And so we at last find, it seems, we find flowing in favour of the humanities the natural and necessary stream of things, which seemed against them when we started. The " hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits," this good fellow carried hidden in his nature, apparently, something destined to develop into a necessity for humane letters. Nay, more ; we seem finally to be even led to the further conclusion that our hairy ancestor carried in his nature, also, a necessity for Greek.

And therefore, to say the truth, I cannot really think that humane letters are in much actual danger of being thrust out from their leading place in education, in spite of the array of authorities against them at this moment. So long as human nature is what it is, their attractions will remain irresistible. As with Greek, so with letters generally : they will some day

come, we may hope, to be studied more rationally, but they will not lose their place. What will happen will rather be that there will be crowded into education other matters besides, far too many; there will be, perhaps, a period of unsettlement and confusion and false tendency; but letters will not in the end lose their leading place. If they lose it for a time, they will get it back again. We shall be brought back to them by our wants and aspirations. And a poor humanist may possess his soul in patience, neither strive nor cry, admit the energy and brilliancy of the partisans of physical science, and their present favour with the public, to be far greater than his own, and still have a happy faith that the nature of things works silently on behalf of the studies which he loves, and that, while we shall all have to acquaint ourselves with the great results reached by modern science, and to give ourselves as much training in its disciplines as we can conveniently carry, yet the majority of men will always require humane letters; and so much the more, as they have the more and the greater results of science to relate to the need in man for conduct, and to the need in him for beauty.—*Discourses in America*, ed. 1896, pp. 72–137.

Oxford and Philistinism.

Several of the Essays which are here collected and reprinted had the good or the bad fortune to be much criticised at the time of their first appearance. I am not now going to inflict upon the reader a reply to those criticisms; for one or two explanations which are desirable, I shall elsewhere, perhaps, be able some day to find an opportunity; but, indeed, it is not in my nature,—some of my critics would rather say, not in my power,—to dispute on behalf of any opinion, even my own, very obstinately. To try and approach truth on one side after another, not to strive or cry, nor to persist in pressing forward, on any one side, with violence and self-will,—it is only thus, it seems to me, that mortals may hope to gain any vision of the mysterious Goddess, whom we shall never see except in outline, but only thus even in outline. He who will do nothing but fight impetuously towards her on his own, one, favourite, particular line, is inevitably destined to run his head into the folds of the black robe in which she is wrapped.

So it is not to reply to my critics that I write this preface, but to prevent a misunderstanding, of which certain phrases that some of them use make me apprehensive. Mr. Wright, one of the many translators of Homer, has published a letter to the Dean of Canterbury, complaining of some remarks of mine, uttered

now a long while ago, on his version of the *Iliad*. One cannot be always studying one's own works, and I was really under the impression, till I saw Mr. Wright's complaint, that I had spoken of him with all respect. The reader may judge of my astonishment, therefore, at finding, from Mr. Wright's pamphlet, that I had "declared with much solemnity that there is not any proper reason for his existing." That I never said; but, on looking back at my Lectures on translating Homer, I find that I did say, not that Mr. Wright, but that Mr. Wright's version of the *Iliad*, repeating in the main the merits and defects of Cowper's version, as Mr. Sotheby's repeated those of Pope's version, had, if I might be pardoned for saying so, no proper reason for existing. Elsewhere I expressly spoke of the merit of his version; but I confess that the phrase, qualified as I have shown, about its want of a proper reason for existing, I used. Well, the phrase had, perhaps, too much vivacity; we have all of us a right to exist, we and our works; an unpopular author should be the last person to call in question this right. So I gladly withdraw the offending phrase, and I am sorry for having used it; Mr. Wright, however, would perhaps be more indulgent to my vivacity, if he considered that we are none of us likely to be lively much longer. My vivacity is but the last sparkle of flame before we are all in the dark, the last glimpse of colour before we all go into drab,—the drab of the earnest, prosaic, practical, austerely literal future. Yes, the world will soon be the Philistines! and then, with every voice, not of thunder, silenced, and the whole earth filled and

ennobled every morning by the magnificent roaring of the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*, we shall all yawn in one another's faces with the dismallest, the most unimpeachable gravity.

But I return to my design in writing this Preface. That design was, after apologising to Mr. Wright for my vivacity of five years ago, to beg him and others to let me bear my own burdens, without saddling the great and famous University to which I have the honour to belong with any portion of them. What I mean to deprecate is such phrases as, "his professorial assault," "his assertions issued *ex cathedrâ*," "the sanction of his name as the representative of poetry," and so on. Proud as I am of my connection with the University of Oxford,[1] I can truly say, that knowing how unpopular a task one is undertaking when one tries to pull out a few more stops in that powerful but at present somewhat narrow-toned organ, the modern Englishman, I have always sought to stand by myself, and to compromise others as little as possible. Besides this, my native modesty is such, that I have always been shy of assuming the honourable style of Professor, because this is a title I share with so many distinguished men—Professor Pepper, Professor Anderson, Professor Frickel, and others—who adorn it, I feel, much more than I do.

However, it is not merely out of modesty that I prefer to stand alone, and to concentrate on myself, as a plain citizen of the republic of letters, and not as an office-bearer in a hierarchy, the whole responsi-

[1] When the above was written the author had still the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, which he has since vacated.

bility for all I write ; it is much more out of genuine devotion to the University of Oxford, for which I feel, and always must feel, the fondest, the most reverential attachment. In an epoch of dissolution and transformation, such as that on which we are now entered, habits, ties, and associations are inevitably broken up, the action of individuals becomes more distinct, the shortcomings, errors, heats, disputes, which necessarily attend individual action, are brought into greater prominence. Who would not gladly keep clear, from all these passing clouds, an august institution which was there before they arose, and which will be there when they have blown over ?

It is true, the *Saturday Review* maintains that our epoch of transformation is finished ; that we have found our philosophy ; that the British nation has searched all anchorages for the spirit, and has finally anchored itself, in the fulness of perfected knowledge, on Benthamism. This idea at first made a great impression on me; not only because it is so consoling in itself, but also because it explained a phenomenon which in the summer of last year had, I confess, a good deal troubled me. At that time my avocations led me to travel almost daily on one of the Great Eastern lines,—the Woodford Branch. Every one knows that the murderer, Müller, perpetrated his detestable act on the North London Railway, close by. The English middle class, of which I am myself a feeble unit, travel on the Woodford Branch in large numbers. Well, the demoralisation of our class,—the class which (the newspapers are constantly saying it, so I may repeat it without vanity) has done all the great things

which have ever been done in England,—the demoralisation, I say, of our class, caused by the Bow tragedy, was something bewildering. Myself a transcendentalist (as the *Saturday Review* knows), I escaped the infection; and, day after day, I used to ply my agitated fellow-travellers with all the consolations which my transcendentalism would naturally suggest to me. I reminded them how Cæsar refused to take precautions against assassination, because life was not worth having at the price of an ignoble solicitude for it. I reminded them what insignificant atoms we all are in the life of the world. "Suppose the worst to happen," I said, addressing a portly jeweller from Cheapside; "suppose even yourself to be the victim; *il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire.* We should miss you for a day or two upon the Woodford Branch; but the great mundane movement would still go on, the gravel walks of your villa would still be rolled, dividends would still be paid at the Bank, omnibuses would still run, there would still be the old crush at the corner of Fenchurch Street." All was of no avail. Nothing could moderate, in the bosom of the great English middle-class, their passionate, absorbing, almost blood-thirsty clinging to life. At the moment I thought this over-concern a little unworthy; but the *Saturday Review* suggests a touching explanation of it. What I took for the ignoble clinging to life of a comfortable worldling, was, perhaps, only the ardent longing of a faithful Benthamite, traversing an age still dimmed by the last mists of transcendentalism, to be spared long enough to see his religion in the full and final blaze of its triumph.

This respectable man, whom I imagined to be going up to London to serve his shop, or to buy shares, or to attend an Exeter Hall meeting, or to assist at the deliberations of the Marylebone Vestry, was even, perhaps, in real truth, on a pious pilgrimage, to obtain from Mr. Bentham's executors a secret bone of his great dissected master.

And yet, after all, I cannot but think that the *Saturday Review* has here, for once, fallen a victim to an idea,—a beautiful but deluding idea,—and that the British nation has not yet, so entirely as the reviewer seems to imagine, found the last word of its philosophy. No, we are all seekers still! seekers often make mistakes, and I wish mine to redound to my own discredit only, and not to touch Oxford. Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

"There are our young barbarians, all at play!"

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?—nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and un-

popular names, and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in his incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him; the bondage of "*was uns alle bändigt*, DAS GEMEINE!" She will forgive me, even if I have unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or two aimed at her unworthy son; for she is generous, and the cause in which I fight is, after all, hers. Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone? —*Essays in Criticism, First Series*, ed. 1896, Preface.

Philistinism.

Philistinism!—we have not the expression in English. Perhaps we have not the word because we have so much of the thing. At Soli, I imagine, they did not talk of solecisms; and here, at the very headquarters of Goliath, nobody talks of Philistinism. The French have adopted the term *épicier* (grocer), to designate the sort of being whom the Germans designate by the term Philistine; but the French term,—besides that it casts a slur upon a respectable class, composed of living and susceptible members, while the original Philistines are dead and buried long ago,—is really, I think, in itself much less apt and expressive than the German term. Efforts have been made to obtain in English some term equivalent to *Philister* or *épicier;* Mr. Carlyle has made several such efforts: "respectability with its thousand gigs," he says;—well, the occupant of every one of these gigs is, Mr. Carlyle means, a Philistine. However, the word *respectable* is far too valuable a word to be thus perverted from its proper meaning; if the English are ever to have a word for the thing we are speaking of,—and so prodigious are the changes which the modern spirit is introducing, that even we English shall perhaps one day come to want such a word,—I think we had much better take the term *Philistine* itself.

Philistine must have originally meant, in the mind

of those who invented the nickname, a strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent of the chosen people, of the children of the light. The party of change, the would-be remodellers of the old traditional European order, the invokers of reason against custom, the representatives of the modern spirit in every sphere where it is applicable, regarded themselves, with the robust self-confidence natural to reformers as a chosen people, as children of the light. They regarded their adversaries as humdrum people, slaves to routine, enemies to light; stupid and oppressive, but at the same time very strong. This explains the love which Heine, that Paladin of the modern spirit, has for France; it explains the preference which he gives to France over Germany: "the French," he says, "are the chosen people of the new religion, its first gospels and dogmas have been drawn up in their language; Paris is the new Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan which divides the consecrated land of freedom from the land of the Philistines." He means that the French, as a people, have shown more accessibility to ideas than any other people; that prescription and routine have had less hold upon them than upon any other people; that they have shown most readiness to move and to alter at the bidding (real or supposed) of reason. This explains, too, the detestation which Heine had for the English: "I might settle in England," he says, in his exile, "if it were not that I should find there two things, coal-smoke and Englishmen; I cannot abide either." What he hated in the English was the "ächtbrittische Beschränktheit," as he calls it,—the *genuine British nar-*

rowness. In truth, the English, profoundly as they have modified the old Middle-Age order, great as is the liberty which they have secured for themselves, have in all their changes proceeded, to use a familiar expression, by the rule of thumb; what was intolerably inconvenient to them they have suppressed, and as they have suppressed it, not because it was irrational, but because it was practically inconvenient, they have seldom in suppressing it appealed to reason, but always, if possible, to some precedent, or form, or letter, which served as a convenient instrument for their purpose, and which saved them from the necessity of recurring to general principles. They have thus become, in a certain sense, of all people the most inaccessible to ideas and the most impatient of them; inaccessible to them, because of their want of familiarity with them; and impatient of them because they have got on so well without them, that they despise those who, not having got on as well as themselves, still make a fuss for what they themselves have done so well without. But there has certainly followed from hence, in this country, somewhat of a general depression of pure intelligence: Philistia has come to be thought by us the true Land of Promise, and it is anything but that; the born lover of ideas, the born hater of commonplaces, must feel in this country, that the sky over his head is of brass and iron. The enthusiast for the idea, for reason, values reason, the idea, in and for themselves; he values them, irrespectively of the practical conveniences which their triumph may obtain for him; and the man who regards the possession of these practical

conveniences as something sufficient in itself, something which compensates for the absence or surrender of the idea, of reason, is, in his eyes, a Philistine. This is why Heine so often and so mercilessly attacks the liberals ; much as he hates conservatism he hates Philistinism even more, and whoever attacks conservatism itself ignobly, not as a child of light, not in the name of the idea, is a Philistine. Our Cobbett is thus for him, much as he disliked our clergy and aristocracy whom Cobbett attacked, a Philistine with six fingers on every hand and on every foot six toes, four-and-twenty in number : a Philistine, the staff of whose spear is like a weaver's beam. Thus he speaks of him :—

"While I translate Cobbett's words, the man himself comes bodily before my mind's eye, as I saw him at that uproarious dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, with his scolding red face and his radical laugh, in which venomous hate mingles with a mocking exultation at his enemies' surely approaching downfall. He is a chained cur, who falls with equal fury on every one whom he does not know, often bites the best friend of the house in his calves, barks incessantly, and just because of this incessantness of his barking cannot get listened to, even when he barks at a real thief. Therefore the distinguished thieves who plunder England do not think it necessary to throw the growling Cobbett a bone to stop his mouth. This makes the dog furiously savage, and he shows all his hungry teeth. Poor old Cobbett ! England's dog ! I have no love for thee, for every vulgar nature my soul abhors ; but thou touchest me to the inmost

soul with pity, as I see how thou strainest in vain to break loose and to get at those thieves, who make off with their booty before thy very eyes, and mock at thy fruitless springs and thine impotent howling."

There is balm in Philistia as well as in Gilead. A chosen circle of children of the modern spirit, perfectly emancipated from prejudice and commonplace, regarding the ideal side of things in all its efforts for change, passionately despising half-measures and condescension to human folly and obstinacy,—with a bewildered, timid, torpid multitude behind,—conducts a country to the government of Herr von Bismarck. A nation regarding the practical side of things in its efforts for change, attacking not what is irrational, but what is pressingly inconvenient, and attacking this as one body, "moving altogether if it move at all," and treating children of light like the very harshest of stepmothers, comes to the prosperity and liberty of modern England. For all that, however, Philistia (let me say it again) is not the true promised land, as we English commonly imagine it to be; and our excessive neglect of the idea, and consequent inaptitude for it, threatens us, at a moment when the idea is beginning to exercise a real power in human society, with serious future inconvenience, and, in the meanwhile, cuts us off from the sympathy of other nations, which feel its power more than we do.—*Essays*, I., ed. 1896, pp. 162–167.

Culture and Anarchy.

In one of his speeches a short time ago, that fine speaker and famous Liberal, Mr. Bright, took occasion to have a fling at the friends and preachers of culture. "People who talk about what they call *culture!*" said he, contemptously; "by which they mean a smattering of the two dead languages of Greek and Latin." And he went on to remark, in a strain with which modern speakers and writers have made us very familiar, how poor a thing this culture is, how little good it can do to the world, and how absurd it is for its possessors to set much store by it. And the other day a younger Liberal than Mr. Bright, one of a school whose mission it is to bring into order and system that body of truth with which the earlier Liberals merely fumbled, a member of the University of Oxford, and a very clever writer, Mr. Frederic Harrison, developed, in the systematic and stringent manner of his school, the thesis which Mr. Bright had propounded in only general terms. "Perhaps the very silliest cant of the day," said Mr. Frederic Harrison, "is the cant about culture. Culture is a desirable quality in a critic of new books, and sits well on a possessor of *belles-lettres;* but as applied to politics, it means simply a turn for small fault-finding, love of selfish ease, and indecision in action. The man of culture is in politics one of the poorest mortals

alive. For simple pedantry and want of good sense no man is his equal. No assumption is too unreal no end is too unpractical for him. But the active exercise of politics requires common sense, sympathy, trust, resolution, and enthusiasm, qualities which your man of culture has carefully rooted up, lest they damage the delicacy of his critical olfactories. Perhaps they are the only class of responsible beings in the community who cannot with safety be entrusted with power."

Now for my part I do not wish to see men of culture asking to be entrusted with power; and, indeed, I have freely said, that in my opinion the speech most proper, at present, for a man of culture to make to a body of his fellow-countrymen who get him into a committee-room, is Socrates's: *Know thyself!* and this is not a speech to be made by men wanting to be entrusted with power. For this very indifference to direct political action I have been taken to task by the *Daily Telegraph*, coupled, by a strange perversity of fate, with just that very one of the Hebrew prophets whose style I admire the least, and called "an elegant Jeremiah." It is because I say (to use the words which the *Daily Telegraph* puts in my mouth):—"You mustn't make a fuss because you have no vote,—that is vulgarity; you mustn't hold big meetings to agitate for reform bills and to repeal corn laws,—that is the very height of vulgarity,"—it is for this reason that I am called sometimes an elegant Jeremiah, sometimes a spurious Jeremiah, a Jeremiah about the reality of whose mission the writer in the *Daily Telegraph* has his

doubts. It is evident, therefore, that I have so taken my line as not to be exposed to the whole brunt of Mr. Frederic Harrison's censure. Still, I have often spoken in praise of culture, I have striven to make all my works and ways serve the interests of culture. I take culture to be something a great deal more than what Mr. Frederic Harrison and others call it: "a desirable quality in a critic of new books." Nay, even though to a certain extent I am disposed to agree with Mr. Frederic Harrison, that men of culture are just the class of responsible beings in this community of ours who cannot properly, at present, be entrusted with power, I am not sure that I do not think this the fault of our community rather than of the men of culture. In short, although, like Mr. Bright and Mr. Frederic Harrison, and the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and a large body of valued friends of mine, I am a Liberal, yet I am a Liberal tempered by experience, reflection, and renouncement, and I am, above all, a believer in culture. Therefore I propose now to try and inquire, in the simple unsystematic way which best suits both my taste and my powers, what culture really is, what good it can do, what is our own special need of it; and I shall seek to find some plain grounds on which a faith in culture,—both my own faith in it and the faith of others,—may rest securely.—*Culture and Anarchy*, ed. 1896, Introduction.

Sweetness and Light.

THE disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this *culture*, or attach any value to it, as culture, at all. To find the real ground for the very different estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity; and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us.

I have before now pointed out that we English do not, like the foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense. With us the word is always used in a somewhat disapproving sense. A liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity, but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the *Quarterly Review*, some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, M. Sainte-

Beuve, and a very inadequate estimate it in my judgment was. And its inadequacy consisted chiefly in this: that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word *curiosity*, thinking enough was said to stamp M. Sainte-Beuve with blame if it was said that he was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that M. Sainte-Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it ought really to be accounted worthy of blame and not of praise. For as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile, and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity,—a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are,—which is, in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are implies a balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu says: "The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent." This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion; and it is a worthy ground, even though we let the term *curiosity* stand to describe it.

But there is of **culture** another view, in which not

solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of our neighbour, the impulses towards action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it,—motives eminently such as are called social,—come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and pre-eminent part. Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is *a study of perfection*. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu's words: "To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent!" so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which it can have than these words of Bishop Wilson: "To make reason and the will of God prevail!"

Only, whereas the passion for doing good is apt to be overhasty in determining what reason and the will of God say, because its turn is for acting rather than thinking and it wants to be beginning to act; and whereas it is apt to take its own conceptions, which proceed from its own state of development and share in all the imperfections and immaturities of this, for a basis of action; what distinguishes culture is, that it is possessed by the scientific passion as well as by the passion of doing good; that it demands worthy

notions of reason and the will of God, and does not readily suffer its own crude conceptions to substitute themselves for them. And knowing that no action or institution can be salutary and stable which is not based on reason and the will of God, it is not so bent on acting and instituting, even with the great aim of diminishing human error and misery ever before its thoughts, but that it can remember that acting and instituting are of little use, unless we know how and what we ought to act and to institute.

This culture is more interesting and more far-reaching than that other, which is founded solely on the scientific passion for knowing. But it needs times of faith and ardour, times when the intellectual horizon is opening and widening all round us, to flourish in. And is not the close and bounded intellectual horizon within which we have long lived and moved now lifting up, and are not new lights finding free passage to shine in upon us? For a long time there was no passage for them to make their way in upon us, and then it was of no use to think of adapting the world's action to them. Where was the hope of making reason and the will of God prevail among people who had a routine which they had christened reason and the will of God, in which they were inextricably bound, and beyond which they had no power of looking? But now the iron force of adhesion to the old routine,—social, political, religious,—has wonderfully yielded; the iron force of exclusion of all which is new has wonderfully yielded. The danger now is, not that people should obstinately refuse to allow anything but their old routine to pass for reason and

the will of God, but either that they should allow some novelty or other to pass for these too easily, or else that they should underrate the importance of them altogether, and think it enough to follow action for its own sake, without troubling themselves to make reason and the will of God prevail therein. Now, then, is the moment for culture to be of service, culture which believes in making reason and the will of God prevail, believes in perfection, is the study and pursuit of perfection, and is no longer debarred, by a rigid invincible exclusion of whatever is new, from getting acceptance for its ideas, simply because they are new.

The moment this view of culture is seized, the moment it is regarded not solely as the endeavour to see things as they are, to draw towards a knowledge of the universal order which seems to be intended and aimed at in the world, and which it is a man's happiness to go along with or his misery to go counter to,—to learn, in short, the will of God,—the moment, I say, culture is considered not merely as the endeavour to *see* and *learn* this, but as the endeavour, also, to make it *prevail*, the moral, social, and beneficent character of culture becomes manifest. The mere endeavour to see and learn the truth for our own personal satisfaction is indeed a commencement for making it prevail, a preparing the way for this, which always serves this, and is wrongly, therefore, stamped with blame absolutely in itself and not only in its caricature and degeneration. But perhaps it has got stamped with blame, and disparaged with the dubious title of curiosity, because in comparison with this

wider endeavour of such great and plain utility it looks selfish, petty, and unprofitable.

And religion, the greatest and most important of the efforts by which the human race has manifested its impulse to perfect itself,—religion, that voice of the deepest human experience,—does not only enjoin and sanction the aim which is the great aim of culture, the aim of setting ourselves to ascertain what perfection is and to make it prevail; but also, in determining generally in what human perfection consists, religion comes to a conclusion identical with that which culture,—culture seeking the determination of this question through *all* the voices of human experience which have been heard upon it, of art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as of religion, in order to give a greater fulness and certainty to its solution,—likewise reaches. Religion says: *The kingdom of God is within you;* and culture, in like manner, places human perfection in an *internal* condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality. It places it in the ever-increasing efficacy and in the general harmonious expansion of those gifts of thought and feeling, which make the peculiar dignity, wealth, and happiness of human nature. As I have said on a former occasion: "It is in making endless additions to itself, in the endless expansion of its powers, in endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal. To reach this ideal, culture is an indispensable aid, and that is the true value of culture." Not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming, is the character of perfection

as culture conceives it; and here, too, it coincides with religion.

And because men are all members of one great whole, and the sympathy which is in human nature will not allow one member to be indifferent to the rest or to have a perfect welfare independent of the rest, the expansion of our humanity, to suit the idea of perfection which culture forms, must be a *general* expansion. Perfection, as culture conceives it, is not possible while the individual remains isolated. The individual is required, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march towards perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward. And here, once more, culture lays on us the same obligation as religion, which says, as Bishop Wilson has admirably put it, that "to promote the kingdom of God is to increase and hasten one's own happiness."

But, finally, perfection,—as culture from a thorough disinterested study of human nature and human experience learns to conceive it,—is a harmonious expansion of *all* the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature, and is not consistent with the over-development of any one power at the expense of the rest. Here culture goes beyond religion, as religion is generally conceived by us.

If culture, then, is a study of perfection, and of harmonious perfection, general perfection, and perfection which consists in becoming something rather than in having something, in an inward condition of

the mind and spirit, not in an outward set of circumstances,—it is clear that culture, instead of being the frivolous and useless thing which Mr. Bright, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, and many other Liberals are apt to call it, has a very important function to fulfil for mankind. And this function is particularly important in our modern world, of which the whole civilisation is, to a much greater degree than the civilisation of Greece and Rome, mechanical and external, and tends constantly to become more so. But above all in our own country has culture a weighty part to perform, because here that mechanical character, which civilisation tends to take everywhere, is shown in the most eminent degree. Indeed nearly all the characters of perfection, as culture teaches us to fix them, meet in this country with some powerful tendency which thwarts them and sets them at defiance. The idea of perfection as an *inward* condition of the mind and spirit is at variance with the mechanical and material civilisation in esteem with us, and nowhere, as I have said, so much in esteem as with us. The idea of perfection as a *general* expansion of the human family is at variance with our strong individualism, our hatred of all limits to the unrestrained swing of the individual's personality, our maxim of "every man for himself." Above all, the idea of perfection as a *harmonious* expansion of human nature is at variance with our want of flexibility, with our inaptitude for seeing more than one side of a thing, with our intense energetic absorption in the particular pursuit we happen to be following. So culture has a rough task to achieve in this country. Its preachers have, and

are likely long to have, a hard time of it, and they will much oftener be regarded, for a great while to come, as elegant or spurious Jeremiahs than as friends and benefactors. That, however, will not prevent their doing in the end good service if they persevere. And, meanwhile, the mode of action they have to pursue, and the sort of habits they must fight against, ought to be made quite clear for every one to see, who may be willing to look at the matter attentively and dispassionately.

Faith in machinery is, I said, our besetting danger; often in machinery most absurdly disproportioned to the end which this machinery, if it is to do any good at all, is to serve; but always in machinery, as if it had a value in and for itself. What is freedom but machinery? what is population but machinery? what is coal but machinery? what are railroads but machinery? what is wealth but machinery? what are, even, religious organisations but machinery? Now almost every voice in England is accustomed to speak of these things as if they were precious ends in themselves, and therefore had some of the characters of perfection indisputably joined to them. I have before now noticed Mr. Roebuck's stock argument for proving the greatness and happiness of England as she is, and for quite stopping the mouths of all gainsayers. Mr. Roebuck is never weary of reiterating this argument of his, so I do not know why I should be weary of noticing it. "May not every man in England say what he likes?"—Mr. Roebuck perpetually asks; and that, he thinks, is quite sufficient, and when every man may say what he likes, our aspira-

tions ought to be satisfied. But the aspirations of culture, which is the study of perfection, are not satisfied, unless what men say, when they may say what they like, is worth saying,—has good in it, and more good than bad. In the same way the *Times*, replying to some foreign strictures on the dress, looks, and behaviour of the English abroad, urges that the English ideal is that every one should be free to do and to look just as he likes. But culture indefatigably tries, not to make what each raw person may like the rule by which he fashions himself; but to draw ever nearer to a sense of what is indeed beautiful, graceful, and becoming, and to get the raw person to like that.

And in the same way with respect to railroads and coal. Every one must have observed the strange language current during the late discussions as to the possible failures of our supplies of coal. Our coal, thousands of people were saying, is the real basis of our national greatness; if our coal runs short, there is an end of the greatness of England. But what *is* greatness?—culture makes us ask. Greatness is a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest, and admiration; and the outward proof of possessing greatness is that we excite love, interest, and admiration. If England were swallowed up by the sea tomorrow, which of the two, a hundred years hence, would most excite the love, interest, and admiration of mankind,—would most, therefore, show the evidences of having possessed greatness,—the England of the last twenty years, or the England of Elizabeth, of a time of splendid spiritual effort, but when our

coal, and our industrial operations depending on coal, were very little developed? Well, then, what an unsound habit of mind it must be which makes us talk of things like coal or iron as constituting the greatness of England, and how salutary a friend is culture, bent on seeing things as they are, and thus dissipating delusions of this kind and fixing standards of perfection that are real!

Wealth, again, that end to which our prodigious works for material advantage are directed,—the commonest of commonplaces tells us how men are always apt to regard wealth as a precious end in itself; and certainly they have never been so apt thus to regard it as they are in England at the present time. Never did people believe anything more firmly than nine Englishmen out of ten at the present day believe that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being so very rich. Now, the use of culture is that it helps us, by means of its spiritual standard of perfection, to regard wealth as but machinery, and not only to say, as a matter of words that we regard wealth as but machinery, but really to perceive and feel that it is so. If it were not for this purging effect wrought upon our minds by culture, the whole world, the future as well as the present, would inevitably belong to the Philistines. The people who believe most that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being very rich, and who most give their lives and thoughts to becoming rich, are just the very people whom we call Philistines. Culture says: "Consider these people, then, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voice; look at them

attentively; observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which come forth out of their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds; would any amount of wealth be worth having with the condition that one was to become just like these people by having it?" And thus culture begets a dissatisfaction which is of the highest possible value in stemming the common tide of men's thoughts in a wealthy and industrial community, and which saves the future, as one may hope, from being vulgarised, even if it cannot save the present.

Population, again, and bodily health and vigour, are things which are nowhere treated in such an unintelligent, misleading, exaggerated way as in England. Both are really machinery; yet how many people all around us do we see rest in them and fail to look beyond them! Why, one has heard people, fresh from reading certain articles of the *Times* on the Registrar-General's returns of marriages and births in this country, who would talk of our large English families in quite a solemn strain, as if they had something in itself beautiful, elevating, and meritorious in them; as if the British Philistine would have only to present himself before the Great Judge with his twelve children, in order to be received among the sheep as a matter of right!

But bodily health and vigour, it may be said, are not to be classed with wealth and population as mere machinery; they have a more real and essential value. True; but only as they are more intimately connected with a perfect spiritual condition than wealth or popu-

lation are. The moment we disjoin them from the idea of a perfect spiritual condition, and pursue them, as we do pursue them, for their own sake and as ends in themselves, our worship of them becomes as mere worship of machinery, as our worship of wealth or population, and as unintelligent and vulgarising a worship as that is. Every one with anything like an adequate idea of human perfection has distinctly marked this subordination to higher and spiritual ends of the cultivation of bodily vigour and activity. "Bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things," says the author of the Epistle to Timothy. And the utilitarian Franklin says just as explicitly:—"Eat and drink such an exact quantity as suits the constitution of thy body, *in reference to the services of the mind.*" But the point of view of culture, keeping the mark of human perfection simply and broadly in view, and not assigning to this perfection, as religion or utilitarianism assigns to it, a special and limited character, this point of view, I say, of culture is best given by these words of Epictetus:—"It is a sign of ἀφυΐα," says he,—that is, of a nature not finely tempered,—"to give yourselves up to things which relate to the body; to make, for instance, a great fuss about exercise, a great fuss about eating, a great fuss about drinking, a great fuss about walking, a great fuss about riding. All these things ought to be done merely by the way: the formation of the spirit and character must be our real concern." This is admirable; and, indeed, the Greek word εὐφυΐα, a finely tempered nature, gives exactly the notion of perfection as culture brings us to con-

ceive it: a harmonious perfection, a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites "the two noblest of things," —as Swift, who of one of the two, at any rate, had himself all too little, most happily calls them in his *Battle of the Books*,—"the two noblest of things, *sweetness and light*." The εὐφυής is the man who tends towards sweetness and light; the ἀφυής on the other hand, is our Philistine. The immense spiritual significance of the Greeks is due to their having been inspired with this central and happy idea of the essential character of human perfection; and Mr. Bright's misconception of culture, as a smattering of Greek and Latin, comes itself, after all, from this wonderful significance of the Greeks having affected the very machinery of our education, and is in itself a kind of homage to it.

In thus making sweetness and light to be characters of perfection, culture is of like spirit with poetry, follows one law with poetry. Far more than on our freedom, our population, and our industrialism, many amongst us rely upon our religious organisations to save us. I have called religion a yet more important manifestation of human nature than poetry, because it has worked on a broader scale for perfection, and with greater masses of men. But the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all its sides, which is the dominant idea of poetry, is a true and invaluable idea, though it has not yet had the success that the idea of conquering the obvious faults of our animality, and of a human nature perfect on the moral side,—which is the dominant idea of religion,—

has been enabled to have ; and it is destined, adding to itself the religious idea of a devout energy, to transform and govern the other.

The best art and poetry of the Greeks, in which religion and poetry are one, in which the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all sides adds to itself a religious and devout energy, and works in the strength of that, is on this account of such surpassing interest and instructiveness for us, though it was,—as, having regard to the human race in general, and, indeed, having regard to the Greeks themselves, we must own,—a premature attempt, an attempt which for success needed the moral and religious fibre in humanity to be more braced and developed than it had yet been. But Greece did not err in having the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection, so present and paramount. It is impossible to have this idea too present and paramount ; only, the moral fibre must be braced too. And we, because we have braced the moral fibre, are not on that account in the right way, if at the same time the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection, is wanting or misapprehended amongst us ; and evidently it *is* wanting or misapprehended at present. And when we rely as we do on our religious organisations, which in themselves do not and cannot give us this idea, and think we have done enough if we make them spread and prevail, then I say, we fall into our common fault of overvaluing machinery.

Nothing is more common than for people to confound the inward peace and satisfaction which follows the subduing of the obvious faults of our animality

with what I may call absolute inward peace and satisfaction,—the peace and satisfaction which are reached as we draw near to complete spiritual perfection, and not merely to moral perfection, or rather to relative moral perfection. No people in the world have done more and struggled more to attain this relative moral perfection than our English race has. For no people in the world has the command to *resist the devil*, to *overcome the wicked one*, in the nearest and most obvious sense of those words, had such a pressing force and reality. And we have had our reward, not only in the great worldly prosperity which our obedience to this command has brought us, but also, and far more, in great inward peace and satisfaction. But to me few things are more pathetic than to see people, on the strength of the inward peace and satisfaction which their rudimentary efforts towards perfection have brought them, employ, concerning their incomplete perfection and the religious organisations within which they have found it, language which properly applies only to complete perfection, and is a far-off echo of the human soul's prophecy of it. Religion itself, I need hardly say, supplies them in abundance with this grand language. And very freely do they use it; yet it is really the severest possible criticism of such an incomplete perfection as alone we have yet reached through our religious organisations.

The impulse of the English race towards moral development and self-conquest has nowhere so powerfully manifested itself as in Puritanism. Nowhere has Puritanism found so adequate an expression as in

the religious organisation of the Independents. The modern Independents have a newspaper, the *Nonconformist*, written with great sincerity and ability. The motto, the standard, the profession of faith which this organ of theirs carries aloft, is: "The Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." There is sweetness and light, and an ideal of complete harmonious human perfection! One need not go to culture and poetry to find language to judge it. Religion, with its instinct for perfection, supplies language to judge it, language, too, which is in our mouths every day. "Finally, be of one mind, united in feeling," says St. Peter. There is an ideal which judges the Puritan ideal: "The Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion!" And religious organisations like this are what people believe in, rest in, would give their lives for! Such, I say, is the wonderful virtue of even the beginnings of perfection, of having conquered even the plain faults of our animality, that the religious organisation which has helped us to do it can seem to us something precious, salutary, and to be propagated, even when it wears such a brand of imperfection on its forehead as this. And men have got such a habit of giving to the language of religion a special application, of making it a mere jargon, that for the condemnation which religion itself passes on the shortcomings of their religious organisations they have no ear; they are sure to cheat themselves and to explain this condemnation away. They can only be reached by the criticism which culture, like poetry, speaking a language not to be sophisticated, and resolutely testing

these organisations by the ideal of a human perfection complete on all sides, applies to them.

But men of culture and poetry, it will be said, are again and again failing, and failing conspicuously, in the necessary first stage to a harmonious perfection, in the subduing of the great obvious faults of our animality, which it is the glory of these religious organisations to have helped us to subdue. True, they do often so fail. They have often been without the virtues as well as the faults of the Puritan; it has been one of their dangers that they so felt the Puritan's faults that they too much neglected the practice of his virtues. I will not, however, exculpate them at the Puritan's expense. They have often failed in morality, and morality is indispensable. And they have been punished for their failure, as the Puritan has been rewarded for his performance. They have been punished wherein they erred; but their ideal of beauty, of sweetness and light, and a human nature complete on all its sides, remains the true ideal of perfection still; just as the Puritan's ideal of perfection remains narrow and inadequate, although for what he did well he has been richly rewarded. Notwithstanding the mighty results of the Pilgrim Fathers' voyage, they and their standard of perfection are rightly judged when we figure to ourselves Shakspeare or Virgil,—souls in whom sweetness and light, and all that in human nature is most humane, were eminent,—accompanying them on their voyage, and think what intolerable company Shakspeare and Virgil would have found them! In the same way let us judge the religious organisations which we see all

around us. Do not let us deny the good and the happiness which they have accomplished; but do not let us fail to see clearly that their idea of human perfection is narrow and inadequate, and that the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion will never bring humanity to its true goal. As I said with regard to wealth: Let us look at the life of those who live in and for it,—so I say with regard to the religious organisations. Look at the life imaged in such a newspaper as the *Nonconformist*,—a life of jealousy of the Establishment, disputes, tea-meetings, openings of chapels, sermons; and then think of it as an ideal of a human life completing itself on all sides, and aspiring with all its organs after sweetness, light, and perfection!

Another newspaper, representing, like the *Nonconformist*, one of the religious organisations of this country, was a short time ago giving an account of the crowd at Epsom on the Derby day, and of all the vice and hideousness which was to be seen in that crowd; and then the writer turned suddenly round upon Professor Huxley, and asked him how he proposed to cure all this vice and hideousness without religion. I confess I felt disposed to ask the asker this question: and how do you propose to cure it with such a religion as yours? How is the ideal of a life so unlovely, so unattractive, so incomplete, so narrow, so far removed from a true and satisfying ideal of human perfection, as is the life of your religious organisation as you yourself reflect it, to conquer and transform all this vice and hideousness? Indeed, the strongest plea for the study of perfection as pursued

by culture, the clearest proof of the actual inadequacy of the idea of perfection held by the religious organisations,—expressing, as I have said, the most widespread effort which the human race has yet made after perfection,—is to be found in the state of our life and society with these in possession of it, and having been in possession of it I know not how many hundred years. We are all of us included in some religious organisation or other ; we all call ourselves, in the sublime and aspiring language of religion which I have before noticed, *children of God.* Children of God ;—it is an immense pretension !—and how are we to justify it ? By the works which we do, and the words which we speak. And the work which we collective children of God do, our grand centre of life, our *city* which we have builded for us to dwell in, is London ! London, with its unutterable external hideousness, and with its internal canker of *publicè egestas, privatim opulentia*,—to use the words which Sallust puts into Cato's mouth about Rome,—unequalled in the world ! The word, again, which we children of God speak, the voice which most hits our collective thought, the newspaper with the largest circulation in England, nay, with the largest circulation in the whole world, is the *Daily Telegraph !* I say that when our religious organisations,—which I admit to express the most considerable effort after perfection that our race has yet made,—land us in no better result than this, it is high time to examine carefully their idea of perfection, to see whether it does not leave out of account sides and forces of human nature which we might turn to great use ;

whether it would not be more operative if it were more complete. And I say that the English reliance on our religious organisations and on their ideas of human perfection just as they stand, is like our reliance on freedom, on muscular Christianity, on population, on coal, on wealth,—mere belief in machinery, and unfruitful; and that it is wholesomely counteracted by culture, bent on seeing things as they are, and on drawing the human race onwards to a more complete, a harmonious perfection.

Culture, however, shows its single-minded love of perfection, its desire simply to make reason and the will of God prevail, its freedom from fanaticism, by its attitude towards all this machinery, even while it insists that it *is* machinery. Fanatics, seeing the mischief men do themselves by their blind belief in some machinery or other,—whether it is wealth and industrialism, or whether it is the cultivation of bodily strength and activity, or whether it is a political organisation,—or whether it is a religious organisation,—oppose with might and main the tendency to this or that political and religious organisation, or to games and athletic exercises, or to wealth and industrialism, and try violently to stop it. But the flexibility which sweetness and light give, and which is one of the rewards of culture pursued in good faith, enables a man to see that a tendency may be necessary, and even, as a preparation for something in the future, salutary, and yet that the generations or individuals who obey this tendency are sacrificed to it, that they fall short of the hope of perfection by following it; and that its mischiefs are to be criticised, lest it should

take too firm a hold and last after it has served its purpose.

Mr. Gladstone well pointed out, in a speech at Paris,—and others have pointed out the same thing,—how necessary is the present great movement towards wealth and industrialism, in order to lay broad foundations of material well-being for the society of the future. The worst of these justifications is, that they are generally addressed to the very people engaged, body and soul, in the movement in question; at all events, that they are always seized with the greatest avidity by these people, and taken by them as quite justifying their life; and that thus they tend to harden them in their sins. Now, culture admits the necessity of the movement towards fortune-making and exaggerated industrialism, readily allows that the future may derive benefit from it; but insists, at the same time, that the passing generations of industrialists,—forming, for the most part, the stout main body of Philistinism,—are sacrificed to it. In the same way, the result of all the games and sports which occupy the passing generation of boys and young men may be the establishment of a better and sounder physical type for the future to work with. Culture does not set itself against the games and sports; it congratulates the future, and hopes it will make a good use of its improved physical basis; but it points out that our passing generation of boys and young men is, meantime, sacrificed. Puritanism was perhaps necessary to develop the moral fibre of the English race, Nonconformity to break the yoke of ecclesiastical domination over men's minds and to prepare the way for freedom

of thought in the distant future ; still, culture points out that the harmonious perfection of generations of Puritans and Nonconformists have been, in consequence, sacrificed. Freedom of speech may be necessary for the society of the future, but the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* in the meanwhile are sacrificed. A voice for every man in his country's government may be necessary for the society of the future, but meanwhile Mr. Beales and Mr. Bradlaugh are sacrificed.

Oxford, the Oxford of the past, has many faults ; and she has heavily paid for them in defeat, in isolation, in want of hold upon the modern world. Yet we in Oxford, brought up amidst the beauty and sweetness of that beautiful place, have not failed to seize one truth,—the truth that beauty and sweetness are essential characters of a complete human perfection. When I insist on this, I am all in the faith and tradition of Oxford. I say boldly that this our sentiment for beauty and sweetness, our sentiment against hideousness and rawness, has been at the bottom of our attachment to so many beaten causes, of our opposition to so many triumphant movements. And the sentiment is true, and has never been wholly defeated, and has shown its power even in its defeat. We have not won our political battles, we have not carried our main points, we have not stopped our adversaries' advance, we have not marched victoriously with the modern world ; but we have told silently upon the mind of the country, we have prepared currents of feeling which sap our adversaries' position when it seems gained, we have kept up our own communica-

tions with the future. Look at the course of the great movement which shook Oxford to its centre some thirty years ago! It was directed, as any one who reads Dr. Newman's *Apology* may see, against what in one word may be called "Liberalism." Liberalism prevailed; it was the appointed force to do the work of the hour; it was necessary, it was inevitable that it should prevail. The Oxford movement was broken, it failed; our wrecks are scattered on every shore:—

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

But what was it, this liberalism, as Dr. Newman saw it, and as it really broke the Oxford movement? It was the great middle-class liberalism, which had for the cardinal points of its belief the Reform Bill of 1832, and local self-government, in politics; in the social sphere, free-trade, unrestricted competition, and the making of large industrial fortunes; in the religious sphere, the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. I do not say that other and more intelligent forces than this were not opposed to the Oxford movement: but this was the force which really beat it; this was the force which Dr. Newman felt himself fighting with; this was the force which till only the other day seemed to be the paramount force in this country, and to be in possession of the future; this was the force whose achievements fill Mr. Lowe with such inexpressible admiration, and whose rule he was so horror-struck to see threatened. And where is this great force of Philistinism now? It is thrust into the second rank, it is become a power of yesterday, it has lost the

future. A new power has suddenly appeared, a power which it is impossible yet to judge fully, but which is certainly a wholly different force from middle-class liberalism; different in its cardinal points of belief, different in its tendencies in every sphere. It loves and admires neither the legislation of middle-class Parliaments, nor the local self-government of middle-class vestries, nor the unrestricted competition of middle-class industrialists, nor the dissidence of middle-class Dissent and the Protestantism of middle-class Protestant religion. I am not now praising this new force, or saying that its own ideals are better; all I say is, that they are wholly different. And who will estimate how much the currents of feeling created by Dr. Newman's movements, the keen desire for beauty and sweetness which it nourished, the deep aversion it manifested to the hardness and vulgarity of middle-class liberalism, the strong light it turned on the hideous and grotesque illusions of middle-class Protestantism,—who will estimate how much all these contributed to swell the tide of secret dissatisfaction which has mined the ground under self-confident liberalism of the last thirty years, and has prepared the way for its sudden collapse and supersession? It is in this manner that the sentiment of Oxford for beauty and sweetness conquers, and in this manner long may it continue to conquer!

In this manner it works to the same end as culture, and there is plenty of work for it yet to do. I have said that the new and more democratic force which is now superseding our old middle-class liberalism cannot yet be rightly judged. It has its main tendencies

still to form. We hear promises of its giving us administrative reform, law reform, reform of education, and I know not what; but those promises come rather from its advocates, wishing to make a good plea for it and to justify it for superseding middle-class liberalism, than from clear tendencies which it has itself yet developed. But meanwhile it has plenty of well-intentioned friends against whom culture may with advantage continue to uphold steadily its ideal of human perfection; that this is *an inward spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy.* Mr. Bright, who has a foot in both worlds, the world of middle-class liberalism and the world of democracy, but who brings most of his ideas from the world of middle-class liberalism in which he was bred, always inclines to inculcate that faith in machinery to which, as we have seen, Englishmen are so prone, and which has been the bane of middle-class liberalism. He complains with a sorrowful indignation of people who "appear to have no proper estimate of the value of the franchise"; he leads his disciples to believe,—what the Englishman is always too ready to believe,—that the having a vote, like the having a large family, or a large business, or large muscles, has in itself some edifying and perfecting effect upon human nature. Or else he cries out to the democracy,—"the men," as he calls them, "upon whose shoulders the greatness of England rests,"—he cries out to them: "See what you have done! I look over this country and see the cities you have built, the railroads you have made,

the manufactures you have produced, the cargoes which freight the ships of the greatest mercantile navy the world has ever seen! I see that you have converted by your labours what was once a wilderness, these islands, into a fruitful garden; I know that you have created this wealth, and are a nation whose name is a word of power throughout all the world." Why, this is just the very style of laudation with which Mr. Roebuck or Mr. Lowe debauches the minds of the middle classes, and makes such Philistines of them. It is the same fashion of teaching a man to value himself not on what he *is*, not on his progress in sweetness and light, but on the number of the railroads he has constructed, or the bigness of the tabernacle he has built. Only the middle classes are told they have done it all with their energy, self-reliance, and capital, and the democracy are told they have done it all with their hands and sinews. But teaching the democracy to put its trust in achievements of this kind is merely training them to be Philistines to take the place of the Philistines whom they are superseding; and they too, like the middle class, will be encouraged to sit down at the banquet of the future without having on a wedding garment, and nothing excellent can then come from them. Those who know their besetting faults, those who have watched them and listened to them, or those who will read the instructive account recently given of them by one of themselves, the *Journeyman Engineer*, will agree that the idea which culture sets before us of perfection,—an increased spiritual activity, having for its characters increased

sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy,—is an idea which the new democracy needs far more than the idea of the blessedness of the franchise, or the wonderfulness of its own industrial performances.

Other well-meaning friends of this new power are for leading it, not in the old ruts of middle-class Philistinism, but in ways which are naturally alluring to the feet of democracy, though in this country they are novel and untried ways. I may call them the ways of Jacobinism. Violent indignation with the past, abstract systems of renovation applied wholesale, a new doctrine drawn up in black and white for elaborating down to the very smallest details a rational society for the future,—these are the ways of Jacobinism. Mr. Frederic Harrison and other disciples of Comte,—one of them, Mr. Congreve, is an old friend of mine, and I am glad to have an opportunity of publicly expressing my respect for his talents and character,—are among the friends of democracy who are for leading it in paths of this kind. Mr. Frederic Harrison is very hostile to culture, and from a natural enough motive; for culture is the eternal opponent of the two things which are the signal marks of Jacobinism,—its fierceness, and its addiction to an abstract system. Culture is always assigning to system-makers and systems a smaller share in the bent of human destiny than their friends like. A current in people's minds sets towards new ideas; people are dissatisfied with their old narrow stock of Philistine ideas, Anglo-Saxon ideas, or any other; and some man, some Bentham or Comte, who has the

real merit of having early and strongly felt and helped the new current, but who brings plenty of narrowness and mistakes of his own into his feeling and help of it, is credited with being the author of the whole current, the fit person to be entrusted with its regulation and to guide the human race.

The excellent German historian of the mythology of Rome, Preller, relating the introduction at Rome under the Tarquins of the worship of Apollo, the god of light, healing, and reconciliation, will have us observe that it was not so much the Tarquins who brought to Rome the new worship of Apollo, as a current in the mind of the Roman people which set powerfully at that time towards a new worship of this kind, and away from the old run of Latin and Sabine religious ideas. In a similar way, culture directs our attention to the natural current there is in human affairs, and to its continual working, and will not let us rivet our faith upon any one man and his doings. It makes us see not only his good side, but also how much in him was of necessity limited and transient; nay, it even feels a pleasure, a sense of an increased freedom and of an ampler future, in so doing.

I remember, when I was under the influence of a mind to which I feel the greatest obligations, the mind of a man who was the very incarnation of sanity and clear sense, a man the most considerable, it seems to me, whom America has yet produced,—Benjamin Franklin,—I remember the relief with which, after long feeling the sway of Franklin's imperturbable common-sense, I came upon a project of his for a new version of the Book of Job, to replace the old ver-

sion, the style of which, says Franklin, has become obsolete, and thence less agreeable. "I give," he continues, "a few verses, which may serve as a sample of the kind of version I would recommend." We all recollect the famous verse in our translation: "Then Satan answered the Lord and said: 'Doth Job fear God for nought?'" Franklin makes this: "Does your Majesty imagine that Job's good conduct is the effect of mere personal attachment and affection?" I well remember how, when first I read that, I drew a deep breath of relief, and said to myself: "After all, there is a stretch of humanity beyond Franklin's victorious good sense!" So, after hearing Bentham cried loudly up as the renovator of modern society, and Bentham's mind and ideas proposed as the rulers of our future, I open the *Deontology*. There I read: "While Xenophon was writing his history and Euclid teaching geometry, Socrates and Plato were talking nonsense under pretence of talking wisdom and morality. This morality of theirs consisted in words; this wisdom of theirs was the denial of matters known to every man's experience." From the moment of reading that, I am delivered from the bondage of Bentham! the fanaticism of his adherents can touch me no longer. I feel the inadequacy of his mind and ideas for supplying the rule of human society, for perfection.

Culture tends always thus to deal with the men of a system, of disciples, of a school; with men like Comte, or the late Mr. Buckle, or Mr. Mill. However much it may find to admire in these personages, or in some of them, it nevertheless remembers the

text: "Be not ye called Rabbi!" and it soon passes on from any Rabbi. But Jacobinism loves a Rabbi; it does not want to pass on from its Rabbi in pursuit of a future and still unreached perfection; it wants its Rabbi and his ideas to stand for perfection, that they may with the more authority recast the world; and for Jacobinism, therefore, culture,—eternally passing onwards and seeking,—is an impertinence and an offence. But culture, just because it resists this tendency of Jacobinism to impose on us a man with limitations and errors of his own along with the true ideas of which he is the organ, really does the world and Jacobinism itself a service.

So, too, Jacobinism, in its fierce hatred of the past and of those whom it makes liable for the sins of the past, cannot away with the inexhaustible indulgence proper to culture, the consideration of circumstances, the severe judgment of actions joined to the merciful judgment of persons. "The man of culture is in politics," cries Mr. Frederic Harrison, "one of the poorest mortals alive!" Mr. Frederic Harrison wants to be doing business, and he complains that the man of culture stops him with a "turn for small fault-finding, love of selfish ease, and indecision in action." Of what use is culture, he asks, except for "a critic of new books or a professor of *belles-lettres*?" Why, it is of use because, in presence of the fierce exasperation which breathes, or rather, I may say, hisses through the whole production in which Mr. Frederic Harrison asks that question, it reminds us that the perfection of human nature is sweetness and light. It is of use because, like religion,—that other effort

after perfection,—it testifies that, where bitter envying and strife are, there is confusion and every evil work.

The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light, works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater!—the passion for making them *prevail*. It is not satisfied till we *all* come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. If I have not shrunk from saying that we must work for sweetness and light, so neither have I shrunk from saying that we must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible. Again and again I have insisted how those are the happy moments of humanity, how those are the marking epochs of a people's life, how those are the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a *national* glow of life and thought, when the whole of society is in the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive. Only it must be *real* thought and *real* beauty; *real* sweetness and *real* light. Plenty of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary popular litera-

ture is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgments constituting the creed of their own profession or party. Our religious and political organisations give an example of this way of working on the masses. I condemn neither way; but culture works differently. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords. It seeks to do away with classes; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely,—nourished, and not bound by them.

This is the *social idea;* and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have laboured to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanise it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abelard in the Middle Ages, in spite of all his imperfections; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Abelard excited. Such were Lessing and Herder in Germany, at the end of the last century;

and their services to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate, and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany; and yet the names of these two men will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. And why? Because they *humanised* knowledge; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence; because they worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light, to make reason and the will of God prevail. With Saint Augustine they said: "Let us not leave thee alone to make in the secret of thy knowledge, as thou didst before the creation of the firmament, the division of light from darkness; let the children of thy spirit, placed in their firmament, make their light shine upon the earth, mark the division of night and day, and announce the revolution of the times; for the old order is passed, and the new arises; the night is spent, the day is come forth; and thou shalt crown the year with thy blessing, when thou shalt send forth labourers into thy harvest sown by other hands than theirs; when thou shalt send forth new labourers to new seed-times, whereof the harvest shall be not yet." —*Culture and Anarchy*, ed. 1896, pp. 5–39.

Hebraism and Hellenism.

This fundamental ground is our preference of doing to thinking. Now this preference is a main element in our nature, and as we study it we find ourselves opening up a number of large questions on every side. Let me go back for a moment to Bishop Wilson, who says: "First, never go against the best light you have; secondly, take care that your light be not darkness." We show, as a nation, laudable energy and persistence in walking according to the best light we have, but are not quite careful enough, perhaps, to see that our light be not darkness. This is only another version of the old story that energy is our strong point and favourable characteristic, rather than intelligence. But we may give to this idea a more general form still, in which it will have a yet larger range of application. We may regard this energy driving at practice, this paramount sense of the obligation of duty, self-control, and work, this earnestness in going manfully with the best light we have, as one force. And we may regard the intelligence driving at those ideas which are, after all, the basis of right practice, the ardent sense for all the new and changing combinations of them which man's development brings with it, the indomitable impulse to know and adjust them perfectly, as another force. And these two forces we may regard as in some sense rivals,—rivals

not by the necessity of their own nature, but as exhibited in man and his history,—and rivals dividing the empire of the world between them. And to give these forces names from the two races of men who have supplied the most signal and splendid manifestations of them, we may call them respectively the forces of Hebraism and Hellenism. Hebraism and Hellenism,—between these two points of influence moves our world. At one time it feels more powerfully the attraction of one of them, at another time of the other; and it ought to be, though it never is, evenly and happily balanced between them.

The final aim of both Hellenism and Hebraism, as of all great spiritual disciplines, is no doubt the same: man's perfection or salvation. The very language which they both of them use in schooling us to reach this aim is often identical. Even when their language indicates by variation,—sometimes a broad variation, often a but slight and subtle variation,—the different courses of thought which are uppermost in each discipline, even then the unity of the final end and aim is still apparent. To employ the actual words of that discipline with which we ourselves are all of us most familiar, and the words of which, therefore, come most home to us, that final end and aim is "that we might be partakers of the divine nature." These are the words of a Hebrew apostle, but of Hellenism and Hebraism alike this is, I say, the aim. When the two are confronted, as they very often are confronted, it is nearly always with what I may call a rhetorical purpose; the speaker's whole design is to exalt and enthrone one of the two, and he uses the other only as

a foil and to enable him the better to give effect to his purpose. Obviously, with us, it is usually Hellenism which is thus reduced to minister to the triumph of Hebraism. There is a sermon on Greece and the Greek spirit by a man never to be mentioned without interest and respect, Frederick Robertson, in which this rhetorical use of Greece and the Greek spirit, and the inadequate exhibition of them necessarily consequent upon this, is almost ludicrous, and would be censurable if it were not to be explained by the exigencies of a sermon. On the other hand, Heinrich Heine, and other writers of his sort, give us the spectacle of the tables completely turned, and of Hebraism brought in just as a foil and contrast to Hellenism, and to make the superiority of Hellenism more manifest. In both these cases there is injustice and misrepresentation. The aim and end of both Hebraism and Hellenism is, as I have said, one and the same, and this aim and end is august and admirable.

Still, they pursue this aim by very different courses. The uppermost idea with Hellenism is to see things as they really are; the uppermost idea with Hebraism is conduct and obedience. Nothing can do away with this ineffaceable difference. The Greek quarrel with the body and its desires is, that they hinder right thinking; the Hebrew quarrel with them is, that they hinder right acting. "He that keepeth the law, happy is he;" "Blessed is the man that feareth the Eternal, that delighteth greatly in his commandments;"—that is the Hebrew notion of felicity; and, pursued with passion and tenacity, this notion would

not let the Hebrew rest till, as is well known, he had at last got out of the law a network of prescriptions to enwrap his whole life, to govern every moment of it, every impulse, every action. The Greek notion of felicity, on the other hand, is perfectly conveyed in these words of a great French moralist: *C'est le bonheur des hommes*,—when? when they abhor that which is evil?—no; when they exercise themselves in the law of the Lord day and night?—no; when they die daily?—no; when they walk about the New Jerusalem with palms in their hands?—no; but when they think aright, when their thought hits: *quand ils pensent juste*. At the bottom of both the Greek and the Hebrew notion is the desire, native in man, for reason and the will of God, the feeling after the universal order,—in a word, the love of God. But while Hebraism seizes upon certain plain, capital intimations of the universal order, and rivets itself, one may say, with unequalled grandeur of earnestness and intensity on the study and observance of them, the bent of Hellenism is to follow, with flexible activity, the whole play of the universal order, to be apprehensive of missing any part of it, of sacrificing one part to another, to slip away from resting in this or that intimation of it, however capital. An unclouded clearness of mind, an unimpeded play of thought, is what this bent drives at. The governing idea of Hellenism is *spontaneity of consciousness*; that of Hebraism, *strictness of conscience*.

Christianity changed nothing in this essential bent of Hebraism to set doing above knowing. Self-conquest, self-devotion, the following not our own individual

will, but the will of God, *obedience*, is the fundamental idea of this form, also, of the discipline to which we have attached the general name of Hebraism. Only, as the old law and the network of prescriptions with which it enveloped human life were evidently a motive-power not driving and searching enough to produce the result aimed at,—patient continuance in well-doing, self-conquest,—Christianity substituted for them boundless devotion to that inspiring and affecting pattern of self-conquest offered by Jesus Christ; and by the new motive-power, of which the essence was this, though the love and admiration of Christian churches have for centuries been employed in varying, amplifying, and adorning the plain description of it, Christianity, as St. Paul truly says, "establishes the law," and in the strength of the ampler power which she has thus supplied to fulfil it, has accomplished the miracles, which we all see, of her history.

So long as we do not forget that both Hellenism and Hebraism are profound and admirable manifestations of man's life, tendencies, and powers, and that both of them aim at a like final result, we can hardly insist too strongly on the divergence of line and of operation with which they proceed. It is a divergence so great that it most truly, as the prophet Zechariah says, "has raised up thy sons, O Zion, against thy sons, O Greece!" The difference whether it is by doing or by knowing that we set most store, and the practical consequences which follow from this difference, leave their mark on all the history of our race and of its development. Language may be abundantly quoted from both Hellenism and Hebraism to make it seem

that one follows the same current as the other towards the same goal. They are, truly, borne towards the same goal; but the currents which bear them are infinitely different. It is true, Solomon will praise knowing: "Understanding is a well-spring of life unto him that hath it." And in the New Testament, again, Jesus Christ is a "light," and "truth makes us free." It is true, Aristotle will undervalue knowing: "In what concerns virtue," says he, "three things are necessary—knowledge, deliberate will, and perseverance; but, whereas the two last are all-important, the first is a matter of little importance." It is true that with the same impatience with which St. James enjoins a man to be not a forgetful hearer, but a *doer of the work*, Epictetus exhorts us to *do* what we have demonstrated to ourselves we ought to do; or he taunts us with futility, for being armed at all points to prove that lying is wrong, yet all the time continuing to lie. It is true, Plato, in words which are almost the words of the New Testament or the Imitation, calls life a learning to die. But underneath the superficial agreement the fundamental divergence still subsists. The understanding of Solomon is "the walking in the way of the commandments"; this is "the way of peace," and it is of this that blessedness comes. In the New Testament, the truth which gives us the peace of God and makes us free, is the love of Christ constraining us to crucify, as he did, and with a like purpose of moral regeneration, the flesh with its affections and lusts, and thus establishing as we have seen, the law. The moral virtues, on the other hand, are with Aristotle but the porch and access to the intellectual,

and with these last is blessedness. That partaking of the divine life, which both Hellenism and Hebraism, as we have said, fix as their crowning aim, Plato expressly denies to the man of practical virtue merely, of self-conquest with any other motive than that of perfect intellectual vision. He reserves it for the lover of pure knowledge, as seeing things as they really are,—the φιλομαθής.

Both Hellenism and Hebraism arise out of the wants of human nature, and address themselves to satisfying those wants. But their methods are so different, they lay stress on such different points, and call into being by their respective disciplines such different activities, that the face which human nature presents when it passes from the hands of one of them to those of the other, is no longer the same. To get rid of one's ignorance, to see things as they are, and by seeing them as they are to see them in their beauty, is the simple and attractive ideal which Hellenism holds out before human nature; and from the simplicity and charm of this ideal, Hellenism, and human life in the hands of Hellenism, is invested with a kind of aërial ease, clearness, and radiancy; they are full of what we call sweetness and light. Difficulties are kept out of view, and the beauty and rationalness of the ideal have all our thoughts. "The best man is he who most tries to perfect himself, and the happiest man is he who most feels that he *is* perfecting himself,"—this account of the matter by Socrates, the true Socrates of the *Memorabilia*, has something so simple, spontaneous, and unsophisticated about it,

that it seems to fill us with clearness and hope when we hear it. But there is a saying which I have heard attributed to Mr. Carlyle about Socrates,—a very happy saying, whether it is really Mr. Carlyle's or not,—which excellently marks the essential point in which Hebraism differs from Hellenism. "Socrates," this saying goes, "is terribly *at ease in Zion*." Hebraism,—and here is the source of its wonderful strength,—has always been severely preoccupied with an awful sense of the impossibility of being at ease in Zion; of the difficulties which oppose themselves to man's pursuit or attainment of that perfection of which Socrates talks so hopefully, and, as from this point of view one might almost say, so glibly. It is all very well to talk of getting rid of one's ignorance, of seeing things in their reality, seeing them in their beauty; but how is this to be done when there is something which thwarts and spoils all our efforts?

This something is *sin;* and the space which sin fills in Hebraism, as compared with Hellenism, is indeed prodigious. This obstacle to perfection fills the whole scene, and perfection appears remote and rising away from earth, in the background. Under the name of sin, the difficulties of knowing oneself and conquering oneself which impede man's passage to perfection, become, for Hebraism, a positive, active entity hostile to man, a mysterious power which I heard Dr. Pusey the other day, in one of his impressive sermons, compare to a hideous hunchback seated on our shoulders, and which it is the main business of our lives to hate and oppose. The discipline of

the Old Testament may be summed up as a discipline teaching us to abhor and flee from sin; the discipline of the New Testament, as a discipline teaching us to die to it. As Hellenism speaks of thinking clearly, seeing things in their essence and beauty, as a grand and precious feat for man to achieve, so Hebraism speaks of becoming conscious of sin, of awakening to a sense of sin, as a feat of this kind. It is obvious to what wide divergence these differing tendencies, actively followed, must lead. As one passes and repasses from Hellenism to Hebraism, from Plato to St. Paul, one feels inclined to rub one's eyes and ask oneself whether man is indeed a gentle and simple being, showing the traces of a noble and divine nature; or an unhappy chained captive, labouring with groanings that cannot be uttered to free himself from the body of this death.

Apparently it was the Hellenic conception of human nature which was unsound, for the world could not live by it. Absolutely to call it unsound, however, is to fall into the common error of its Hebraising enemies; but it was unsound at that particular moment of man's development, it was premature. The indispensable basis of conduct and self-control, the platform upon which alone the perfection aimed at by Greece can come into bloom, was not to be reached by our race so easily; centuries of probation and discipline were needed to bring us to it. Therefore the bright promise of Hellenism faded, and Hebraism ruled the world. Then was seen that astonishing spectacle, so well marked by the often-quoted words of the prophet Zechariah, when men of

all languages and nations took hold of the skirt of him that was a Jew, saying:—"*We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you.*" And the Hebraism which thus received and ruled a world all gone out of the way and altogether become unprofitable, was, and could not but be, the later, the more spiritual, the more attractive development of Hebraism. It was Christianity; that is to say, Hebraism aiming at self-conquest and rescue from the thrall of vile affections, not by obedience to the letter of a law, but by conformity to the image of a self-sacrificing example. To a world stricken with moral enervation Christianity offered its spectacle of an inspired self-sacrifice; to men who refused themselves nothing, it showed one who refused himself everything;—"*my Saviour banished joy!*" says George Herbert. When the *alma Venus*, the life-giving and joy-giving power of nature, so fondly cherished by the Pagan world, could not save her followers from self-dissatisfaction and ennui, the severe words of the apostle came bracingly and refreshingly: "Let no man deceive you with vain words, for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience." Through age after age and generation after generation, our race, or all that part of our race which was most living and progressive, was *baptized into a death;* and endeavoured, by suffering in the flesh, to cease from sin. Of this endeavour, the animating labours and afflictions of early Christianity, the touching asceticism of mediæval Christianity, are the great historical manifestations. Literary monuments of it, each in its own way incomparable, remain in the

Epistles of St. Paul, in St. Augustine's Confessions, and in the two original and simplest books of the Imitation.[1]

Of two disciplines laying their main stress, the one, on clear intelligence, the other, on firm obedience; the one, on comprehensively knowing the grounds of one's duty, the other, on diligently practising it; the one, on taking all possible care (to use Bishop Wilson's words again) that the light we have be not darkness, the other, that according to the best light we have we diligently walk,—the priority naturally belongs to that discipline which braces all man's moral powers, and founds for him an indispensable basis of character. And, therefore, it is justly said of the Jewish people, who were charged with setting powerfully forth that side of the divine order to which the words *conscience* and *self-conquest* point, that they were "entrusted with the oracles of God"; as it is justly said of Christianity, which followed Judaism and which set forth this side with a much deeper effectiveness and a much wider influence, that the wisdom of the old Pagan world was foolishness compared to it. No words of devotion and admiration can be too strong to render thanks to these beneficent forces which have so borne forward humanity in its appointed work of coming to the knowledge and possession of itself; above all, in those great moments when their action was the wholesomest and the most necessary.

But the evolution of these forces, separately and in themselves, is not the whole evolution of humanity,—

[1] The two first books.

their single history is not the whole history of man; whereas their admirers are always apt to make it stand for the whole history. Hebraism and Hellenism are, neither of them, the *law* of human development, as their admirers are prone to make them; they are, each of them, *contributions* to human development,—august contributions, invaluable contributions; and each showing itself to us more august, more invaluable, more preponderant over the other, according to the moment in which we take them and the relation in which we stand to them. The nations of our modern world, children of that immense and salutary movement which broke up the Pagan world, inevitably stand to Hellenism in a relation which dwarfs it, and to Hebraism in a relation which magnifies it. They are inevitably prone to take Hebraism as the law of human development, and not as simply a contribution to it, however precious. And yet the lesson must perforce be learned, that the human spirit is wider than the most priceless of the forces which bear it onward, and that to the whole development of man Hebraism itself is, like Hellenism, but a contribution. —*Culture and Anarchy*, ed. 1896, pp. 109–121.

The Dangers of Puritanism.

The Puritan's great danger is that he imagines himself in possession of a rule telling him the *unum necessarium*, or one thing needful, and that he then remains satisfied with a very crude conception of what this rule really is and what it tells him, thinks he has now knowledge and henceforth needs only to act, and, in this dangerous state of assurance and self-satisfaction, proceeds to give full swing to a number of the instincts of his ordinary self. Some of the instincts of his ordinary self he has, by the help of his rule of life, conquered; but others which he has not conquered by this help he is so far from perceiving to need subjugation, and to be instincts of an inferior self, that he even fancies it to be his right and duty, in virtue of having conquered a limited part of himself, to give unchecked swing to the remainder. He is, I say, a victim of Hebraism, of the tendency to cultivate strictness of conscience rather than spontaneity of consciousness. And what he wants is a larger conception of human nature, showing him the number of other points at which his nature must come to its best, besides the points which he himself knows and thinks of. There is no *unum necessarium*, or one thing needful, which can free human nature from the obligation of trying to come to its best at all these points. The real *unum necessarium* for

us is to come to our best at all points. Instead of our "one thing needful," justifying in us vulgarity, hideousness, ignorance, violence,—our vulgarity, hideousness, ignorance, violence, are really so many touchstones which try our one thing needful, and which prove that in the state, at any rate, in which we ourselves have it, it is not all we want. And as the force which encourages us to stand staunch and fast by the rule and ground we have is Hebraism, so the force which encourages us to go back upon this rule, and to try the very ground on which we appear to stand, is Hellenism,—a turn for giving our consciousness free play and enlarging its range. And what I say is, not that Hellenism is always for everybody more wanted than Hebraism, but that for Mr. Murphy at this particular moment, and for the great majority of us his fellow-countrymen, it is more wanted.

Nothing is more striking than to observe in how many ways a limited conception of human nature, the notion of a one thing needful, a one side in us to be made uppermost, the disregard of a full and harmonious development of ourselves, tells injuriously on our thinking and acting. In the first place, our hold upon the rule or standard, to which we look for our one thing needful, tends to become less and less near and vital, our conception of it more and more mechanical, and more and more unlike the thing itself as it was conceived in the mind where it originated. The dealings of Puritanism with the writings of St. Paul, afford a noteworthy illustration of this. Nowhere so much as in the writings of St. Paul, and

in that great apostle's greatest work, the Epistle to the Romans, has Puritanism found what seemed to furnish it with the one thing needful, and to give it canons of truth absolute and final. Now all writings, as has been already said, even the most precious writings and the most fruitful, must inevitably, from the very nature of things, be but contributions to human thought and human development, which extend wider than they do. Indeed, St. Paul, in the very Epistle of which we are speaking, shows, when he asks, "Who hath known the mind of the Lord?"—who hath known, that is, the true and divine order of things in its entirety,—that he himself acknowledges this fully. And we have already pointed out in another Epistle of St. Paul a great and vital idea of the human spirit,—the idea of immortality,—transcending and overlapping, so to speak, the expositor's power to give it adequate definition and expression.

But quite distinct from the question whether St. Paul's expression, or any man's expression, can be a perfect and final expression of truth, comes the question whether we rightly seize and understand his expression as its exists. Now, perfectly to seize another man's meaning, as it stood in his own mind, is not easy; especially when the man is separated from us by such differences of race, training, time, and circumstances as St. Paul. But there are degrees of nearness of getting at a man's meaning; and though we cannot arrive quite at what St. Paul had in his mind, yet we may come near it. And who, that comes thus near it, must not feel how terms which St. Paul employs, in trying to follow with his

analysis of such profound power and originality some of the most delicate, intricate, obscure, and contradictory workings and states of the human spirit, are detached and employed by Puritanism, not in the connected and fluid way in which St. Paul employs them, and for which alone words are really meant, but in an isolated, fixed, mechanical way, as if they were talismans ; and how all trace and sense of St. Paul's true movement of ideas, and sustained masterly analysis, is thus lost ? Who, I say, that has watched Puritanism,—the force which so strongly Hebraises, which so takes St. Paul's writings as something absolute and final, containing the one thing needful,—handle such terms as *grace*, *faith*, *election*, *righteousness*, but must feel, not only that these terms have for the mind of Puritanism a sense false and misleading, but also that this sense is the most monstrous and grotesque caricature of the sense of St. Paul, and that his true meaning is by these worshippers of his words altogether lost ?

Or to take another eminent example, in which not Puritanism only, but, one may say, the whole religious world, by their mechanical use of St. Paul's writings, can be shown to miss or change his real meaning. The whole religious world, one may say, use now the word *resurrection*,—a word which is so often in their thoughts and on their lips, and which they find so often in St. Paul's writings,—in one sense only. They use it to mean a rising again after the physical death of the body. Now it is quite true that St. Paul speaks of resurrection in this sense, that he tries to describe and explain it, and that he

condemns those who doubt and deny it. But it is true, also, that in nine cases out of ten where St. Paul thinks and speaks of resurrection, he thinks and speaks of it in a sense different from this ;—in the sense of a rising to a new life before the physical death of the body, and not after it. The idea on which we have already touched, the profound idea of being baptized into the death of the great exemplar of self-devotion and self-annulment, of repeating in our own person, by virtue of identification with our exemplar, his course of self-devotion and self-annulment, and of thus coming, within the limits of our present life, to a new life, in which, as in the death going before it, we are identified with our exemplar, —this is the fruitful and original conception of being *risen with Christ* which possesses the mind of St. Paul, and this is the central point round which, with such incomparable emotion and eloquence, all his teaching moves. For him, the life after our physical death is really in the main but a consequence and continuation of the inexhaustible energy of the new life thus originated on this side the grave. This grand Pauline idea of Christian resurrection is worthily rehearsed in one of the noblest collects of the Prayer-Book, and is destined, no doubt, to fill a more and more important place in the Christianity of the future. But meanwhile, almost as signal as the essentialness of this characteristic idea in St. Paul's teaching, is the completeness with which the worshippers of St. Paul's words as an absolute final expression of saving truth have lost it, and have substituted for the apostle's living and near conception of a resurrection now, their

mechanical and remote conception of a resurrection hereafter.

In short, so fatal is the notion of possessing, even in the most precious words or standards, the one thing needful, of having in them, once for all, a full and sufficient measure of light to guide us, and of there being no duty left for us except to make our practice square exactly with them,—so fatal, I say, is this notion to the right knowledge and comprehension of the very words or standards we thus adopt, and to such strange distortions and perversions of them does it inevitably lead, that whenever we hear that commonplace which Hebraism, if we venture to inquire what a man knows, is so apt to bring out against us, in disparagement of what we call culture, and in praise of a man's sticking to the one thing needful,—*he knows*, says Hebraism, *his Bible!*—whenever we hear this said, we may, without any elaborate defence of culture, content ourselves with answering simply: "No man, who knows nothing else, knows even his Bible."

Now the force which we have so much neglected, Hellenism, may be liable to fail in moral strength and earnestness, but by the law of its nature,—the very same law which makes it sometimes deficient in intensity when intensity is required,—it opposes itself to the notion of cutting our being in two, of attributing to one part the dignity of dealing with the one thing needful, and leaving the other part to take its chance, which is the bane of Hebraism. Essential in Hellenism is the impulse to the development of the whole man, to connecting and harmon-

ising all parts of him, perfecting all, leaving none to take their chance.

The characteristic bent of Hellenism, as has been said, is to find the intelligible law of things, to see them in their true nature and as they really are. But many things are not seen in their true nature and as they really are, unless they are seen as beautiful. Behaviour is not intelligible, does not account for itself to the mind and show the reason for its existing, unless it is beautiful. The same with discourse, the same with song, the same with worship, all of them modes in which man proves his activity and expresses himself. To think that when one produces in these what is mean, or vulgar, or hideous, one can be permitted to plead that one has that within which passes show ; to suppose that the possession of what benefits and satisfies one part of our being can make allowable either discourse like Mr. Murphy's, or poetry like the hymns we all hear, or places of worship like the chapels we all see,—this it is abhorrent to the nature of Hellenism to concede. And to be, like our honoured and justly honoured Faraday, a great natural philosopher with one side of his being and a Sandemanian with the other, would to Archimedes have been impossible.

It is evident to what a many-sided perfecting of man's powers and activities this demand of Hellenism for satisfaction to be given to the mind by everything which we do, is calculated to impel our race. It has its dangers, as has been fully granted. The notion of this sort of equipollency in man's modes of activity may lead to moral relaxation ; what we do not make

our one thing needful, we may come to treat not enough as if it were needful, though it is indeed very needful and at the same time very hard. Still, what side in us has not its dangers, and which of our impulses can be a talisman to give us perfection outright, and not merely a help to bring us towards it? Has not Hebraism, as we have shown, its dangers as well as Hellenism? or have we used so excessively the tendencies in ourselves to which Hellenism makes appeal, that we are now suffering from it? Are we not, on the contrary, now suffering because we have not enough used these tendencies as a help towards perfection?

For we see whither it has brought us, the long exclusive predominance of Hebraism,—the insisting on perfection in one part of our nature and not in all; the singling out the moral side, the side of obedience and action, for such intent regard; making strictness of the moral conscience so far the principal thing, and putting off for hereafter and for another world the care for being complete at all points, the full and harmonious development of our humanity. Instead of watching and following on its ways the desire which, as Plato says, "for ever through all the universe tends towards that which is lovely," we think that the world has settled its accounts with this desire, knows what this desire wants of it, and that all the impulses of our ordinary self which do not conflict with the terms of this settlement, in our narrow view of it, we may follow unrestrainedly, under the sanction of some such text as "Not slothful in business," or, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth

to do, do it with all thy might," or something else of the same kind. And to any of these impulses we soon come to give that same character of a mechanical, absolute law, which we give to our religion; we regard it, as we do our religion, as an object for strictness of conscience, not for spontaneity of consciousness; for unremitting adherence on its own account, not for going back upon, viewing in its connection with other things, and adjusting to a number of changing circumstances. We treat it, in short, just as we treat our religion,—as machinery. It is in this way that the Barbarians treat their bodily exercises, the Philistines their business, Mr. Spurgeon his voluntaryism, Mr. Bright the assertion of personal liberty, Mr. Beales the right of meeting in Hyde Park. In all those cases what is needed is a freer play of consciousness upon the object of pursuit; and in all of them Hebraism, the valuing staunchness and earnestness more than this free play, the entire subordination of thinking to doing, has led to a mistaken and misleading treatment of things.

The newspapers a short time ago contained an account of the suicide of a Mr. Smith, secretary to some insurance company, who, it was said, "laboured under the apprehension that he would come to poverty, and that he was eternally lost." And when I read these words, it occurred to me that the poor man who came to such a mournful end was, in truth, a kind of type,—by the selection of his two grand objects of concern, by their isolation from everything else, and their juxtaposition to one another,—of all the strongest, most respectable, and most representative

part of our nation. "He laboured under the apprehension that he would come to poverty, and that he was eternally lost." The whole middle class have a conception of things,—a conception which makes us call them Philistines,—just like that of this poor man; though we are seldom, of course, shocked by seeing it take the distressing, violently morbid, and fatal turn, which it took with him. But how generally, with how many of us, are the main concerns of life limited to these two: the concern for making money, and the concern for saving our souls! And how entirely does the narrow and mechanical conception of our secular business proceed from a narrow and mechanical conception of our religious business! What havoc do the united conceptions make of our lives! It is because the second-named of these two master-concerns presents to us the one thing needful in so fixed, narrow, and mechanical a way, that so ignoble a fellow master-concern to it as the first-named becomes possible; and, having been once admitted, takes the same rigid and absolute character as the other.

Poor Mr. Smith had sincerely the nobler master-concern as well as the meaner,—the concern for saving his soul (according to the narrow and mechanical conception which Puritanism has of what the salvation of the soul is), as well as the concern for making money. But let us remark how many people there are, especially outside the limits of the serious and conscientious middle class to which Mr. Smith belonged, who take up with a meaner master-concern,—whether it be pleasure, or field-sports, or bodily exercises, or business, or popular agitation,—who

take up with one of these exclusively, and neglect Mr. Smith's nobler master-concern, because of the mechanical form which Hebraism has given to this noble master-concern. Hebraism makes it stand, as we have said, as something talismanic, isolated, and all-sufficient, justifying our giving our ordinary selves free play in bodily exercises, or business, or popular agitation, if we have made our accounts square with this master-concern ; and, if we have not, rendering other things indifferent, and our ordinary self all we have to follow, and to follow with all the energy that is in us, till we do. Whereas the idea of perfection at all points, the encouraging in ourselves spontaneity of consciousness, and letting a free play of thought live and flow around all our activity, the indisposition to allow one side of our activity to stand as so all-important and all-sufficing that it makes other sides indifferent,—this bent of mind in us may not only check us in following unreservedly a mean master-concern of any kind, but may even, also, bring new life and movement into that side of us with which alone Hebraism concerns itself, and awaken a healthier and less mechanical activity there. Hellenism may thus actually serve to further the designs of Hebraism.—*Culture and Anarchy*, ed. 1896, pp. 134–145.

The Not Ourselves.

THE Old Testament, nobody will ever deny, is filled with the word and thought of righteousness. "In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof is no death;" "Righteousness tendeth to life;" "He that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death;" "The way of transgressors is hard;"—nobody will deny that those texts may stand for the fundamental and ever-recurring idea of the Old Testament.[1] No people ever felt so strongly as the people of the Old Testament, the Hebrew people, that conduct is three-fourths of our life and its largest concern. No people ever felt so strongly that succeeding, going right, hitting the mark in this great concern, was *the way of peace*, the highest possible satisfaction. "He that keepeth the law, happy is he; its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace; if thou hadst walked in its ways, thou shouldst have dwelt in peace for ever!"[2] Jeshurun, one of the ideal names of their race, is the *upright;* Israel, the other and greater, is the *wrestler with God*, he who has known the contention and strain it costs to stand upright. That mysterious personage by whom their history first touches the hill of Sion, is Melchisedek, the *righteous* king. Their holy city, Jerusalem, is the

[1] *Prov.* xii. 28; xi. 19; xiii. 15.

[2] *Prov.* xxix. 18; iii. 17. *Baruch* iii. 13.

foundation, or vision, or inheritance, of that which righteousness achieves,—*peace*. The law of righteousness was such an object of attention to them, that its words were to "be in their heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."[3] That they might keep them ever in mind, they wore them, went about with them, made talismans of them. "Bind them upon thy fingers, bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart!"[4] "Take fast hold of her," they said of the doctrine of conduct, or righteousness, "let her not go! keep her, for *she is thy life!*"[5]

People who thus spoke of righteousness could not but have had their minds long and deeply engaged with it; much more than the generality of mankind, who have nevertheless, as we saw, got as far as the notion of morals or conduct. And, if they were so deeply attentive to it, one thing could not fail to strike them. It is this: the very great part in righteousness which belongs, we may say, to *not ourselves*. In the first place, we did not make ourselves and our nature, or conduct as the object of three-fourths of that nature; we did not provide that happiness should follow conduct, as it undeniably does; that the sense of succeeding, going right, hitting the mark, in conduct, should give satisfaction, and a very high satisfaction, just as really as the sense of doing well in his work gives pleasure to a poet or painter, or

[3] *Deuteronomy* vi. 6, 7. [4] *Prov.* vii. 3; iii. 3.
[5] *Prov.* iv. 13.

accomplishing what he tries gives pleasure to a man who is learning to ride or to shoot ; or as satisfying his hunger, also, gives pleasure to a man who is hungry.

All this we did not make ; and, in the next place, our dealing with it at all, when it is made, is not wholly, or even nearly wholly, in our own power. Our conduct is capable, irrespective of what we can ourselves certainly answer for, of almost infinitely different degrees of force and energy in the performance of it, of lucidity and vividness in the perception of it, of fulness in the satisfaction from it ; and these degrees may vary from day to day, and quite incalculably. Facilities and felicities,—whence do they come? suggestions and stimulations,—where do they tend? hardly a day passes but we have some experience of them. And so Henry More was led to say, that "there was something about us that knew better, often, what we would be at than we ourselves." For instance : every one can understand how health and freedom from pain may give energy for conduct, and how a neuralgia, suppose, may diminish it. It does not depend on ourselves, indeed, whether we have the neuralgia or not, but we can understand its impairing our spirit. But the strange thing is, that with the same neuralgia we may find ourselves one day without spirit and energy for conduct, and another day with them. So that we may most truly say : "Left to ourselves, we sink and perish ; visited, we lift up our heads and live."[6] And we may well give ourselves, in

[6] "Relicti mergimur et perimus, visitati vero erigimur et vivimus."

grateful and devout self-surrender, to that by which we are thus visited. So much is there incalculable, so much that belongs to *not ourselves*, in conduct; and the more we attend to conduct, and the more we value it, the more we shall feel this.

The *not ourselves*, which is in us and in the world around us, has almost everywhere, as far as we can see, struck the minds of men as they awoke to consciousness, and has inspired them with awe. Every one knows how the mighty natural objects which most took their regards became the objects to which this awe addressed itself. Our very word *God* is a reminiscence of these times, when men invoked "The Brilliant on high," *sublime hoc candens quod invocant omnes Jovem*, as the power representing to them that which transcended the limits of their narrow selves, and that by which they lived and moved and had their being. Every one knows of what differences of operation men's dealing with this power has in different places and times shown itself capable; how here they have been moved by the *not ourselves* to a cruel terror, there to a timid religiosity, there again to a play of imagination; almost always, however, connecting with it, by some string or other, conduct.

But we are not writing a history of religion; we are only tracing its effect on the language of the men from whom we get the Bible. At the time they produced those documents which give to the Old Testament its power and its true character, the *not ourselves* which weighed upon the mind of Israel, and engaged its awe, was the *not ourselves* by which we get the sense for *righteousness*, and whence we find the help to *do right*.

This conception was indubitably what lay at the bottom of that remarkable change which under Moses, at a certain stage of their religious history, befell the Hebrew people's mode of naming God.[7] This was what they intended in that name, which we wrongly convey, either without translation, by *Jehovah*, which gives us the notion of a mere mythological deity, or by a wrong translation, *Lord*, which gives us the notion of a magnified and non-natural man. The name they used was : *The Eternal.*

Philosophers dispute whether moral ideas, as they call them, the simplest ideas of conduct and righteousness which now seem instinctive, did not all grow, were not once inchoate, embryo, dubious, unformed.[8] That may have been so ; the question is an interesting one for science. But the interesting question for conduct is whether those ideas are unformed or formed *now*. They are formed now ; and they were formed when the Hebrews named the power, out of themselves, which pressed upon their spirit : *The Eternal.* Probably the life of Abraham, *the friend of God*, however imperfectly the Bible traditions by themselves convey it to us, was a decisive step forwards in the development of these ideas of righteousness. Probably this was the moment when such ideas became fixed and ruling for the Hebrew people, and marked it permanently off from all others who had not made the same step. But long before the first beginnings of recorded history, long before the oldest word of Bible

[7] See *Exodus* iii. 14.

[8] "Qu'est-ce-que la nature ?" says Pascal : "*peut être une première coutume*, comme la coutume est une seconde nature."

literature, these ideas must have been at work. We know it by the result, although they may have for a long while been but rudimentary. In Israel's earliest history and earliest literature, under the name of Eloah, Elohim, *The Mighty*, there may have lain and matured, there did lie and mature, ideas of God more as a moral power, more as a power connected, above everything, with conduct and righteousness, than were entertained by other races. Not only can we judge by the result that this must have been so, but we can see that it was so. Still their name, *The Mighty*, does not in itself involve any true and deep religious ideas, any more than our name, *The Shining*. With *The Eternal* it is otherwise. For what did they mean by the Eternal; the Eternal *what?* The Eternal *cause?* Alas, these poor people were not Archbishops of York. They meant the Eternal *righteous*, who loveth *righteousness*. They had dwelt upon the thought of conduct and right and wrong, till the *not ourselves* which is in us and all around us, became to them adorable eminently and altogether as *a power which makes for righteousness;* which makes for it unchangeably and eternally, and is therefore called *The Eternal*.

There is not a particle of metaphysics in their use of this name, any more than in their conception of the *not ourselves* to which they attached it. Both came to them not from abstruse reasoning but from experience, and from experience in the plain region of conduct. Theologians with metaphysical heads render Israel's *Eternal* by *the self-existent*, and Israel's *not ourselves* by *the absolute*, and attribute to Israel their own sub-

tleties. According to them, Israel had his head full of the necessity of a first cause, and therefore said, *The Eternal;* as, again, they imagine him looking out into the world, noting everywhere the marks of design and adaptation to his wants, and reasoning out and inferring thence the fatherhood of God. All these fancies come from an excessive turn for reasoning, and a neglect of observing men's actual course of thinking and way of using words. Israel, at this stage when *The Eternal* was revealed to him, inferred nothing, reasoned out nothing ; he felt and experienced. When he begins to speculate, in the schools of Rabbinism, he quickly shows how much less native talent than the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester he has for this perilous business. Happily, when *The Eternal* was revealed to him, he had not yet begun to speculate.

Israel personified, indeed, his Eternal, for he was strongly moved, he was an orator and poet. *Man never knows how anthropomorphic he is*, says Goethe, and so man tends always to represent everything under his own figure. In poetry and eloquence, man may and must follow this tendency, but in science it often leads him astray. Israel, however, did not scientifically predicate *personality* of God ; he would not even have had a notion what was meant by it. He called him the maker of all things, who gives drink to all out of his pleasures as out of a river ; but he was led to this by no theory of a first cause. The grandeur of the spectacle given by the world, the grandeur of the sense of its all being *not ourselves*, being above and beyond ourselves and immeasurably dwarfing us, a man of imagination instinctively personifies as a single,

mighty, living and productive power; as Goethe tells us that the words which rose naturally to his lips, when he stood on the top of the Brocken, were: "Lord, what is man, that thou mindest him, or the son of man, that thou makest account of him?"[9] But Israel's confessing and extolling of this power came not even from his imaginative feeling, but came first from his gratitude for righteousness. To one who knows what conduct is, it is a joy to be alive; and the *not ourselves*, which by bringing forth for us righteousness makes our happiness, working just in the same sense, brings forth this glorious world to be righteous in. That is the notion at the bottom of a Hebrew's praise of a Creator; and if we attend, we can see this quite clearly. Wisdom and understanding mean, for Israel, the love of order, of righteousness. Righteousness, order, conduct, is for Israel at once the source of all man's happiness, and at the same time the very essence of *The Eternal*. The great work of the Eternal is the foundation of this order in man, the implanting in mankind of his own love of righteousness, his own spirit, his own wisdom and understanding; and it is only as a farther and natural working of this energy that Israel conceives the establishment of order in the world, or creation. "To depart from evil, *that* is understanding! Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. *The Eternal by wisdom hath founded the earth, by understanding hath he established the heavens*";[10] and so the Bible-writer passes into the account of creation. It all comes to him from the idea of righteousness.

[9] *Psalm* cxliv. 3. [10] *Prov.* iii. 13–20.

And it is the same with all the language our Hebrew religionist uses. God is a father, because the power in and around us, which makes for righteousness, is indeed best described by the name of this authoritative but yet tender and protecting relation. So, too, with the intense fear and abhorrence of idolatry. Conduct, righteousness, is, above all, a matter of inward motion and rule. No sensible forms can represent it, or help us to it; such attempts at representation can only distract us from it. So, too, with the sense of the oneness of God. "Hear, O Israel! The Lord our God is one Lord."[11] People think that in this unity of God,—this monotheistic idea, as they call it,—they have certainly got metaphysics at last. They have got nothing of the kind. The monotheistic idea of Israel is simply *seriousness*. There are, indeed, many aspects of the *not ourselves;* but Israel regarded one aspect of it only, that by which it makes for righteousness. He had the advantage, to be sure, that with this aspect three-fourths of human life is concerned. But there are other aspects which may be set in view. "Frail and striving mortality," says the elder Pliny in a noble passage, "mindful of its own weakness, has distinguished these aspects severally, so as for each man to be able to attach himself to the divine by this or that part, according as he has most need."[12] That is an apology for polytheism, as answering to man's many-sidedness.

[11] *Deut.* vi. 4.

[12] "Fragilis et laboriosa mortalitas in partes ista digessit, infirmitatis suæ memor, ut portionibus coleret quisque, quo maxime indigeret."—*Nat. Hist.* ii. 5.

But Israel felt that being thus many-sided degenerated into an imaginative play, and bewildered what Israel recognized as our sole *religious* consciousness,—the consciousness of right. "Let thine eyelids look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee; turn not to the right hand nor to the left; remove thy foot from evil!" [13]

For does not Ovid say,[14] in excuse for the immorality of his verses, that the sight and mention of the gods themselves,—the rulers of human life,—often raised immoral thoughts? And so the sight and mention of *all* aspects of the *not ourselves* must. Yet how tempting are many of these aspects! Even at this time of day, the grave authorities of the University of Cambridge are so struck by one of them, that of pleasure, life, and fecundity,—of the *hominum divomque voluptas, alma Venus*,—that they set it publicly up as an object for their scholars to fix their minds upon, and to compose verses in honour of. That is all very well at present; but with this natural bent in the authorities of the University of Cambridge, and in the Indo-European race to which they belong, where would they be now if it had not been for Israel, and for the stern check which Israel put upon the glorification and divinisation of this natural bent of mankind, this attractive aspect of the *not ourselves?* Perhaps going in procession, Vice-Chancellor, bedels, masters, scholars,

[13] *Prov.* iv. 25, 27.

[14] *Tristia* ii. 287:—

"Quis locus est templis augustior? hæc quoque vitet
In culpam si qua est ingeniosa suam."

See the whole passage.

and all, in spite of their Professor of Moral Philosophy, to the Temple of Aphrodite! Nay, and very likely Mr. Birks himself, his brows crowned with myrtle and scarcely a shade of melancholy on his countenance, would have been going along with them! It is Israel and his *seriousness* that have saved the authorities of the University of Cambridge from carrying their divinisation of pleasure to these lengths, or from making more of it, indeed, than a mere passing intellectual play; and even this play Israel would have beheld with displeasure, saying: *O turn away mine eyes lest they behold vanity, but quicken Thou me in thy way!*[15] So earnestly and exclusively were Israel's regards bent on one aspect of the *not ourselves:* its aspect as a power of making for conduct, righteousness. Israel's *Eternal* was the Eternal which says: "*To depart from evil*, that is understanding! Be ye *holy*, for I am *holy!*" Now, as righteousness is but a heightened conduct, so holiness is but a heightened righteousness; a more finished, entire, and awe-filled righteousness. It was such a righteousness which was Israel's ideal; and therefore it was that Israel said, not indeed what our Bibles make him say, but this: "Hear, O Israel! *The Eternal is our God, The Eternal alone.*"

And in spite of his turn for personification, his want of a clear boundary-line between poetry and science, his inaptitude to express even abstract notions by other than highly concrete terms,—in spite of these scientific disadvantages, or rather, perhaps, because of them, because he had no talent for abstruse reasoning

[15] *Psalm* cxix. 37.

to lead him astray,—the spirit and tongue of Israel kept a propriety, a reserve, a sense of the inadequacy of language in conveying man's ideas of God, which contrast strongly with the licence of affirmation in our Western theology. "The high and holy One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy,"[16] is far more proper and felicitous language than "the moral and intelligent Governor of the universe," just because it far less attempts to be precise, but keeps to the language of poetry and does not essay the language of science. As he had developed his idea of God from personal experience, Israel knew what we, who have developed our idea from his words about it, so often are ignorant of: that his words were but *thrown out* at a vast object of consciousness, which he could not fully grasp, and which he apprehended clearly by one point alone,—that it made for the great concern of life *conduct*. How little we know of it besides, how impenetrable is the course of its ways with us, how we are baffled in our attempts to name and describe it, how, when we personify it and call it "the moral and intelligent Governor of the universe," we presently find it not to be a person as man conceives of person, nor moral as man conceives of moral, nor intelligent as man conceives of intelligent, nor a governor as man conceives of governors,—all this, which scientific theology loses sight of, Israel, who had but poetry and eloquence, and no system, and who did not mind contradicting himself, knew. "Is it any pleasure to the Almighty, that thou art righteous?"[17] What a blow to our ideal of that magnified and non-natural

[16] *Isaiah* lvii. 15. [17] *Job* xxii. 3.

man, "the moral and intelligent Governor!" Say what we can about God, say our best, we have yet, Israel knew, to add instantly: "Lo, these are *parts* of his ways; *but how little a portion is heard of him!*"[18] Yes, indeed, Israel remembered that far better than our bishops do. "Canst thou by searching find out God; canst thou find out the perfection of the Almighty? It is more high than heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know?"[19]

Will it be said, experience might also have shown to Israel a *not ourselves* which did not make for his happiness, but rather made against it, baffled his claims to it? But no man, as we have elsewhere remarked,[20] who simply follows his own consciousness, is aware of any *claims*, any rights, whatever; what he gets of good makes him thankful, what he gets of ill seems to him natural. His simple spontaneous feeling is well expressed by that saying of Izaak Walton: "Every misery that I miss is a new mercy, and therefore let us be thankful." It is true, the *not ourselves* of which we are thankfully conscious we inevitably speak of and speak to as a man; for "man never knows how anthropomorphic he is." And as time proceeds, imagination and reasoning keep working upon this substructure, and build from it a magnified and non-natural man. Attention is then drawn, afterwards, to causes outside ourselves which seem to make for sin and suffering; and then either these causes have to be reconciled by some highly ingenious scheme with the magnified and non-natural man's power, or a

[18] *Job* xxvi. 14. [19] *Job* xi. 7, 8.

[20] *Culture and Anarchy*, p. 165.

second magnified and non-natural man has to be supposed, who pulls the contrary way to the first. So arise Satan and his angels. But all this is secondary, and comes much later. Israel, the founder of our religion, did not begin with this. He began with experience. He knew from thankful experience the *not ourselves* which makes for righteousness, and knew how little we know about God besides.—*Literature and Dogma*, ed. 1895, pp. 23–36.

Paris and the Senses.

And if Assyria and Babylon seem too remote, let us look nearer home for testimonies to the inexhaustible grandeur and significance of the Old Testament revelation, according to that construction which we here put upon it. Every educated man loves Greece, owes gratitude to Greece. Greece was the lifter-up to the nations of the banner of art and science, as Israel was the lifter-up of the banner of righteousness. Now, the world cannot do without art and science. And the lifter-up of the banner of art and science was naturally much occupied with them, and conduct was a homely plain matter. Not enough heed, therefore, was given by him to conduct. But conduct, plain matter as it is, is six-eighths of life, while art and science are only two-eighths. And this brilliant Greece perished for lack of attention enough to *conduct;* for want of conduct, steadiness, character. And there is this difference between Greece and Judæa: both were custodians of a revelation, and both perished; but Greece perished of *over*-fidelity to her revelation, and Judæa perished of *under*-fidelity to hers. Nay, and the victorious revelation now, even now,—in this age when more of beauty and more of knowledge are so much needed, and knowledge, at any rate, is so highly esteemed,—the revelation which rules the world even now, is not Greece's revelation,

but Judæa's; not the pre-eminence of art and science, but the pre-eminence of righteousness.

It reminds one of what is recorded of Abraham, before the true inheritor of the promises, the humble and homely Isaac, was born. Abraham looked upon the vigorous, bold, brilliant young Ishmael, and said appealingly to God: "Oh that *Ishmael* might live before thee!"[1] But it cannot be: the promises are to *conduct*, conduct only. And so, again, we in like manner behold, long after Greece has perished, a brilliant successor of Greece, the Renascence, present herself with high hopes. The preachers of righteousness, blunderers as they often were, had for centuries had it all their own way. Art and science had been forgotten, men's minds had been enslaved, their bodies macerated. But the gloomy, oppressive dream is now over. "*Let us return to Nature!*" And all the world salutes with pride and joy the Renascence, and prays to Heaven: "Oh that *Ishmael* might live before thee!" Surely the future belongs to this brilliant new-comer, with his animating maxim: *Let us return to Nature!* Ah, what pitfalls are in that word *Nature!* Let us return to art and science, which are a part of Nature; yes. Let us return to a proper conception of righteousness, to a true use of the method and secret of Jesus, which have been all denaturalized; yes. But, "Let us return to *Nature;*"—do you mean that we are to give full swing to our inclinations, to throw the reins on the neck of our senses, of those sirens whom Paul the Israelite called "the deceitful lusts,"[2] and of following whom he said "Let no man

[1] Genesis xvii. 18.

[2] Eph. iv. 22.

beguile you with vain words, for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience!"[3] Do you mean that *conduct* is not three-fourths of life, and that the secret of Jesus has no use! And the Renascence did mean this, or half-meant this; so disgusted was it with the cowled and tonsured Middle Age. And it died of it, this brilliant Ishmael died of it! it died of provoking a collision with the homely Isaac, righteousness. On the Continent came the Catholic reaction; in England, as we have said elsewhere, "the great middle class, the kernel of the nation, entered the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned upon its spirit there for two hundred years." After too much glorification of art, science, and culture, too little; after Rabelais, George Fox.

France, again, how often and how impetuously for France has the prayer gone up to Heaven: "Oh that *Ishmael* might live before thee!" It is not enough perceived what it is which gives to France her attractiveness for everybody, and her success, and her repeated disasters. France is *l'homme sensuel moyen*, the average sensual man; Paris is the city of *l'homme sensuel moyen*. This has an attraction for all of us. We all have in us this *homme sensuel*, the man of the "wishes of the flesh and of the current thoughts"; but we develop him under checks and doubts, and unsystematically and often grossly. France, on the other hand, devolops him confidently and harmoniously. She makes the most of him, because she knows what she is about and keeps in a mean, as her

[3] Eph. v. 6.

climate is in a mean, and her situation. She does not develop him with madness, into a monstrosity, as the Italy of the Renascence did; she develops him equably and systematically. And hence she does not shock people with him but attracts them, she names herself the France of tact and measure, good sense, logic. In a way, this is true. As she develops the senses, the apparent self, all round, in good faith, without misgivings, without violence, she has much reasonableness and clearness in all her notions and arrangements; a sort of balance even in conduct; as much art and science, and it is not a little, as goes with the ideal of *l'homme sensuel moyen.* And from her ideal of the average sensual man France has deduced her famous gospel of the Rights of Man, which she preaches with such an infinite crowing and self-admiration. France takes "the wishes of the flesh and of the current thoughts" for a man's *rights;* and human happiness, and the perfection of society, she places in everybody's being enabled to gratify these wishes, to get these rights, as equally as possible and as much as possible. In Italy, as in ancient Greece, the satisfying development of this ideal of the average sensual man is broken by the imperious ideal of art and science disparaging it; in the Germanic nations, by the ideal of morality disparaging it. Still, whenever, as often happens, the pursuers of these higher ideals are a little weary of them or unsuccessful with them, they turn with a sort of envy and admiration to the ideal set up by France, —so positive, intelligible, and up to a certain point satisfying. They are inclined to try it instead of their own, although they can never bring themselves

to try it thoroughly, and therefore well. But this explains the great attraction France exercises upon the world. All of us feel, at some time or other in our lives, a hankering after the French ideal, a disposition to try it. More particularly is this true of the Latin nations; and therefore everywhere, among these nations, you see the old indigenous type of city disappearing, and the type of modern Paris, the city of *l'homme sensuel moyen*, replacing it. *La Bohême*, the ideal, free, pleasurable life of Paris, is a kind of Paradise of Ishmaels. And all this assent from every quarter, and the clearness and apparent reasonableness of their ideal besides, fill the French with a kind of ecstatic faith in it, a zeal almost fanatical for propagating what they call French civilisation everywhere, for establishing its predominance, and their own predominance along with it, as of the people entrusted with an oracle so showy and taking. *Oh that Ishmael might live before thee!* Since everybody has something which conspires with this Ishmael, his success, again and again, seems to be certain. Again and again he seems drawing near to a worldwide success, nay, to have succeeded;—but always, at this point, disaster overtakes him, he signally breaks down. At this crowning moment, when all seems triumphant with him, comes what the Bible calls a *crisis*, or judgment. *Now is the judgment of this world! now shall the prince of this world be cast out!*[4] Cast out he is, and always must be, because his ideal, which is also that of France in general, however she may have noble spirits who contend against it and

[4] John xii. 31.

seek a better, is after all a false one. Plausible and attractive as it may be, the constitution of things turns out to be somehow or other against it. And why? Because the free development of our senses all round, of our *apparent* self, has to undergo a profound modification from the law of our higher *real* self, the law of righteousness; because he, whose ideal is the free development of the senses all round, *serves* the senses, is a *servant*. But: *The servant abideth not in the house for ever; the* son *abideth for ever.*[5]

Is it possible to imagine a grander testimony to the truth of the revelation committed to Israel? What miracle of making an iron axe-head float on water, what successful prediction that a thing should happen just so many years and months and days hence, could be really half so impressive?—*Literature and Dogma*, ed. 1896, pp. 319–325.

[5] John viii. 35.

The Celt and the Teuton.

Let me repeat what I have often said of the characteristics which mark the English spirit, the English genius. This spirit, this genius, judged, to be sure, rather from a friend's than an enemy's point of view, yet judged on the whole fairly, is characterised, I have repeatedly said, by *energy with honesty*. Take away some of the energy which comes to us, as I believe, in part from Celtic and Roman sources; instead of energy, say rather *steadiness;* and you have the Germanic genius: *steadiness with honesty*. It is evident how nearly the two characterisations approach one another; and yet they leave, as we shall see, a great deal of room for difference. Steadiness with honesty; the danger for a national spirit thus composed is the humdrum, the plain and ugly, the ignoble: in a word, *das Gemeine*, *die Gemeinheit*, that curse of Germany, against which Goethe was all his life fighting. The excellence of a national spirit thus composed is freedom from whim, flightiness, perverseness; patient fidelity to Nature,—in a word, *science*,—leading it at last, though slowly, and not by the most brilliant road, out of the bondage of the humdrum and common, into the better life. The universal dead-level of plainness and homeliness, the lack of all beauty and distinction in form and feature, the slowness and clumsiness of the language, the

eternal beer, sausages, and bad tobacco, the blank commonness everywhere, pressing at last like a weight on the spirits of the traveller in Northern Germany, and making him impatient to be gone,—this is the weak side; the industry, the well-doing, the patient steady elaboration of things, the idea of science governing all departments of human activity,—this is the strong side; and through this side of her genius, Germany has already obtained excellent results, and is destined, we may depend upon it, however her pedantry, her slowness, her fumbling, her ineffectiveness, her bad government, may at times makes us cry out, to an immense development.[1]

For dulness, the creeping Saxons,—says an old Irish poem, assigning the characteristics for which different nations are celebrated:

> For acuteness and valour, the Greeks,
> For excessive pride, the Romans,
> For dulness, the creeping Saxons;
> For beauty and amorousness, the Gaedhils.

We have seen in what sense, and with what explanation, this characterisation of the German may be allowed to stand; now let us come to the beautiful and amorous Gaedhil. Or rather, let us find a definition which may suit both branches of the Celtic family, the Cymri as well as the Gael. It is clear that special circumstances may have developed some one side in the national character of Cymri or Gael, Welshman or Irishman, so that the observer's notice

[1] It is to be remembered that the above was written before the recent war between Prussia and Austria.

shall be readily caught by this side, and yet it may be impossible to adopt it as characteristic of the Celtic nature generally. For instance, in his beautiful essay on the poetry of the Celtic races, M. Renan, with his eyes fixed on the Bretons and the Welsh, is struck with the timidity, the shyness, the delicacy of the Celtic nature, its preference for a retired life, its embarrassment at having to deal with the great world. He talks of the *douce petite race naturellement chrétienne*, his *race fière et timide, à l'extérieur gauche et embarrassée*. But it is evident that this description, however well it may do for the Cymri, will never do for the Gael, never do for the typical Irishman of Donnybrook fair. Again, M. Renan's *infinie délicatesse de sentiment qui caractérise la race Celtique*, how little that accords with the popular conception of an Irishman who wants to borrow money! *Sentiment* is, however, the word which marks where the Celtic races really touch and are one; sentimental, if the Celtic nature is to be characterised by a single term, is the best term to take. An organisation quick to feel impressions, and feeling them very strongly; a lively personality therefore, keenly sensitive to joy and to sorrow; this is the main point. If the downs of life too much outnumber the ups, this temperament, just because it is so quickly and nearly conscious of all impressions, may no doubt be seen shy and wounded; it may be seen in wistful regret, it may be seen in passionate, penetrating melancholy; but its essence is to aspire ardently after life, light, and emotion, to be expansive, adventurous, and gay. Our word *gay*, it is said, is itself Celtic. It is not from

gaudium, but from the Celtic *gair*, to laugh;[2] and the impressionable Celt, soon up and soon down, is the more down because it is so his nature to be up—to be sociable, hospitable, eloquent, admired, figuring away brilliantly. He loves bright colours, he easily becomes audacious, overcrowing, full of fanfaronade. The German, say the physiologists, has the larger volume of intestines (and who that has ever seen a German at a table-d'hôte will not readily believe this?), the Frenchman has the more developed organs of respiration. That is just the expansive, eager Celtic nature; the head in the air, snuffing and snorting; *a proud look and a high stomach*, as the Psalmist says, but without any such settled savage temper as the Psalmist seems to impute by those words. For good and for bad, the Celtic genius is more airy and unsubstantial, goes less near the ground, than the German. The Celt is often called sensual; but it is not so much the vulgar satisfactions of sense that attract him as emotion and excitement; he is truly, as I began by saying, sentimental.

Sentimental,—*always ready to react against the despotism of fact;* that is the description a great

[2] The etymology is Monsieur Henri Martin's, but Lord Strangford says:—"Whatever *gai* may be, it is assuredly not Celtic. Is there any authority for this word *gair*, to laugh, or rather 'laughter,' beyond O'Reilly? O'Reilly is no authority at all except in so far as tested and passed by the new school. It is hard to give up *gavisus*. But Diez, chief authority in Romanic matters, is content to accept Muratori's reference to an old High-German *gâhi*, modern *jähe*, sharp, quick, sudden, brisk, and so to the sense of lively, animated, high in spirits."

friend[3] of the Celt gives of him; and it is not a bad description of the sentimental temperament; it lets us into the secret of its dangers and of its habitual want of success. Balance, measure, and patience, these are the eternal conditions, even supposing the happiest temperament to start with, of high success; and balance, measure, and patience are just what the Celt has never had. Even in the world of spiritual creation, he has never, in spite of his admirable gifts of quick perception and warm emotion, succeeded perfectly, because he never has had steadiness, patience, sanity enough to comply with the conditions under which alone can expression be perfectly given to the finest perceptions and emotions. The Greek has the same perceptive, emotional temperament as the Celt; but he adds to this temperament the sense of *measure;* hence his admirable success in the plastic arts, in which the Celtic genius, with its chafing against the despotism of fact, its perpetual straining after mere emotion, has accomplished nothing. In the comparatively petty art of ornamentation, in rings, brooches, crosiers, relic-cases, and so on, he has done just enough to show his delicacy of taste, his happy temperament; but the grand difficulties of painting and sculpture, the prolonged dealings of spirit with matter, he has never had patience for. Take the more spiritual arts of music and poetry. All that emotion alone can do in music the Celt has done; the very soul of emotion breathes in the Scotch and Irish airs; but with all this power of musical feeling, what

[3] Monsieur Henri Martin, whose chapters on the Celts, in his *Histoire de France*, are full of information and interest.

has the Celt, so eager for emotion that he has not patience for science, effected in music, to be compared with what the less emotional German, steadily developing his musical feeling with the science of a Sebastian Bach or a Beethoven, has effected? In poetry, again, —poetry which the Celt has so passionately, so nobly loved; poetry where emotion counts for so much, but where reason, too, reason, measure, sanity, also count for so much,—the Celt has shown genius, indeed, splendid genius; but even here his faults have clung to him, and hindered him from producing great works, such as other nations with a genius for poetry,—the Greeks, say, or the Italians,—have produced. The Celt has not produced great poetical works, he has only produced poetry with an air of greatness investing it all, and sometimes giving, moreover, to short pieces, or to passages, lines, and snatches of long pieces, singular beauty and power. And yet he loved poetry so much that he grudged no pains to it; but the true art, the *architectonicé* which shapes great works, such as the *Agamemnon* or the *Divine Comedy*, comes only after a steady, deep-searching survey, a firm conception of the facts of human life, which the Celt has not patience for. So he runs off into technic, where he employs the utmost elaboration, and attains astonishing skill; but in the contents of his poetry you have only so much interpretation of the world as the first dash of a quick, strong perception, and then sentiment, infinite sentiment, can bring you. Here, too, his want of sanity and steadfastness has kept the Celt back from the highest success.

If his rebellion against fact has thus lamed the Celt

even in spiritual work, how much more must it have lamed him in the world of business and politics! The skilful and resolute appliance of means to ends which is needed both to make progress in material civilisation, and also to form powerful states, is just what the Celt has least turn for. He is sensual, as I have said, or at least sensuous; loves bright colours, company, and pleasure; and here he is like the Greek and Latin races; but compare the talent the Greek and Latin (or Latinised) races have shown for gratifying their senses, for procuring an outward life, rich, luxurious, splendid, with the Celt's failure to reach any material civilisation sound and satisfying, and not out at elbows, poor, slovenly, and half-barbarous. The sensuousness of the Greek made Sybaris and Corinth, the sensuousness of the Latin made Rome and Baiæ, the sensuousness of the Latinised Frenchman makes Paris; the sensuousness of the Celt proper has made Ireland. Even in his ideal heroic times, his gay and sensuous nature cannot carry him in the appliances of his favourite life of sociability and pleasure, beyond the gross and creeping Saxon whom he despises; the regent Breas, we are told in the *Battle of Moytura of the Foromians*, became unpopular because "the knives of his people were not greased at his table, nor did their breath smell of ale at the banquet." In its grossness and barbarousness is not that Saxon, as Saxon as it can be? just what the Latinised Norman, sensuous and sociable like the Celt, but with the talent to make this bent of his serve to a practical embellishment of his mode of living, found so disgusting in the Saxon.

And as in material civilisation he has been ineffectual, so has the Celt been ineffectual in politics. This colossal, impetuous, adventurous wanderer, the Titan of the early world, who in primitive times fills so large a place on earth's scene, dwindles and dwindles as history goes on, and at last is shrunk to what we now see him. For ages and ages the world has been constantly slipping, ever more and more, out of the Celt's grasp. "They went forth to the war," Ossian says most truly, "*but they always fell.*"

And yet, if one sets about constituting an ideal genius, what a great deal of the Celt does one find oneself drawn to put into it! Of an ideal genius one does not want the elements, any of them, to be in a state of weakness; on the contrary, one wants all of them to be in the highest state of power; but with a law of measure, of harmony, presiding over the whole. So the sensibility of the Celt, if everything else were not sacrificed to it, is a beautiful and admirable force. For sensibility, the power of quick and strong perception and emotion, is one of the very prime constituents of genius, perhaps its most positive constituent; it is to the soul what good senses are to the body, the grand natural condition of successful activity. Sensibility gives genius its materials; one cannot have too much of it, if one can but keep its master and not be its slave. Do not let us wish that the Celt had had less sensibility but that he had been more master of it. Even as it is, if his sensibility has been a source of weakness to him, it has been a source of power too, and a source of happiness. Some people have found in the Celtic

nature and its sensibility the main root out of which chivalry and romance and the glorification of a feminine ideal spring; this is a great question, with which I cannot deal here. Let me notice in passing, however, that there is, in truth, a Celtic air about the extravagance of chivalry, its reaction against the despotism of fact, its straining human nature further than it will stand. But putting all this question of chivalry and its origin on one side, no doubt the sensibility of the Celtic nature, its nervous exaltation, have something feminine in them, and the Celt is thus peculiarly disposed to feel the spell of the feminine idiosyncrasy; he has an affinity to it; he is not far from its secret. Again, his sensibility gives him a peculiarly near and intimate feeling of nature and the life of nature; here, too, he seems in a special way attracted by the secret before him, the secret of natural beauty and natural magic, and to be close to it, to half-divine it. In the productions of the Celtic genius, nothing, perhaps, is so interesting as the evidences of this power: I shall have occasion to give specimens of them by and by. The same sensibility made the Celts full of reverence and enthusiasm for genius, learning, and the things of the mind; *to be a bard, freed a man*,—that is a characteristic stroke of this generous and ennobling ardour of theirs, which no race has ever shown more strongly. Even the extravagance and exaggeration of the sentimental Celtic nature has often something romantic and attractive about it, something which has a sort of smack of misdirected good. The Celt, undisciplinable, anarchical, and turbulent by nature, but out of affection

and admiration giving himself body and soul to some leader, that is not a promising political temperament, it is just the opposite of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, disciplinable and steadily obedient within certain limits, but retaining an inalienable part of freedom and self-dependence; but it is a temperament for which one has a kind of sympathy notwithstanding. And very often, for the gay defiant reaction against fact of the lively Celtic nature one has more than sympathy; one feels, in spite of the extravagance, in spite of good sense disapproving, magnetised and exhilarated by it. The Gauls had a rule inflicting a fine on every warrior who, when he appeared on parade, was found to stick out too much in front,—to be corpulent, in short. Such a rule is surely the maddest article of war ever framed, and to people to whom nature has assigned a large volume of intestines, must appear, no doubt, horrible; but yet has it not an audacious, sparkling, immaterial manner with it, which lifts one out of routine, and sets one's spirits in a glow?

All tendencies of human nature are in themselves vital and profitable; when they are blamed, they are only to be blamed relatively, not absolutely. This holds true of the Saxon's phlegm as well as of the Celt's sentiment. Out of the steady humdrum habit of the creeping Saxon, as the Celt calls him,—out of his way of going near the ground,—has come, no doubt, Philistinism, that plant of essentially Germanic growth, flourishing with its genuine marks only in the German fatherland, Great Britain and her colonies, and the United States of America; but what a soul

of goodness there is in Philistinism itself! and this soul of goodness I, who am often supposed to be Philistinism's mortal enemy merely because I do not wish it to have things all its own way, cherish as much as anybody. This steady-going habit leads at last, as I have said, up to science, up to the comprehension and interpretation of the world. With us in Great Britain, it is true, it does not seem to lead so far as that; it is in Germany, where the habit is more unmixed, that it can lead to science. Here with us it seems at a certain point to meet with a conflicting force, which checks it and prevents its pushing on to science; but before reaching this point what conquests has it not won! and all the more, perhaps, for stopping short at this point, for spending its exertions within a bounded field, the field of plain sense, of direct practical utility. How it has augmented the comforts and conveniences of life for us! Doors that open, windows that shut, locks that turn, razors that shave, coats that wear, watches that go, and a thousand more such good things, are the invention of the Philistines.—*On the Study of Celtic Literature*, ed 1895, pp. 73–84.

We, on the other hand, do not necessarily gain by the commixture of elements in us; we have seen how the clashing of natures in us hampers and embarrasses our behaviour; we might very likely be more attractive, we might very likely be more successful, if we were all of a piece. Our want of sureness of taste, our eccentricity, come in great measure, no doubt, from our not being all of a piece, from our having no fixed, fatal, spiritual centre of gravity. The Rue de Rivoli is one thing, and Nuremberg is another, and Stonehenge is another; but we have a turn for all three, and lump them all up together. Mr. Tom Taylor's translations from Breton poetry offer a good example of this mixing; he has a genuine feeling for these Celtic matters, and often, as in the *Evil Tribute of Nomenoë*, or in *Lord Nann and the Fairy*, he is, both in movement and expression, true and appropriate; but he has a sort of Teutonism and Latinism in him too, and so he cannot forbear mixing with his Celtic strain such disparates as:—

> "'Twas mirk, mirk night, and the water bright
> Troubled and drumlie flowed"—

which is evidently Lowland-Scotchy; or as:—

> "Foregad, but thou'rt an artful hand!"

which is English-stagey; or as:—

> " To Gradlon's daughter, bright of blee,
> Her lover he whispered tenderly—
> *Bethink thee, sweet Dahut ! the key !*"

which is Anacreontic in the manner of Tom Moore. Yes, it is not a sheer advantage to have several strings to one's bow ! if we had been all German, we might have had the science of Germany ; if we had been all Celtic, we might have been popular and agreeable ; if we had been all Latinised, we might have governed Ireland as the French govern Alsace, without getting ourselves detested. But now we have Germanism enough to make us Philistines, and Normanism enough to make us imperious, and Celtism enough to make us self-conscious and awkward ; but German fidelity to Nature, and Latin precision and clear reason, and Celtic quick-wittedness and spirituality, we fall short of. Nay, perhaps, if we are doomed to perish (Heaven avert the omen !), we shall perish by our Celtism, by our self-will and want of patience with ideas, our inability to see the way the world is going ; and yet those very Celts, by our affinity with whom we are perishing, will be hating and upbraiding us all the time.

This is a somewhat unpleasant view to take of the matter ; but if it is true, its being unpleasant does not make it any less true, and we are always the better for seeing the truth. What we here see is not the whole truth, however. So long as this mixed constitution of our nature possesses us, we pay it tribute and serve it ; so soon as we possess it, it pays us tribute and serves us. So long as we are blindly and ignorantly rolled about by the forces of our nature,

their contradiction baffles us and lames us ; so soon as we have clearly discerned what they are, and begun to apply to them a law of measure, control, and guidance, they may be made to work for our good and to carry us forward. Then we may have the good of our German part, the good of our Latin part, the good of our Celtic part ; and instead of one part clashing with the other, we may bring it in to continue and perfect the other, when the other has given us all the good it can yield, and by being pressed further, could only give us its faulty excess. Then we may use the German faithfulness to Nature to give us science, and to free us from insolence and self-will ; we may use the Celtic quickness of perception to give us delicacy, and to free us from hardness and Philistinism ; we may use the Latin decisiveness to give us strenuous clear method, and to free us from fumbling and idling. Already, in their untrained state, these elements give signs, in our life and literature, of their being present in us, and a kind of prophecy of what they could do for us if they were properly observed, trained, and applied. But this they have not yet been ; we ride one force of our nature to death ; we will be nothing but Anglo-Saxons in the Old World or in the New ; and when our race has built Bold Street, Liverpool, and pronounced it very good, it hurries across the Atlantic, and builds Nashville, and Jacksonville, and Milledgeville, and thinks it is fulfilling the designs of Providence in an incomparable manner. But true Anglo-Saxons, simply and sincerely rooted in the German nature, we are not and cannot be ; all we have accomplished by our onesideness is

to blur and confuse the natural basis in ourselves altogether, and to become something eccentric, unattractive, and inharmonious.

A man of exquisite intelligence and charming character, the late Mr. Cobden, used to fancy that a better acquaintance with the United States was the grand panacea for us; and once in a speech he bewailed the inattention of our seats of learning to them, and seemed to think that if our ingenuous youth at Oxford were taught a little less about the Ilissus, and a little more about Chicago, we should all be the better for it. Chicago has its claims upon us, no doubt; but it is evident that from the point of view to which I have been leading, a stimulation of our Anglo-Saxonism, such as is intended by Mr. Cobden's proposal, does not appear the thing most needful for us; seeing our American brothers themselves have rather, like us, to try and moderate the flame of Anglo-Saxonism, in their own breasts, than to ask us to clap the bellows to it in ours. So I am inclined to beseech Oxford, instead of expiating her over-addiction to the Ilissus by lectures on Chicago, to give us an expounder for a still more remote-looking object than the Ilissus,—the Celtic languages and literature. And yet why should I call it remote? if, as I have been labouring to show, in the spiritual frame of us English ourselves, a Celtic fibre, little as we may have ever thought of tracing it, lives and works. *Aliens in speech, in religion, in blood!* said Lord Lyndhurst; the philologists have set him right about the speech, the physiologists about the blood; and perhaps, taking religion in the wide but true sense of our whole

spiritual activity, those who have followed what I have been saying here will think that the Celt is not so wholly alien to us in religion. But, at any rate, let us consider that of the shrunken and diminished remains of this great primitive race, all, with one insignificant exception, belongs to the English empire; only Brittany is not ours; we have Ireland; the Scotch Highlands, Wales, the Isle of Man, Cornwall. They are a part of ourselves, we are deeply interested in knowing them, they are deeply interested in being known by us; and yet in the great and rich universities of this great and rich country there is no chair of Celtic, there is no study or teaching of Celtic matters; those who want them must go abroad for them. It is neither right nor reasonable that this should be so. Ireland has had in the last half century a band of Celtic students,—a band with which death, alas! has of late been busy,—from whence Oxford or Cambridge might have taken an admirable professor of Celtic; and with the authority of a university chair, a great Celtic scholar, on a subject little known, and where all would have readily deferred to him, might have by this time doubled our facilities for knowing the Celt, by procuring for this country Celtic documents, which were inaccessible here, and preventing the dispersion of others which were accessible. It is not much that the English Government does for science or literature; but if Eugene O'Curry, from a chair of Celtic at Oxford, had appealed to the Government to get him copies or the originals of the Celtic treasures in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, or in the library of St. Isidore's College at Rome, even the

English Government could not well have refused him. The invaluable Irish manuscripts in the Stowe Library the late Sir Robert Peel proposed, in 1849, to buy for the British Museum; Lord Macaulay, one of the trustees of the Museum, declared, with the confident shallowness which makes him so admired by public speakers and leading-article writers, and so intolerable to all searchers for truth, that he saw nothing in the whole collection worth purchasing for the Museum, except the correspondence of Lord Melville on the American war. That is to say, this correspondence of Lord Melville's was the only thing in the collection about which Lord Macaulay himself knew or cared. Perhaps an Oxford or Cambridge professor of Celtic might have been allowed to make his voice heard, on a matter of Celtic manuscripts, even against Lord Macaulay. The manuscripts were bought by Lord Ashburnham, who keeps them shut up, and will let no one consult them (at least up to the date when O'Curry published his *Lectures* he did so) "for fear an actual acquaintance with their contents should decrease their value as matter of curiosity at some future transfer or sale." Who knows? Perhaps an Oxford professor of Celtic might have touched the flinty heart of Lord Ashburnham.

At this moment, when the narrow Philistinism, which has long had things its own way in England, is showing its natural fruits, and we are beginning to feel ashamed, and uneasy, and alarmed at it; now, when we are becoming aware that we have sacrificed to Philistinism culture, and insight, and dignity, and acceptance, and weight among the nations, and hold

on events that deeply concern us, and control of the future, and yet that it cannot even give us the fool's paradise it promised us, but is apt to break down, and to leave us with Mr. Roebuck's and Mr. Lowe's laudations of our matchless happiness, and the largest circulation in the world assured to the *Daily Telegraph*, for our only comfort; at such a moment it needs some moderation not to be attacking Philistinism by storm, but to mine it through such gradual means as the slow approaches of culture, and the introduction of chairs of Celtic. But the hard unintelligence, which is just now our bane, cannot be conquered by storm; it must be suppled and reduced by culture, by a growth in the variety, fulness, and sweetness of our spiritual life; and this end can only be reached by studying things that are outside of ourselves, and by studying them disinterestedly. Let us unite ourselves with our better mind and with the world through science; and let it be one of our angelic revenges on the Philistines, who among their other sins are the guilty authors of Fenianism, to found at Oxford a chair of Celtic, and to send, through the gentle ministration of science, a message of peace to Ireland.—*On the Study of Celtic Literature*, ed. 1895, pp. 131–137.

Compulsory Education.

GRUBB STREET, *April* 21, 1867.

SIR:—

I take up the thread of the interesting and important discussion on compulsory education between Arminius and me where I left it last night.

"But," continued Arminius, "you were talking of compulsory education, and your common people's want of it. Now, my dear friend, I want you to understand what this principle of compulsory education really means. It means that to ensure, as far as you can, every man's being fit for his business in life, you put education as a bar, or condition, between him and what he aims at. The principle is just as good for one class as another, and it is only by applying it impartially that you save its application from being insolent and invidious. Our Prussian peasant stands our compelling him to instruct himself before he may go about his calling, because he sees we believe in instruction, and compel our own class, too, in a way to make it really feel the pressure, to instruct itself before it may go about its calling. Now, you propose to make old Diggs's boys instruct themselves before they may go bird-scaring or sheep-tending. I want to know what you do to make those three worthies in

that justice-room instruct themselves before they may go acting as magistrates and judges." "Do?" said I; "why, just look what they have done all of themselves. Lumpington and Hittall have had a public-school and university education; Bottles has had Dr. Silverpump's, and the practical training of business. What on earth would you have us make them do more?" "Qualify themselves for administrative or judicial functions, if they exercise them," said Arminius. "That is what really answers, in their case, to the compulsion you propose to apply to Diggs's boys. Sending Lord Lumpington and Mr. Hittall to school is nothing; the natural course of things takes them there. Don't suppose that, by doing this, you are applying the principle of compulsory education fairly, and as you apply it to Diggs's boys. You are not interposing, for the rich, education as a bar or condition between them and that which they aim at. But interpose it, as we do, between the rich and things they aim at, and I will say something to you. I should like to know what has made Lord Lumpington a magistrate?" "Made Lord Lumpington a magistrate?" said I; "why, the Lumpington estate, to be sure." "And the Reverend Esau Hittall?" continued Arminius. "Why, the Lumpington living, of course," said I. "And that man Bottles?" he went on. "His English energy and self-reliance," I answered very stiffly, for Arminius's incessant carping began to put me in a huff; "those same incomparable and truly British qualities which have just triumphed over every obstacle and given us the Atlantic telegraph!—and let me tell you, Von T., in my opinion it will be

a long time before the 'Geist' of any pedant of a Prussian professor gives us anything half so valuable as that." "Pshaw!" replied Arminius, contemptuously; "that great rope, with a Philistine at each end of it talking inutilities!

"But in my country," he went on, "we should have begun to put a pressure on these future magistrates at school. Before we allowed Lord Lumpington and Mr. Hittall to go to the university at all, we should have examined them, and we should not have trusted the keepers of that absurd cockpit you took me down to see, to examine them as they chose, and send them jogging comfortably off to the university on their lame longs and shorts. No; there would have been some Mr. Grote as School Board Commissary, pitching into them questions about history, and some Mr. Lowe, as Crown Patronage Commissary, pitching into them questions about English literature; and these young men would have been kept from the university, as Diggs's boys are kept from their bird-scaring, till they instructed themselves. Then, if, after three years of their university, they wanted to be magistrates, another pressure!—a great Civil Service examination before a board of experts, an examination in English law, Roman law, English history, history of jurisprudence——" "A most abominable liberty to take with Lumpington and Hittall!" exclaimed I. "Then your compulsory education is a most abominable liberty to take with Diggs's boys," retorted Arminius. "But, good gracious! my dear Arminius," expostulated I, "do you really mean to maintain that a man can't put old Diggs in quod for snaring a hare

without all this elaborate apparatus of Roman law and history of jurisprudence?" "And do you really mean to maintain," returned Arminius, "that a man can't go bird-scaring or sheep-tending without all this elaborate apparatus of a compulsory school?" "Oh, but," I answered, "to live at all, even at the lowest stage of human life, a man needs instruction." "Well," returned Arminius, "and to administer at all, even at the lowest stage of public administration, a man needs instruction." "We have never found it so," said I.

Arminius shrugged his shoulders and was silent. By this time the proceedings in the justice-room were drawn to an end, the majesty of the law had been vindicated against old Diggs, and the magistrates were coming out. I never saw a finer spectacle than my friend Arminius presented, as he stood by to gaze on the august trio as they passed. His pilot-coat was tightly buttoned round his stout form, his light blue eye shone, his sanguine cheeks were ruddier than ever with the cold morning and the excitement of discourse, his fell of tow was blown about by the March wind, and volumes of tobacco-smoke issued from his lips. So in old days stood, I imagine, his great namesake by the banks of the Lippe, glaring on the Roman legions before their destruction.

Lord Lumpington was the first who came out. His lordship good-naturedly recognised me with a nod, and then eyeing Arminius with surprise and curiosity: "Whom on earth have you got there?" he whispered. "A very distinguished young Prussian *savant*," replied I; and then dropping my voice, in my most impressive undertones I added: "And a young man of very good

family, besides, my lord." Lord Lumpington looked at Arminius again; smiled, shook his head, and then, turning away, and half aloud: "Can't compliment you on your friend," says he.

As for that centaur Hittall, who thinks on nothing on earth but field-sports, and in the performance of his sacred duties never warms up except when he lights on some passage about hunting or fowling, he always, whenever he meets me, remembers that in my unregenerate days, before Arminius inoculated me with a passion for intellect, I was rather fond of shooting, and not quite such a successful shot as Hittall himself. So, the moment he catches sight of me: "How d'ye do, old fellow?" he blurts out; "well, been shooting any straighter this year than you used to, eh?"

I turned from him in pity, and then I noticed Arminius, who had unluckily heard Lord Lumpington's unfavourable comment on him, absolutely purple with rage and blowing like a turkey-cock. "Never mind, Arminius," said I soothingly; "run after Lumpington, and ask him the square root of thirty-six." But now it was my turn to be a little annoyed, for at the same instant Mr. Bottles stepped into his brougham, which was waiting for him, and observing Arminius, his old enemy of the Reigate train, he took no notice whatever of me who stood there, with my hat in my hand, practising all the airs and graces I have learnt on the Continent; but, with that want of amenity I so often have to deplore in my countrymen, he pulled up the glass on our side with a grunt and a jerk, and drove off like the wind, leaving Arminius in

a very bad temper indeed, and me, I confess, a good deal shocked and mortified.

However, both Arminius and I got over it, and have now returned to London, where I hope we shall before long have another good talk about educational matters. Whatever Arminius may say, I am still for going straight, with all our heart and soul, at compulsory education for the lower orders. Why, good heavens! Sir, with our present squeezable Ministry, we are evidently drifting fast to household suffrage, pure and simple; and I observe, moreover, a Jacobinical spirit growing up in some quarters which gives me more alarm than even household suffrage. My elevated position in Grub Street, Sir, where I sit commercing with the stars, commands a view of a certain spacious and secluded back yard; and in that back yard, Sir, I tell you confidentially that I saw the other day with my own eyes that powerful young publicist, Mr. Frederic Harrison, in full evening costume, furbishing up a guillotine. These things are very serious; and I say, if the masses are to have power, let them be instructed, and don't swamp with ignorance and unreason the education and intelligence which now bear rule amongst us. For my part, when I think of Lumpington's estate, family, and connections, when I think of Hittall's shooting, and of the energy and self-reliance of Bottles, and when I see the unexampled pitch of splendour and security to which these have conducted us, I am bent, I own, on trying to make the new elements of our political system worthy of the old; and I say kindly, but firmly, to the compound householder in the French poet's beau-

tiful words,[1] slightly altered: "Be Great, O working class, for the middle and upper class are great!"

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

(From the autumn of this year (1867) dates one of the most painful memories of my life. I have mentioned in the last letter but one how in the spring I was commencing the study of German philosophy with Arminius. In the autumn of that year the celebrated young Comtist, Mr. Frederic Harrison, resenting some supposed irreverence of mine towards his master, permitted himself, in a squib, brilliant indeed, but unjustifiably severe, to make game of my inaptitude for philosophical pursuits. It was on this occasion he launched the damning sentence: "We seek vainly in Mr. A. a system of philosophy with principles coherent, interdependent, subordinate, and derivative." The blow came at an unlucky moment for me. I was studying, as I have said, German philosophy with Arminius; we were then engaged on Hegel's "Phenomenology of *Geist*," and it was my habit to develop to Arminius, at great length, my views of the meaning of his great but difficult countryman. One morning I had, perhaps, been a little fuller than usual over a very profound chapter. Arminius was suffering from dyspepsia (brought on, as I believe,

[1] "Et tâchez d'être grand, car le peuple grandit."

by incessant smoking); his temper, always irritable, seemed suddenly to burst from all control,—he flung the *Phänomenologie* to the other end of the room, exclaiming: "That smart young fellow is quite right! it is impossible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!" This led to a rupture, in which I think I may fairly say that the chief blame was not on my side. But two invaluable years were thus lost; Arminius abandoned me for Mr. Frederic Harrison, who must certainly have many memoranda of his later conversations, but has never given them, as I always did mine of his earlier ones, to the world. A melancholy occasion brought Arminius and me together again in 1869; the sparkling pen of my friend Leo has luckily preserved the record of what then passed.)—ED. *Friendship's Garland*, ed. 1896, pp. 266–273.

"Life a Dream!"

VERSAILLES, *November* 26, 1870.

MON CHER,—

An event has just happened which I confess frankly will afflict others more than it does me, but which you ought to be informed of.

Early this morning I was passing between Rueil and Bougival, opposite Mont Valérien. How came I in that place at that hour? *Mon cher*, forgive my folly! You have read *Romeo and Juliet*, you have seen me at Cremorne, and though Mars has just now this *belle France* in his gripe, yet you remember, I hope, enough of your classics to know that, where Mars is, Venus is never very far off. Early this morning, then, I was between Rueil and Bougival, with Mont Valérien in grim proximity. On a bank by a poplar-tree at the roadside, I saw a knot of German soldiers, gathered evidently round a wounded man. I approached and frankly tendered my help, in the name of British humanity. What answer I may have got I do not know; for, petrified with astonishment, I recognised in the wounded man our familiar acquaintance, Arminius von Thunder-ten-Tronckh. A Prussian helmet was stuck on his head, but there was the old hassock of whity-brown hair,—there was the old square face,—

there was the old blue pilot coat! He was shot through the chest, and evidently near his end. He had been on outpost duty;—the night had been quiet, but a few random shots had been fired. One of these had struck Arminius in the breast, and gone right through his body. By this stray bullet, without glory, without a battle, without even a foe in sight, had fallen the last of the Von Thunder-ten-Tronckhs!

He knew me, and with a nod, "Ah," said he, "the rowdy Philistine!" You know his turn, *outré* in my opinion, for flinging nicknames right and left. The present, however, was not a moment for resentment. The Germans saw that their comrade was in friendly hands, and gladly left him with me. He had evidently but a few minutes to live. I sate down on the bank by him, and asked him if I could do anything to relieve him. He shook his head. Any message to his friends in England? He nodded. I ran over the most prominent names which occurred to me of the old set. First, our Amphitryon, Mr. Bottles. "Say to Bottles from me," said Arminius coldly, "that I hope he will be comfortable with his dead wife's sister." Next, Mr. Frederic Harrison. "Tell him," says Arminius, "to do more in literature,—he has a talent for it; and to avoid Carlylese as he would the devil." Then I mentioned a personage to whom Arminius had taken a great fancy last spring, and of whose witty writings some people had, absurdly enough, given Mr. Matthew Arnold the credit,—Azamat-Batuk. Both writers are simple; but Azamat's is the simplicity of shrewdness, the other's of helplessness. At hearing the clever Turk's name, "Tell him only," whispers

Arminius, "when he writes about the sex, not to show such a turn for sailing so very near the wind!" Lastly, I mentioned Mr. Matthew Arnold. I hope I rate this poor soul's feeble and rambling performances at their proper value; but I am bound to say that at the mention of his name Arminius showed signs of tenderness. "Poor fellow!" sighed he; "he had a soft head, but I valued his heart. Tell him I leave him my ideas,—the easier ones; and advise him from me," he added, with a faint smile, "to let his Dissenters go to the devil their own way!"

At this instant there was a movement on the road at a little distance from where we were,—some of the Prussian Princes, I believe, passing; at any rate, we heard the honest German soldiers *Hoch-ing*, hurrahing, and God-blessing, in their true-hearted but somewhat *rococo* manner. A flush passed over Von Thunder-ten-Tronckh's face. "God bless *Germany*," he murmured, "and confound all her kings and princelings!" These were his last coherent words. His eyes closed and he seemed to become unconscious. I stooped over him and inquired if he had any wishes about his interment. "Pangloss—Mr. Lowe—mausoleum—Caterham," was all that, in broken words, I could gather from him. His breath came with more and more difficulty, his fingers felt instinctively for his tobacco-pouch, his lips twitched; —he was gone.

So died, *mon cher*, an arrant Republican, and, to speak my real mind, a most unpleasant companion. His great name and lineage imposed on the Bottles family, and authors who had never succeeded with the

British public took pleasure in his disparaging criticisms on our free and noble country; but for my part I always thought him an overrated man.

Meanwhile I was alone with his remains. His notion of their being transported to Caterham was of course impracticable. Still, I did not like to leave an old acquaintance to the crows, and I looked round in perplexity. Fortune in the most unexpected manner befriended me. The grounds of a handsome villa came down to the road close to where I was; at the end of the grounds and overhanging the road was a summer-house. Its shutters had been closed when I first discovered Arminius; but while I was occupied with him they had been opened, and a gay trio was visible within the summer-house at breakfast. I could scarcely believe my eyes for satisfaction. Three English members of Parliament, celebrated for their ardent charity and advanced Liberalism, were sitting before me adorned with a red cross and eating a Strasburg pie! I approached them and requested their aid to bury Arminius. My request seemed to occasion them painful embarrassment; they muttered something about "a breach of the understanding," and went on with their breakfast. I insisted, however; and at length, having stipulated that what they were about to do should on no account be drawn into a precedent, they left their breakfast, and together we buried Arminius under the poplar-tree. It was a hurried business, for my friends had an engagement to lunch at Versailles at noon. Poor Von Thunder-ten-Tronckh, the earth lies light on him, indeed! I could see, as I left him, the blue of his pilot coat and

the whity-brown of his hair through the mould we had scattered over him.

My benevolent helpers and I then made our way together to Versailles. As I parted from them at the Hôtel des Reservoirs I met Sala. Little as I liked Arminius, the melancholy scene I had just gone through had shaken me, and I needed sympathy. I told Sala what had happened. "The old story," says Sala; "*life a dream!* Take a glass of brandy." He then inquired who my friends were. "Three admirable members of Parliament," I cried, "who, donning the cross of charity——" "I know," interrupted Sala; "the cleverest thing out!"

But the emotions of this agitating day were not yet over. While Sala was speaking, a group had formed before the hotel near us, and our attention was drawn to its central figure. Dr. Russell, of the *Times*, was preparing to mount his war-horse. You know the sort of thing,—he has described it himself over and over again. Bismarck at his horse's head, the Crown Prince holding his stirrup, and the old King of Prussia hoisting Russell into the saddle. When he was there, the distinguished public servant waved his hand in acknowledgment, and rode slowly down the street accompanied by the *gamins* of Versailles, who even in their present dejection could not forbear a few involuntary cries of "*Quel homme!*" Always unassuming, he alighted at the lodgings of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, a potentate of the second or even the third order, who had beckoned to him from the window.

The agitation of this scene for me, however (may

I not add, *mon cher*, for you also, and for the whole British press?), lay in a suggestion which it called forth from Sala. "It is all very well," said Sala, "but old Russell's guns are getting a little honey-combed; anybody can perceive that. He will have to be pensioned off, and why should you not succeed him?" We passed the afternoon in talking the thing over, and I think I may assure you that a train has been laid of which you will see the effects shortly.

For my part, I can afford to wait till the pear is ripe; yet I cannot, without a thrill of excitement, think of inoculating the respectable but somewhat ponderous *Times* and its readers with the divine madness of our new style,—the style we have formed upon Sala. The world, *mon cher*, knows that man but imperfectly. I do not class him with the great masters of human thought and human literature, —Plato, Shakspeare, Confucius, Charles Dickens. Sala, like us his disciples, has studied in the book of the world even more than in the world of books. But his career and genius have given him somehow the secret of a literary mixture novel and fascinating in the last degree: he blends the airy epicureanism of the *salons* of Augustus with the full-bodied gaiety of our English Cider-cellar. With our people and country, *mon cher*, this mixture, you may rely upon it, is now the very thing to go down; there arises every day a larger public for it; and we, Sala's disciples, may be trusted not willingly to let it die.—

Tout à vous, A YOUNG LION.[1]

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

[1] I am bound to say that in attempting to verify Leo's graphic

(I have thought that the memorial raised to Arminius would not be complete without the following essay, in which, though his name is not actually mentioned, he will be at once recognised as the leading spirit of the foreigners whose conversation is quoted.

Much as I owe to his intellect, I cannot help sometimes regretting that the spirit of youthful paradox which led me originally to question the perfections of my countrymen, should have been, as it were, prevented from dying out by my meeting, six years ago, with Arminius. The *Saturday Review*, in an article called "Mr. Matthew Arnold and his Countrymen," had taken my correction in hand, and I was in a fair way of amendment, when the intervention of Arminius stopped the cure, and turned me, as has been often said, into a mere mouthpiece of this dogmatic young Prussian. It was not that I did not often dislike his spirit and boldly stand up to him; but, on the whole, my intellect was (there is

description of Dr. Russell's mounting on horseback, from the latter's own excellent correspondence, to which Leo refers us, I have been unsuccessful. Repeatedly I have seemed to be on the trace of what my friend meant, but the particular description he alludes to I have never been lucky enough to light upon.

I may add that, in spite of what Leo says of the train he and Mr. Sala have laid, of Dr. Russell's approaching retirement, of Leo's prospect of succeeding him, of the charm of the leonine style, and of the disposition of the public mind to be fascinated by it,—I cannot myself believe that either the public, or the proprietors of the *Times*, are yet ripe for a change so revolutionary. But Leo was always sanguine.—ED.

no use denying it) overmatched by his. The following essay, which appeared at the beginning of 1866, was the first proof of this fatal predominance, which has in many ways cost me so dear.)—ED.

5 *Friendship's Garland*, ed. 1896, pp. 309–316.

America.

Our topic at this moment is the influence of religious establishments on culture ; and it is remarkable that Mr. Bright, who has taken lately to representing himself as, above all, a promoter of reason and of the simple natural truth of things, and his policy as a fostering of the growth of intelligence,—just the aims, as is well known, of culture also,—Mr. Bright, in a speech at Birmingham about education, seized on the very point which seems to concern our topic, when he said : "I believe the people of the United States have offered to the world more valuable information during the last forty years, than all Europe put together." So America, without religious establishments, seems to get ahead of us all, even in light and the things of the mind.

On the other hand, another friend of reason and the simple natural truth of things, M. Renan, says of America, in a book he has recently published, what seems to conflict violently with what Mr. Bright says. Mr. Bright avers that not only have the United States thus informed Europe, but they have done it without a great apparatus of higher and scientific instruction and by dint of all classes in America being "sufficiently educated to be able to read, and to comprehend, and to think ; and that, I maintain, is the foundation of all subsequent progress." And then

comes M. Renan, and says: "The sound instruction of the people is an effect of the high culture of certain classes. *The countries which, like the United States, have created a considerable popular instruction without any serious higher instruction, will long have to expiate this fault by their intellectual mediocrity, their vulgarity of manners, their superficial spirit, their lack of general intelligence.*" [1]

Now, which of these two friends of light are we to believe? M. Renan seems more to have in view what we ourselves mean by culture; because Mr. Bright always has in his eye what he calls "a commendable interest" in politics and in political agitations. As he said only the other day at Birminhham: "At this moment,—in fact, I may say at every moment in the history of a free country,—there is nothing that is so much worth discussing as politics." And he keeps repeating, with all the powers of his noble oratory, the old story, how to the thoughtfulness and intelligence of the people of great towns we owe all our improvements in the last thirty years, and how these improvements have hitherto consisted in Parliamentary reform, and free trade, and abolition of Church rates, and so on; and how they are now about to consist in getting rid of minority-members, and in introducing a free breakfast-table, and in abolishing the Irish Church by the power of the

[1] "Les pays qui, comme les Etats-Unis, ont créé un enseignement populaire considérable sans instruction supérieure sérieuse, expieront longtemps encore leur faute par leur médiocrité intellectuelle, leur grossièreté de mœurs, leur esprit superficiel, leur manque d'intelligence générale."

Nonconformists' antipathy to establishments, and much more of the same kind. And though our pauperism and ignorance, and all the questions which are called social, seem now to be forcing themselves upon his mind, yet he still goes on with his glorifying of the great towns, and the Liberals, and their operations for the last thirty years. It never seems to occur to him that the present troubled state of our social life has anything to do with the thirty years' blind worship of their nostrums by himself and our Liberal friends, or that it throws any doubts upon the sufficiency of this worship. But he thinks that what is still amiss is due to the stupidity of the Tories, and will be cured by the thoughtfulness and intelligence of the great towns, and by the Liberals going on gloriously with their political operations as before; or that it will cure itself. So we see what Mr. Bright means by thoughtfulness and intelligence, and in what matter, according to him, we are to grow in them. And, no doubt, in America all classes read their newspaper, and take a commendable interest in politics, more than here or anywhere else in Europe.

But in the following essay we have been led to doubt the efficiency of all this political operating, pursued mechanically as our race pursues it; and we found that *general intelligence*, as M. Renan calls it, or, as we say, attention to the reason of things, was just what we were without, and that we were without it because we worshipped our machinery so devoutly. Therefore, we conclude that M. Renan, more than Mr. Bright, means by reason and intelligence the same thing as we do. And when M. Renan says that

America, that chosen home of newspapers and politics, is without general intelligence, we think it likely, from the circumstances of the case, that this is so; and that in the things of the mind, and in culture and totality, America, instead of surpassing us all, falls short.

And,—to keep to our point of the influence of religious establishments upon culture and a high development of our humanity,—we can surely see reasons why, with all her energy and fine gifts, America does not show more of this development, or more promise of this. In the following essay it will be seen how our society distributes itself into Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace; and America is just ourselves, with the Barbarians quite left out, and the Populace nearly. This leaves the Philistines for the great bulk of the nation;—a livelier sort of Philistine than ours, and with the pressure and false ideal of our Barbarians taken away, but left all the more to himself and to have his full swing. And as we have found that the strongest and most vital part of English Philistinism was the Puritan and Hebraising middle class, and that its Hebraising keeps it from culture and totality, so it is notorious that the people of the United States issues from this class, and reproduces its tendencies,—its narrow conception of man's spiritual range and of his one thing needful. From Maine to Florida, and back again, all America Hebraises. Difficult as it is to speak of a people merely from what one reads, yet that, I think, one may without much fear of contradiction say. I mean, when in the United States any spiritual side in man is wakened

to activity, it is generally the religious side, and the religious side in a narrow way. Social reformers go to Moses or St. Paul for their doctrines, and have no notion there is anywhere else to go to; earnest young men at schools and universities, instead of conceiving salvation as a harmonious perfection only to be won by unreservedly cultivating many sides in us, conceive of it in the old Puritan fashion, and fling themselves ardently upon it in the old, false ways of this fashion, which we know so well, and such as Mr. Hammond, the American revivalist, has lately at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle been refreshing our memory with.

Now, if America thus Hebraises more than either England or Germany, will any one deny that the absence of religious establishments has much to do with it? We have seen how establishments tend to give us a sense of a historical life of the human spirit, outside and beyond our own fancies and feelings; how they thus tend to suggest new sides and sympathies in us to cultivate; how, further, by saving us from having to invent and fight for our own forms of religion, they give us leisure and calm to steady our view of religion itself,—the most overpowering of objects, as it is the grandest,—and to enlarge our first crude notions of the one thing needful. But, in a serious people, where every one has to choose and strive for his own order and discipline of religion, the contention about these non-essentials occupies his mind. His first crude notions about the one thing needful do not get purged, and they invade the whole spiritual man in him, and then, making a solitude, they call it heavenly peace.

I remember a Nonconformist manufacturer, in a town of the Midland counties, telling me that when he first came there, some years ago, the place had no Dissenters; but he had opened an Independent chapel in it, and now Church and Dissent were pretty equally divided, with sharp contests between them. I said that this seemed a pity. "A pity?" cried he; "not at all! Only think of all the zeal and activity which the collision calls forth!" "Ah, but, my dear friend," I answered, "only think of all the nonsense which you now hold quite firmly, which you would never have held if you had not been contradicting your adversary in it all these years!" The more serious the people, and the more prominent the religious side in it, the greater is the danger of this side, if set to choose out forms for itself and fight for existence, swelling and spreading till it swallows all other spiritual sides up, intercepts and absorbs all nutriment which should have gone to them, and leaves Hebraism rampant in us and Hellenism stamped out.

Culture, and the harmonious perfection of our whole being, and what we call totality, then become quite secondary matters. And even the institutions, which should develop these, take the same narrow and partial view of humanity and its wants as the free religious communities take. Just as the free churches of Mr. Beecher or Brother Noyes, with their provincialism and want of centrality, make mere Hebraisers in religion, and not perfect men, so the university of Mr. Ezra Cornell, a really noble monument of his munificence, yet seems to rest on a misconception of what culture truly is, and to be calculated to produce

miners, or engineers, or architects, not sweetness and light.

And, therefore, when Mr. White asks the same kind of question about America that he has asked about England, and wants to know whether, without religious establishments, as much is not done in America for the higher national life as is done for that life here, we answer in the same way as we did before, that as much is not done. Because to enable and stir up people to read their Bible and the newspapers, and to get a practical knowledge of their business, does not serve to the higher spiritual life of a nation so much as culture, truly conceived, serves ; and a true conception of culture is, as M. Renan's words show, just what America fails in.

To the many who think that spirituality, and sweetness, and light, are all moonshine, this will not appear to matter much ; but with us, who value them, and who think that we have traced much of our present discomfort to the want of them, it weighs a great deal. So not only do we say that the Nonconformists have got provincialism and lost totality by the want of a religious establishment, but we say that the very example which they bring forward to help their case makes against them ; and that when they triumphantly show us America without religious establishments, they only show us a whole nation touched, amidst all its greatness and promise, with that provincialism which it is our aim to extirpate in the English Nonconformists.—*Culture and Anarchy*, ed. 1896, pp. xxi–xxviii.

Emerson.

Forty years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air there which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! they are a possession to him for ever. No such voices as those which we heard in our youth at Oxford are sounding there now. Oxford has more criticism now, more knowledge, more light; but such voices as those of our youth it has no longer. The name of Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination still; his genius and his style are still things of power. But he is over eighty years old; he is in the Oratory at Birmingham; he has adopted, for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day, a solution which, to speak frankly, is impossible. Forty years ago he was in the very prime of life; he was close at hand to us at Oxford; he was preaching in St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday; he seemed about to transform and to renew what was for us the most national and natural institution in the world, the Church of England. Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music,—subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to

hear him still, saying: "After the fever of life, after wearinesses and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state,—at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision." Or, if we followed him back to his seclusion at Littlemore, that dreary village by the London road, and to the house of retreat and the church which he built there,—a mean house such as Paul might have lived in when he was tent-making at Ephesus, a church plain and thinly sown with worshippers,—who could resist him there either, welcoming back to the severe joys of church-fellowship, and of daily worship and prayer, the firstlings of a generation which had well-nigh forgotten them? Again I seem to hear him: "The season is chill and dark, and the breath of the morning is damp, and worshippers are few; but all this befits those who are by their profession penitents and mourners, watchers and pilgrims. More dear to them that loneliness, more cheerful that severity, and more bright that gloom, than all those aids and appliances of luxury by which men nowadays attempt to make prayer less disagreeable to them. True faith does not covet comforts; they who realise that awful day, when they shall see Him face to face whose eyes are as a flame of fire, will as little bargain to pray pleasantly now as they will think of doing so then."

Somewhere or other I have spoken of those "last enchantments of the Middle Age" which Oxford sheds around us, and here they were! But there were other voices sounding in our ear besides New-

man's. There was the puissant voice of Carlyle ; so sorely strained, over-used, and misused since, but then fresh, comparatively sound, and reaching our hearts with true, pathetic eloquence. Who can forget the emotion of receiving in its first freshness such a sentence as that sentence of Carlyle upon Edward Irving, then just dead : "Scotland sent him forth a herculean man ; our mad Babylon wore and wasted him with all her engines,—and it took her twelve years !" A greater voice still,—the greatest voice of the century,—came to us in those youthful years through Carlyle : the voice of Goethe. To this day, —such is the force of youthful associations,—I read the *Wilhelm Meister* with more pleasure in Carlyle's translation than in the original. The large, liberal view of human life in *Wilhelm Meister*, how novel it was to the Englishman in those days ! and it was salutary, too, and educative for him, doubtless, as well as novel. But what moved us most in *Wilhelm Meister* was that which, after all, will always move the young most,—the poetry, the eloquence. Never, surely, was Carlyle's prose so beautiful and pure as in his rendering of the Youths' dirge over Mignon !— "Well is our treasure now laid up, the fair image of the past. Here sleeps it in the marble, undecaying ; in your hearts, also, it lives, it works. Travel, travel, back into life ! Take along with you this holy earnestness, for earnestness alone makes life eternity." Here we had the voice of the great Goethe ;—not the stiff, and hindered, and frigid, and factitious Goethe who speaks to us too often from those sixty volumes of his, but of the great Goethe, and the true one.

And besides those voices, there came to us in that old Oxford time a voice also from this side of the Atlantic,—a clear and pure voice, which for my ear, at any rate, brought a strain as new, and moving, and unforgettable, as the strain of Newman, or Carlyle, or Goethe. Mr. Lowell has well described the apparition of Emerson to your young generation here, in that distant time of which I am speaking, and of his workings upon them. He was your Newman, your man of soul and genius visible to you in the flesh, speaking to your bodily ears, a present object for your heart and imagination. That is surely the most potent of all influences! nothing can come up to it. To us at Oxford Emerson was but a voice speaking from three thousand miles away. But so well he spoke, that from that time forth Boston Bay and Concord were names invested to my ear with a sentiment akin to that which invests for me the names of Oxford and of Weimar; and snatches of Emerson's strain fixed themselves in my mind as imperishably as any of the eloquent words which I have been just now quoting. "Then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, poetry, and science as they have died already in a thousand thousand men." "What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand." "Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the Divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connexion of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age;

betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest spirit the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the Almighty effort, let us advance and advance on chaos and the dark!" These lofty sentences of Emerson, and a hundred others of like strain, I never have lost out of my memory; I never *can* lose them.

At last I find myself in Emerson's own country, and looking upon Boston Bay. Naturally I revert to the friend of my youth. It is not always pleasant to ask oneself questions about the friends of one's youth; they cannot always well support it. Carlyle, for instance, in my judgment, cannot well support such a return upon him. Yet we should make the return; we should part with our illusions, we should know the truth. When I come to this country, where Emerson now counts for so much, and where such high claims are made for him, I pull myself together, and ask myself what the truth about this object of my youthful admiration really is. Improper elements often come into our estimate of men. We have lately seen a German critic make Goethe the greatest of all poets, because Germany is now the greatest of military powers, and wants a poet to match. Then, too, America is a young country; and young countries, like young persons, are apt sometimes to evince in their literary judgments a want of scale and meas-

ure. I set myself, therefore, resolutely to come at a real estimate of Emerson, and with a leaning even to strictness rather than to indulgence. That is the safer course. Time has no indulgence; any veils of illusion which we may have left around an object because we loved it, Time is sure to strip away.

I was reading the other day a notice of Emerson by a serious and interesting American critic. Fifty or sixty passages in Emerson's poems, says this critic,—who had doubtless himself been nourished on Emerson's writings, and held them justly dear,—fifty or sixty passages from Emerson's poems have already entered into English speech as matter of familiar and universally current quotation. Here is a specimen of that personal sort of estimate which, for my part, even in speaking of authors dear to me, I would try to avoid. What is the kind of phrase of which we may fairly say that it has entered into Engligh speech as matter of familiar quotation! Such a phrase, surely, as the "Patience on a monument" of Shakespeare; as the "Darkness visible" of Milton; as the "Where ignorance is bliss" of Gray. Of not one single passage in Emerson's poetry can it be truly said that it has become a familiar quotation like phrases of this kind. It is not enough that it should be familiar to his admirers, familiar in New England, familiar even throughout the United States; it must be familiar to all readers and lovers of English poetry. Of not more than one or two passages in Emerson's poetry can it, I think, be truly said, that they stand ever-present in the memory of even many

lovers of English poetry. A great number of passages from his poetry are no doubt perfectly familiar to the mind and lips of the critic whom I have mentioned, and perhaps a wide circle of American readers. But this is a very different thing from being matter of universal quotation, like the phrases of the legitimate poets.

And, in truth, one of the legitimate poets, Emerson, in my opinion, is not. His poetry is interesting, it makes one think ; but it is not the poetry of one of the born poets. I say it of him with reluctance, although I am sure that he would have said it of himself ; but I say it with reluctance, because I dislike giving pain to his admirers, and because all my own wish, too, is to say of him what is favourable. But I regard myself, not as speaking to please Emerson's admirers, not as speaking to please myself ; but rather, I repeat, as communing with Time and Nature concerning the productions of this beautiful and rare spirit, and as resigning what of him is by their unalterable decree touched with caducity, in order the better to mark and secure that in him which is immortal.

Milton says that poetry ought to be simple, sensuous, impassioned. Well, Emerson's poetry is seldom either simple, or sensuous, or impassioned. In general it lacks directness ; it lacks concreteness ; it lacks energy. His grammar is often embarrassed ; in particular, the want of clearly-marked distinction between the subject and the object of his sentence is a frequent cause of obscurity in him. A poem which shall be a plain, forcible, inevitable whole he hardly ever produces. Such good work as the noble lines

graven on the Concord Monument is the exception with him; such ineffective work as the "Fourth of July Ode" or the "Boston Hymn" is the rule. Even passages and single lines of thorough plainness and commanding force are rare in his poetry. They exist, of course; but when we meet with them they give us a slight shock of surprise, so little has Emerson accustomed us to them. Let me have the pleasure of quoting one or two of these exceptional passages:—

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
> The youth replies, *I can*."

Or again this:—

> "Though love repine and reason chafe,
> There came a voice without reply:
> 'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die.'"

Excellent! but how seldom do we get from him a strain blown so clearly and firmly! Take another passage where his strain has not only clearness, it has also grace and beauty:—

> "And ever, when the happy child
> In May beholds the blooming wild,
> And hears in heaven the bluebird sing,
> 'Onward,' he cries, 'your baskets bring!
> In the next field is air more mild,
> And in yon hazy west is Eden's balmier spring.'"

In the style and cadence here there is a reminiscence, I think, of Gray; at any rate the pureness, grace, and beauty of these lines are worthy even of

Gray. But Gray holds his high rank as a poet, not merely by the beauty and grace of passages in his poems; not merely by a diction generally pure in an age of impure diction: he holds it, above all, by the power and skill with which the evolution of his poems is conducted. Here is his grand superiority to Collins, whose diction in his best poem, the "Ode to Evening," is purer than Gray's; but then the "Ode to Evening" is like a river which loses itself in the sand, whereas Gray's best poems have an evolution sure and satisfying. Emerson's "Mayday," from which I just now quoted, has no real evolution at all; it is a series of observations. And, in general, his poems have no evolution. Take, for example, his "Titmouse." Here he has an excellent subject; and his observation of Nature, moreover, is always marvellously close and fine. But compare what he makes of his meeting with his titmouse with what Cowper or Burns makes of the like kind of incident! One never quite arrives at learning what the titmouse actually did for him at all, though one feels a strong interest and desire to learn it; but one is reduced to guessing, and cannot be quite sure that after all one has guessed right. He is not plain and concrete enough,—in other words, not poet enough,—to be able to tell us. And a failure of this kind goes through almost all his verse, keeps him amid symbolism and allusion and the fringes of things, and, in spite of his spiritual power, deeply impairs his poetic value. Through the inestimable virtue of concreteness, a simple poem like "The Bridge" of Longfellow, or the "School Days" of Mr. Whittier,

is of more poetic worth, perhaps, than all the verse of Emerson.

I do not, then, place Emerson among the great poets. But I go further, and say that I do not place him among the great writers, the great men of letters. Who are the great men of letters? They are men like Cicero, Plato, Bacon, Pascal, Swift, Voltaire,—writers with, in the first place, a genius and instinct for style; writers whose prose is by a kind of native necessity true and sound. Now the style of Emerson, like the style of his transcendentalist friends and of the "Dial" so continually,—the style of Emerson is capable of falling into a strain like this, which I take from the beginning of his "Essay on Love": "Every soul is a celestial being to every other soul. The heart has its sabbaths and jubilees, in which the world appears as a hymeneal feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances." Emerson altered this sentence in the later editions. Like Wordsworth, he was in later life fond of altering; and in general his later alterations, like those of Wordsworth, are not improvements. He softened the passage in question, however, though without really mending it. I quote it in its original and strongly-marked form. Arthur Stanley used to relate that about the year 1840, being in conversation with some Americans in quarantine at Malta, and thinking to please them, he declared his warm admiration for Emerson's *Essays*, then recently published. However, the Americans shook their heads, and told him that for home taste Emerson was decidedly too *greeny*. We will hope, for their sakes, that the sort of thing

they had in their heads was such writing as I have just quoted. Unsound it is, indeed, and in a style almost impossible to a born man of letters.

It is a curious thing, that quality of style which marks the great writer, the born man of letters. It resides in the whole tissue of his work, and of his work regarded as a composition for literary purposes. Brilliant and powerful passages in a man's writings do not prove his possession of it; it lies in their whole tissue. Emerson has passages of noble and pathetic eloquence, such as those which I quoted at the beginning; he has passages of shrewd and felicitous wit; he has crisp epigram; he has passages of exquisitely touched observation of nature. Yet he is not a great writer; his style has not the requisite wholeness of good tissue. Even Carlyle is not, in my judgment, a great writer. He has surpassingly powerful qualities of expression, far more powerful than Emerson's, and reminding one of the gifts of expression of the great poets,—of even Shakespeare himself. What Emerson so admirably says of Carlyle's "devouring eyes and portraying hand," "those thirsty eyes, those portrait-eating, portrait-painting eyes of thine, those fatal perceptions," is thoroughly true. What a description is Carlyle's of the first publisher of *Sartor Resartus*, "to whom the idea of a new edition of *Sartor* is frightful, or rather ludicrous unimaginable"; of this poor Fraser, in whose "wonderful world of Tory pamphleteers, conservative Younger-brothers, Regent Street loungers, Crockford gamblers, Irish Jesuits, drunken reporters, and miscellaneous unclean persons (whom nitre and much soap will not wash clean), not a soul

has expressed the smallest wish that way?" What a portrait, again, of the well-beloved John Sterling! "One, and the best, of a small class extant here, who, nigh drowning in a black wreck of Infidelity (lighted up by some glare of Radicalism only, now growing *dim* too), and about to perish, saved themselves into a Coleridgian Shovel-Hattedness." What touches in the invitation of Emerson to London! "You shall see block-heads by the million; Pickwick himself shall be visible,—innocent young Dickens, reserved for a questionable fate. The great Wordsworth shall talk till you yourself pronounce him to be a bore. Southey's complexion is still healthy mahogany brown, with a fleece of white hair, and eyes that seem running at full gallop. Leigh Hunt, man of genius in the shape of a cockney, is my near neighbour, with good humour and no common-sense; old Rogers with his pale head, white, bare, and cold as snow, with those large blue eyes, cruel, sorrowful, and that sardonic shelf chin.' How inimitable it all is! And finally, for one must not go on forever, this version of a London Sunday, with the public-houses closed during the hours of divine service! "It is silent Sunday; the populace not yet admitted to their beer-shops, till the respectabilities conclude their rubric mummeries— a much more audacious feat than beer.' Yet even Carlyle is not, in my judgment, to be called a great writer; one cannot think of ranking him with men like Cicero and Plato and Swift and Voltaire. Emerson freely promises to Carlyle immortality for his histories. They will not have it. Why? Because the materials furnished to him by that devouring eye

of his, and that portraying hand, were not wrought in and subdued by him to what his work, regarded as a composition for literary purposes, required. Occurring in conversation, breaking out in familiar correspondence, they are magnificent, inimitable; nothing more is required of them; thus thrown out anyhow, they serve their turn and fulfil their function. And, therefore, I should not wonder if really Carlyle lived, in the long run, by such an invaluable record as that correspondence between him and Emerson, of which we owe the publication to Mr. Charles Norton,—by this and not by his works, as Johnson lives in Boswell, not by his works. For Carlyle's sallies, as the staple of a literary work, become wearisome; and as time more and more applies to Carlyle's works its stringent test, this will be felt more and more. Shakespeare, Molière, Swift,—they, too, had, like Carlyle, the devouring eye and the portraying hand. But they are great literary masters, they are supreme writers, because they knew how to work into a literary composition their materials, and to subdue them to the purposes of literary effect. Carlyle is too wilful for this, too turbid, too vehement.

You will think I deal in nothing but negatives. I have been saying that Emerson is not one of the great poets, the great writers. He has not their quality of style. He is, however, the propounder of a philosophy. The Platonic dialogues afford us the example of exquisite literary form and treatment given to philosophical ideas. Plato is at once a great literary man and a great philosopher. If we speak carefully, we cannot call Aristotle or Spinoza or Kant

great literary men, or their productions great literary works. But their work is arranged with such constructive power that they build a philosophy, and are justly called great philosophical writers. Emerson cannot, I think, be called with justice a great philosophical writer. He cannot build ; his arrangement of philosophical ideas has no progress in it, no evolution ; he does not construct a philosophy. Emerson himself knew the defects of his method, or rather want of method, very well ; indeed, he and Carlyle criticise themselves and one another in a way which leaves little for any one else to do in the way of formulating their defects. Carlyle formulates perfectly the defects of his friend's poetic and literary production when he says of the "Dial": "For me it is too ethereal, speculative, theoretic ; I will have all things condense themselves, take shape and body, if they are to have my sympathy." And, speaking of Emerson's orations, he says: "I long to see some concrete Thing, some Event, Man's Life, American Forest, or piece of Creation, which this Emerson loves and wonders at, well *Emersonised*,—depictured by Emerson, filled with the life of Emerson, and cast forth from him, then to live by itself. If these orations balk me of this, how profitable soever they may be for others, I will not love them." Emerson himself formulates perfectly the defect of his own philosophical productions, when he speaks of his "formidable tendency to the lapidary style. I build my house of boulders." "Here I sit and read and write," he says again, "with very little system, and, as far as regards composition, with the most fragmentary result ; paragraphs incomprehensi-

ble, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." Nothing can be truer; and the work of a Spinoza or Kant, of the men who stand as great philosophical writers, does not proceed in this wise.

Some people will tell you that Emerson's poetry, indeed, is too abstract, and his philosophy too vague, but that his best work is his *English Traits*. The *English Traits* are beyond question very pleasant reading. It is easy to praise them, easy to commend the author of them. But I insist on always trying Emerson's work by the highest standards. I esteem him too much to try his work by any other. Tried by the highest standards, and compared with the work of the excellent markers and recorders of the traits of human life,—of writers like Montaigne, La Bruyère, Addison,—the *English Traits* will not stand the comparison. Emerson's observation has not the disinterested quality of the observation of these masters. It is the observation of a man systematically benevolent, as Hawthorne's observation in *Our Old Home* is the work of a man chagrined. Hawthorne's literary talent is of the first order. His subjects are generally not to me subjects of the highest interest; but his literary talent is of the first order, the finest, I think, which America has yet produced,—finer, by much, than Emerson's. Yet *Our Old Home* is not a masterpiece any more than *English Traits*. In neither of them is the observer disinterested enough. The author's attitude in each of these cases can easily be understood and defended. Hawthorne was a sensitive man, so situated in England that he was perpetually in contact with the British Philistine; and the

British Philistine is a trying personage. Emerson's systematic benevolence comes from what he himself calls somewhere his "persistent optimism"; and his persistent optimism is the root of his greatness and the source of his charm. But still let us keep our literary conscience true, and judge every kind of literary work by the laws really proper to it. The kind of work attempted in the *English Traits* and in *Our Old Home* is work which cannot be done perfectly with a bias such as that given by Emerson's optimism or by Hawthorne s chagrin. Consequently, neither *English Traits* nor *Our Old Home* is a work of perfection in its kind.

Not with the Miltons and Grays, not with the Platos and Spinozas, not with the Swifts and Voltaires, not with the Montaignes and Addisons, can we rank Emerson. His work of various kinds, when one compares it with the work done in a corresponding kind by these masters, fails to stand the comparison. No man could see this clearer than Emerson himself. It is hard not to feel despondency when we contemplate our failures and short-comings: and Emerson, the least self-flattering and the most modest of men, saw so plainly what was lacking to him that he had his moments of despondency. "Alas, my friend," he writes in reply to Carlyle, who had exhorted him to creative work,—"Alas, my friend, I can do no such gay thing as you say. I do not belong to the poets, but only to a low department of literature,—the reporters; suburban men." He deprecated his friend's praise; praise "generous to a fault," he calls it; praise "generous to the shaming of me,—cold,

fastidious, ebbing person that I am. Already in a former letter you had said too much good of my poor little arid book, which is as sand to my eyes. I can only say that I heartily wish the book were better; and I must try and deserve so much favour from the kind gods by a bolder and truer living in the months to come,—such as may perchance one day release and invigorate this cramp hand of mine. When I see how much work is to be done; what room for a poet, for any spiritualist, in this great, intelligent, sensual, and avaricious America,—I lament my fumbling fingers and stammering tongue." Again, as late as 1870, he writes to Carlyle: "There is no example of constancy like yours, and it always stings my stupor into temporary recovery and wonderful resolution to accept the noble challenge. But 'the strong hours conquer us'; and I am the victim of miscellany,—miscellany of designs, vast debility, and procrastination." The forlorn note belonging to the phrase, "vast debility," recalls that saddest and most discouraged of writers, the author of *Obermann*, Senancour, with whom Emerson has in truth a certain kinship. He has, in common with Senancour, his pureness, his passion for nature, his single eye; and here we find him confessing, like Senancour, a sense in himself of sterility and impotence.

And now I think I have cleared the ground. I have given up to Envious Time as much of Emerson as Time can fairly expect ever to obtain. We have not in Emerson a great poet, a great writer, a great philosophy-maker. His relation to us is not that of

one of those personages; yet it is a relation of, I think, even superior importance. His relation to us is more like that of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Marcus Aurelius is not a great writer, a great philosophy-maker; he is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. Emerson is the same. He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. All the points in thinking which are necessary for this purpose he takes; but he does not combine them into a system, or present them as a regular philosophy. Combined in a system by a man with the requisite talent for this kind of thing, they would be less useful than as Emerson gives them to us; and the man with the talent so to systematise them would be less impressive than Emerson. They do very well as they now stand; like "boulders," as he says; in "paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." In such sentences his main points recur again and again, and become fixed in the memory.

We all know them. First and foremost, character. Character is everything. "That which all things tend to educe,—which freedom, cultivation, intercourse, revolutions, go to form and deliver,—is character." Character and self-reliance. "Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string." And yet we have our being in a *not ourselves*. "There is a power above and behind us, and we are the channels of its communications." But our lives must be pitched higher. "Life must be lived on a higher plane; we must go up to a higher platform, to which we are always invited to ascend; there the whole scene changes." The good

we need is for ever close to us, though we attain it not. "On the brink of the waters of life and truth, we are miserably dying." This good is close to us, moreover, in our daily life, and in the familiar, homely places. "The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties,—that is the maxim for us. Let us be poised and wise, and our own to-day. Let us treat the men and women well,—treat them as if they were real; perhaps they are. Men live in their fancy, like drunkards whose hands are too soft and tremulous for successful labour. I settle myself ever firmer in the creed, that we should not postpone and refer and wish, but do broad justice where we are, by whomsoever we deal with; accepting our actual companions and circumstances, however humble or odious, as the mystic officials to whom the universe has delegated its whole pleasure for us. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay, you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are; and if we will tarry a little we may come to learn that here is best. See to it only that thyself is here." Furthermore, the good is close to us *all*. "I resist the scepticism of our education and of our educated men. I do not believe that the differences of opinion and character in men are organic. I do not recognise, besides the class of the good and the wise, a permanent class of sceptics, or a class of conservatives, or of malignants, or of materialists. I do not believe in the classes. Every man has a call of the power to do something unique." Exclusiveness is deadly. "The exclusive in social life does not see

that he excludes himself from enjoyment in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins, and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart you shall lose your own. The selfish man suffers more from his selfishness than he from whom that selfishness withholds some important benefit." A sound nature will be inclined to refuse ease and self-indulgence. "To live with some rigour of temperance, or some extreme of generosity, seems to be an asceticism which common good nature would appoint to those who are at ease and in plenty, in sign that they feel a brotherhood with the great multitude of suffering men." Compensation, finally, is the great law of life; it is everywhere, it is sure, and there is no escape from it. This is that "law alive and beautiful, which works over our heads and under our feet. Pitiless, it avails itself of our success when we obey it, and of our ruin when we contravene it. We are all secret believers in it. It rewards actions after their nature. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it. The thief steals from himself, the swindler swindles himself. You must pay at last your own debt."

This is tonic indeed! And let no one object that it is too general; that more practical, positive direction is what we want; that Emerson's optimism, self-reliance, and indifference to favourable conditions for our life and growth have in them something of danger. "Trust thyself;" "what attracts my attention shall have it;" "though thou shouldst walk the world

over thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble;" "what we call vulgar society is that society whose poetry is not yet written, but which you shall presently make as enviable and renowned as any." With maxims like these, we surely, it may be said, run some risk of being made too well satisfied with our own actual self and state, however crude and inperfect they may be. "Trust thyself?" It may be said that the common American or Englishman is more than enough disposed already to trust himself. I often reply, when our sectarians are praised for following conscience: Our people are very good in following their conscience; where they are not so good is in ascertaining whether their conscience tells them right. "What attracts my attention shall have it?" Well, that is our people's plea when they run after the Salvation Army and desire Messrs. Moody and Sankey. "Thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble?" But think of the turn of the good people of our race for producing a life of hideousness and immense ennui; think of that specimen of your own New England life which Mr. Howells gives us in one of his charming stories which I was reading lately; think of the life of that ragged New England farm in the *Lady of the Aroostook;* think of Deacon Blood, and Aunt Maria, and the straight-backed chairs with black horse-hair seats, and Ezra Perkins with perfect self-reliance depositing his travellers in the snow! I can truly say that in the little which I have seen of the life of New England, I am more struck with what has been achieved than with the crudeness and failure. But no doubt there is still

a great deal of crudeness also. Your own novelists say there is, and I suppose they say true. In the New England, as in the Old, our people have to learn, I suppose, not that their modes of life are beautiful and excellent already; they have rather to learn that they must transform them.

To adopt this line of objection to Emerson's deliverances would, however, be unjust. In the first place, Emerson's points are in themselves true, if understood in a certain high sense; they are true and fruitful. And the right work to be done, at the hour when he appeared, was to affirm them generally and absolutely. Only thus could he break through the hard and fast barrier of narrow, fixed ideas, which he found confronting him, and win an entrance for new ideas. Had he attempted developments which may now strike us as expedient, he would have excited fierce antagonism, and probably effected little or nothing. The time might come for doing other work later, but the work which Emerson did was the right work to be done then.

In the second place, strong as was Emerson's optimism, and unconquerable as was his belief in a good result to emerge from all which he saw going on around him, no misanthropical satirist ever saw shortcomings and absurdities more clearly than he did, or exposed them more courageously. When he sees "the meanness," as he calls it, "of American politics,' he congratulates Washington on being "long already happily dead," on being "wrapt in his shroud and for ever safe." With how firm a touch he delineates the faults of your two great political parties of forty

years ago! The Democrats, he says, "have not at heart the ends which give to the name of democracy what hope and virtue are in it. The spirit of our American radicalism is destructive and aimless; it is not loving; it has no ulterior and divine ends, but is destructive only out of hatred and selfishness. On the other side, the conservative party, composed of the most moderate, able, and cultivated part of the population, is timid, and merely defensive of property. It vindicates no right, it aspires to no real good, it brands no crime, it proposes no generous policy. From neither party, when in power, has the world any benefit to expect in science, art, or humanity, at all commensurate with the resources of the nation." Then with what subtle though kindly irony he follows the gradual withdrawal in New England, in the last half century, of tender consciences from the social organisations,—the bent for experiments such as that of Brook Farm and the like,—follows it in all its "dissidence of dissent and Protestantism of the Protestant religion!" He even loves to rally the New Englander on his philanthropical activity, and to find his beneficence and its institutions a bore! "Your miscellaneous popular charities, the education at college of fools, the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many of these now stand, alms to sots, and the thousand-fold relief societies,—though I confess with shame that I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, yet it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold." "Our Sunday schools and churches and pauper societies are yokes to the neck. We pain ourselves to please

nobody. There are natural ways of arriving at the same ends at which these aim, but do not arrive." "Nature does not like our benevolence or our learning much better than she likes our frauds and wars. When we come out of the caucus, or the bank, or the Abolition convention, or the Temperance meeting, or the Transcendental club, into the fields and woods, she says to us: 'So hot, my little sir?'"

Yes, truly, his insight is admirable; his truth is precious. Yet the secret of his effect is not even in these; it is in his temper. It is in the hopeful, serene, beautiful temper wherewith these, in Emerson, are indissolubly joined; in which they work, and have their being. He says himself: "We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope, knowing that the perception of the inexhaustibleness of nature is an immortal youth." If this be so, how wise is Emerson! for never had man such a sense of the inexhaustibleness of nature, and such hope. It was the ground of his being; it never failed him. Even when he is sadly avowing the imperfection of his literary power and resources, lamenting his fumbling fingers and stammering tongue, he adds: "Yet, as I tell you, I am very easy in my mind and never dream of suicide. My whole philosophy, which is very real, teaches acquiescence and optimism. Sure I am that the right word will be spoken, though I cut out my tongue." In his old age, with friends dying and life failing, his tone of cheerful, forward-looking hope is still the same. "A multitude of young men are growing up here of high promise, and I compare gladly the social poverty of my youth with the power on which these draw." His abiding

word for us, the word by which being dead he yet speaks to us, is this: "That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavour to realise our aspirations. Shall not the heart, which has received so much, trust the Power by which it lives?"

One can scarcely overrate the importance of thus holding fast to happiness and hope. It gives to Emerson's work an invaluable virtue. As Wordsworth's poetry is, in my judgment, the most important work done in verse, in our language, during the present century, so Emerson's *Essays* are, I think, the most important work done in prose. His work is more important than Carlyle's. Let us be just to Carlyle, provoking though he often is. Not only has he that genius of his which makes Emerson say truly of his letters, that, "they savour always of eternity." More than this may be said of him. The scope and upshot of his teaching are true; "his guiding genius," to quote Emerson again, is really "his moral sense, his perception of the sole importance of the truth and justice." But consider Carlyle's temper, as we have been considering Emerson's! take his own account of it! "Perhaps London is the proper place for me after all, seeing all places are *im*proper: who knows? Meanwhile, I lead a most dyspeptic, solitary, self-shrouded life; consuming, if possible in silence, my considerable daily allotment of pain; glad when any strength is left in me for writing, which is the only use I can see in myself,—too rare a case of late. The ground of my existence is black as death; too black, when all *void* too; but at times there paint themselves

on it pictures of gold, and rainbow, and lightning; all the brighter for the black ground, I suppose. Withal, I am very much of a fool."—No, not a fool, but turbid and morbid, wilful and perverse. "We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope."

Carlyle's perverse attitude towards happiness cuts him off from hope. He fiercely attacks the desire for happiness; his grand point in *Sartor*, his secret in which the soul may find rest, is that one shall cease to desire happiness, that one should learn to say to oneself: "What if thou wert born and predestined not to be happy, but to be unhappy!" He is wrong; Saint Augustine is the better philosopher, who says: "Act we *must* in pursuance of what gives us most delight." Epictetus and Augustine can be severe moralists enough; but both of them know and frankly say that the desire for happiness is the root and ground of man's being. Tell him and show him that he places his happiness wrong, that he seeks for delight where delight will never be really found; then you illumine and further him. But you only confuse him by telling him to cease to desire happiness; and you will not tell him this unless you are already confused yourself.

Carlyle preached the dignity of labour, the necessity of righteousness, the love of veracity, the hatred of shams. He is said by many people to be a great teacher, a great helper for us, because he does so. But what is the due and eternal result of labour, righteousness, veracity?—Happiness. And how are we drawn to them by one who, instead of making us feel that with them is happiness, tells us that perhaps we were predestined not to be happy but to be unhappy?

You will find, in especial, many earnest preachers of our popular religion to be fervent in their praise and admiration of Carlyle. His insistence on labour, righteousness, and veracity, pleases them; his contempt for happiness pleases them too. I read the other day a tract against smoking, although I do not happen to be a smoker myself. "Smoking," said the tract, "is liked because it gives agreeable sensations. Now it is a positive objection to a thing that it gives agreeable sensations. An earnest man will expressly avoid what gives agreeable sensations." Shortly afterwards I was inspecting a school, and I found the children reading a piece of poetry on the common theme that we are here to-day and gone to-morrow. I shall soon be gone, the speaker in this poem was made to say,—

> "And I shall be glad to go,
> For the world at best is a dreary place,
> And my life is getting low."

How usual a language of popular religion that is, on our side of the Atlantic at any rate! But then our popular religion, in disparaging happiness here below, knows very well what it is after. It has its eye on a happiness in a future life above the clouds, in the New Jerusalem, to be won by disliking and rejecting happiness here on earth. And so long as this ideal stands fast it is very well. But for very many it now stands fast, no longer; for Carlyle, at any rate, it had failed and vanished. Happiness in labour, righteousness, and veracity,—in the life of the spirit,—here was a gospel still for Carlyle to preach, and to help others by preaching. But he baffled them and himself by

preferring the paradox that we are not born for happiness at all.

Happiness in labour, righteousness, and veracity; in all the life of the spirit; happiness and eternal hope;—that was Emerson's gospel. I hear it said that Emerson was too sanguine; that the actual generation in America is not turning out so well as he expected. Very likely he was too sanguine as to the near future; in this country it is difficult not to be too sanguine. Very possibly the present generation may prove unworthy of his high hopes; even several generations succeeding this may prove unworthy of them. But by his conviction that in the life of the spirit is happiness, and by his hope that this life of the spirit will come more and more to be sanely understood, and to prevail, and to work for happiness,—by this conviction and hope Emerson was great, and he will surely prove in the end to have been right in them. In this country it is difficult, as I said, not to be sanguine. Very many of your writers are over-sanguine, and on the wrong grounds. But you have two men who in what they have written show their sanguineness in a line where courage and hope are just, where they are also infinitely important, but where they are not easy. The two men are Franklin and Emerson.[1] These two are, I think, the most distinctively and honourably American of your writers; they are the most original and the most valuable. Wise men

[1] I found with pleasure that this conjunction of Emerson's name with Franklin's had already occurred to an accomplished writer and delightful man, a friend of Emerson, left almost the

everywhere know that we must keep up our courage and hope ; they know that hope is, as Wordsworth well says,—

> "The paramount *duty* which Heaven lays,
> For its own honour, on man's suffering heart."

But the very word *duty* points to an effort and a struggle to maintain our hope unbroken. Franklin and Emerson maintained theirs with a convincing ease, an inspiring joy. Franklin's confidence in the happiness with which industry, honesty, and economy will crown the life of this work-day world, is such that he runs over with felicity. With a like felicity does Emerson run over, when he contemplates the happiness eternally attached to the true life in the spirit. You cannot prize him too much, nor heed him too diligently. He has lessons for both the branches of our race. I figure him to my mind as visible upon earth still, as still standing here by Boston Bay, or at his own Concord, in his habit as he lived, but of

sole survivor, alas ! of the famous literary generation of Boston,—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Holmes has kindly allowed me to print here the ingenious and interesting lines, hitherto unpublished, in which he speaks of Emerson thus :—

> "Where in the realm of thought, whose air is song,
> Does he, the Buddha of the West, belong ?
> He seems a wingéd Franklin, sweetly wise,
> Born to unlock the secret of the skies ;
> And which the nobler calling—if 'tis fair
> Terrestrial with celestial to compare—
> To guide the storm-cloud's elemental flame,
> Or walk the chambers whence the lightning came
> Amidst the sources of its subtile fire,
> And steal their effluence for his lips and lyre ?

heightened stature and shining feature, with one hand stretched out towards the East, to our laden and labouring England; the other towards the ever-growing West, to his own dearly-loved America,—"great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America." To us he shows for guidance his lucid freedom, his cheerfulness and hope; to you his dignity, delicacy, serenity, elevation. —*Discourses in America*, ed. 1896, pp. 138–207.

NOTES.

1.—*The Function of Criticism.* This essay stands first in Arnold's *Essays in Criticism: First Series* (1865). It may be regarded as a "programme" of Arnold's subsequent prose writing. It suggests nearly all the various uses to which he afterward turned criticism: his application of it to social conditions, to science, to philosophy, and to religion, as well as to literature. Properly read, it has also something to say of the causes that gradually led Arnold away from poetry to prose.

1 : 4.—*I said.* See *On Translating Homer*, ed. 1883, p. 199.

1 : 20.—*Mr. Shairp's excellent notice.* An essay on *Wordsworth: The Man and the Poet*, that appeared in the *North British Review* for August, 1864, vol. xli. "Mr. Shairp" was in 1865 Professor of Humanity at the United College in St. Andrews University, In 1868 he was made Principal of the College. In 1877 he became Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. He is best remembered by a series of lectures delivered at Oxford on *Aspects of Poetry* (1881). *On the Poetic Interpretation of Nature* had appeared in 1877. He died in 1885.

2 : 5.—*Wordsworth, . . . in one of his letters.* See *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, ed. 1851, ii. 51. The passage occurs in a letter of 1816 to the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton (Lamb's friend and correspondent), who, on the appearance of the *Excursion*, had "addressed some verses to Wordsworth expressing his own admiration, unabated by the strictures of the reviewers."

3 : 16.—*Irenes.* Johnson's play of *Irene* was produced

in 1749. "One of the heaviest and most unreadable of dramatic performances; interesting now, if interesting at all, solely as a curious example of the result of bestowing great powers upon a totally uncongenial task. . . The play was carried through nine nights by Garrick's friendly zeal, so that the author had his three nights' profits. . . When asked how he felt upon his ill-success, he replied: 'Like the monument.'" Leslie Stephen's *Johnson* (English Men of Letters Series), p. 36.

3 : 17.—*Lives of the Poets.* In these *Lives* (1779–81) Johnson is at his best. His wide and accurate information, vigorous understanding, and strong common sense give his judgments permanent value, despite the limitations of the eighteenth-century horizon.

3 : 19.—*Ecclesiastical Sonnets.* This series of 132 sonnets (1821–22) deals with the history of the Church in England "from the introduction of Christianity" to "the present times." Despite Arnold's sneer, several of the sonnets—notably those on *Cranmer* and on *Walton's Book of Lives*—are in Wordsworth's best manner.

3 : 20.—*Celebrated Preface.* The allusion is to the Preface prefixed to the second edition (1800) of the *Lyrical Ballads.* Passages in the Preface remain among the most suggestive and memorable things that have been said of poetry. "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." . . "The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed; if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings; if the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the

Being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man." Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*, 3d ed., London, 1802, pp. xxxvii and xxxix.

3 : 23.—*Goethe.* The student should specially note the recurrence of Goethe's name throughout this "programme" of Arnold's critical work. Cf. *Introduction*, p. lxxix.

6 : 11.—*Too abstract.* Cf. *Selections*, p. 36, l. 24, and *Introduction*, pp. xliii–xlix.

8 : 20.—*No national glow of life and thought.* Cf. Kuno Francke's *Social Forces in German Literature*, p. 528. "There is a deep pathos in the fact that the principal character of the play with which Goethe in 1815 celebrated the final triumph of the German cause should have been a dim figure of Greek antiquity—Epimenides, the legendary sage who awakens from a sleep of long years to find himself alone among a people whose battles he has not fought, whose pangs he has not shared."

10 : 13.—*The old woman.* On July 23, 1637, the attempt was made in St. Giles's Church, Edinburgh, to read the new service prescribed by Charles I. for Scotland. A dangerous riot followed. According to tradition, the riot was started by one Jenny Geddes, who threw her stool at the Dean's head, crying out, "Villain, dost thou say mass at my lug!" The latest authorities regard Jenny as legendary. See Burton's *History of Scotland* (1873), vi. 150.

12 : 1.—*Joubert.* See *Pensées de J. Joubert*, Paris, 1869, i. 178. The sentence quoted is the second aphorism under Titre xv.—*De la liberté, de la justice et des lois.*

12 : 31.—*Burke.* For representative extracts from Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, see Bliss Perry's *Selections from Burke* (1896), pp. 143-202.

13 : 23.—*Dr. Price.* Richard Price, D. D. (1723-91), long a preacher at various meeting-houses in Hackney, London, was one of the most prominent English advocates of the "Rights of Man." Because of his defense of the American revolutionists he was in 1788 invited by Congress to "come and reside among a people who knew how to

appreciate his talents." From 1789 to 1791 he defended vigorously in England the new order of things in France.

13 : 29.—"*To party gave up.*" From Goldsmith's epitaph (in *Retaliation*) on "good Edmund."

15 : 6—*Lord Auckland.* William Eden (1744-1814), was in 1785 Pitt's special envoy for the negotiation of an important treaty with France. During the next few years he was of the utmost service to Pitt through his skillful conduct of many pieces of diplomatic business. He received a peerage as Baron Auckland in 1789.

15 : 28.—*Curiosity.* Cf. what Arnold says, in 1867, on this same point in his lecture on *Culture and its Enemies*, a lecture that later became chap. i. of *Culture and Anarchy* (1869). See *Selections*, pp. 147-148.

19 : 15.—*The Home and Foreign Review.* Published in London from 1862 to 1864.

20 : 15.—*Sir Charles Adderley.* A Conservative statesman, who held important offices in the Colonial and Educational Departments, under Lord Derby, 1858–59 and 1866–68.

20 : 24.—*Mr. Roebuck.* Member for Sheffield and a typical representative in 1865 of the advanced Liberal party. Cf. *Selections*, p. 173, l. 9.

21 : 4.—"*Das Wenige.*" From Goethe's *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, I. ii. 91–92.

24 : 2.—*Detachment.* For the Indian Buddhist, the perfect life involves withdrawal from the world, "habitual silence," and severe "meditation." Cf. J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire's *The Buddha and his Religion*, translated by Laura Ensor, London, 1895, pp. 160–161.

25 : 17.—*Lord Somers* (1650-1716). The great champion of the English Constitution as determined by the Revolution of 1688. See the brilliant characterization of Somers in Macaulay's *History of England*, chap. xx.

25 : 18.—*Philistines.* See *Selections* and *Notes*, pp. 132 and 139.

25 : 18.—*Cobbett.* William Cobbett (1762–1835) was one of the most violent of English democratic agitators. He

was in America for a time, and from 1796 to 1801 published in Philadelphia *Peter Porcupine's Gazette*. On his return to England he took back with him what was left of Tom Paine. He was Member of Parliament from 1832 to 1835. For Heine's opinion of Cobbett see *Selections*, p. 142. Cobbett was continually producing newspaper articles and pamphlets, and was also author of many pretentious works. He wrote on a large variety of subjects: English grammar, European politics, English party politics, economic problems, religion, the Reformation. A collected edition of some of his more permanently valuable writings on politics was issued in six volumes by his sons in 1835. In the *Study of Celtic Literature* (*Selections*, p. 92), Arnold speaks of "Cobbett's sinewy, idiomatic English."

25 : 23.—*Latter-Day Pamphlets*. The first of these was published in February, 1850. While admitting the inevitableness of Democracy, they attacked many popular democratic superstitions, and urged that all men devote themselves to honest work and give over cheap oratory and political agitations.

25 : 24.—*Mr. Ruskin*. See, for example, Mr. Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera*.

27 : 6.—*Obermann*. See Senancour's *Obermann*, ed. 1863, Letter xc.:—"L'homme est périssable.—Il se peut; mais périssons en résistant, et, si le néant nous est réservé, ne faisons pas que ce soit une justice." 'Man is doomed to perish.—It may be so; but let us perish while resisting, and, if nothingness awaits us, let us ensure that it be not a just apportionment.' Arnold's writings contain many admiring allusions to Senancour (1770–1846). *Obermann* (1804) is the story of a dreamer of delicately romantic temperament, recited through a series of letters that are exquisite in phrase and in imaginative quality. Spiritual, philosophic, religious, and artistic problems come up for finely melancholy moralizing, and there is much sensitive transcription from nature. Amiel seems to have been an attempt on the part of the world-order to realize Obermann.

27 : 10.—*Bishop Colenso.* The first volume of his *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined* was published in 1862. It urged the "impossibility of regarding the Mosaic story as a true narrative of actual historical matters of fact." Arnold's essay on Colenso bore the title *The Bishop and the Philosopher* (the philosopher is Spinoza), and appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January, 1863. Arnold found Colenso's book not spiritually edifying for the uninstructed, and too cheap in its scholarship and methods for people of real cultivation. Colenso was Bishop of Natal; he died in 1883.

28 : 3.—*Joubert.* See *Pensées de J. Joubert*, ed. 1869, i. 311, Titre xxiii., *Des Qualités de l'écrivain.* "L'ignorance, qui, en morale, atténue la faute, est, elle-même, en littérature, une faute capitale."

28 : 12.—*Dr. Stanley.* Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster. Cf. **274 : 25.** The book in question is *The Bible: Its Form and its Substance* (1863). It admits the indefensibility of the theory of literal inspiration, but contends that in the study of the Scriptures "the main end to be sought is an increased acquaintance with the Bible, and increased appreciation of its instruction."

28 : 23.—*Eighty and odd pigeons.* The allusion is to one of the mathematical problems by which Bishop Colenso would discredit the Pentateuch. Arnold's account in his *Macmillan* article of this particular problem is as follows: "*If three priests have to eat 264 pigeons a day, how many must each priest eat?* That disposes of Leviticus."

29 : 1.—*A lady.* Frances Power Cobbe (b. 1822). She has been very influential as a writer for periodicals, as a lecturer on social topics, as an advocate of women's rights, and of late years as an opponent of vivisection. She has written much on religion from the point of view of a theist and Unitarian.

29 : 5.—*M. Renan's* (1823–92) book was the famous *Vie de Jésus* (1863). Of Renan's many works on Hebrew literature the best known is the elaborate *Histoire des Origines du Christianisme*, of which the prefatory volume

was the *Vie de Jésus*. Later volumes were *Les Apôtres* (1866), *l'Église chrétienne* (1879).

29 : 11.—"*Has been given the strength.*" The quotation comes from p. 134 of Miss Cobbe's *Broken Lights* (1864), a book in which, as Matthew Arnold has just noted, she makes a general "survey of the religious state of Europe."

29 : 20.—*Dr. Strauss's book.* Strauss (1808–74) published his original *Life of Jesus* ("Das Leben Jesu, kritisch bearbeitet") in 1835. His attempt was to account for the miraculous element in New Testament story as the product of the myth-making popular imagination working under the influence of the Messianic ideal. He published, in 1864, a popular edition of his "Leben Jesu," with the title "Das Leben Jesu; für das Deutsche Volk bearbeitet." This is the book alluded to in the text. The earlier book, it may be noted, was translated into English by George Eliot in 1846.

30 : 16.—*Nemo doctus.* See Cicero's *Att.*, xv. 7: "Nemo doctus umquam (multa autem de hoc genere scripta sunt) mutationem consilii, inconstantiam dixit esse."

30 : 20.—*Coleridge's . . . phrase.* See Coleridge's *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit:* "In my last letter I said that in the Bible there is more that *finds* me than I have experienced in all other books put together; that the words of the Bible find me at greater depths of my being; and that whatever finds me brings with it an irresistible evidence of its having proceeded from the Holy Spirit." Letter II.

31 : 10.—*Religious Duty.* Published in 1864; a kind of Unitarian guide to spirituality and morality.

33 : 31.—*Bossuet's philosophy of history.* In his *Discours sur l'histoire universelle* (1681) Bossuet, though attaining something like a conception of the continuity of history, nevertheless, explains the course of events as divinely directed in rather obviously providential ways for the benefit of Christianity in general and of the Roman Church in particular. Arnold's point is, of course, that

what was perhaps the most characteristic doctrine of the Reformation, "Luther's theory of grace," is, when judged by philosophical standards, no more satisfactory as a piece of theorizing than Bossuet's attempt to expound all history as merely preparing the way for the ecclesiasticism of the age of Louis Quatorze.

34 : 1.—*Bishop of Durham's.* In 1865 the Bishop of Durham was Charles Baring, a prelate of whom nothing seems preserved beyond the historical fact of his prelacy.

35 : 10.—*Ab integro.* From Vergil's *Eclogues*, iv. 5; best translated by a line from Shelley's *Hellas*, "The world's great age begins anew."

40.—*On Translating Homer.* Matthew Arnold was made Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1857. He published, in 1858, *Merope*, a tragedy, in imitation of the Greek; the preface expounded the theory of Greek tragedy. In 1860 he began a special series of three lectures on translating Homer. In a letter dated October 20, 1860, he writes: "I am in full work at my lecture on Homer, which you have seen advertised in the *Times*. I give it next Saturday. I shall try to lay down the true principles on which a translation of Homer should be founded, and I shall give a few passages translated by myself to add practice to theory. This is an off lecture, given partly because I have long had in my mind something to say about Homer, partly because of the complaints that I did not enough lecture on poetry. I shall still give the lecture, continuing my proper course, toward the end of the term." *Letters*, i. 145-146. These lectures were published in 1861. The Selection, pp. 40–66, is the entire first lecture.

40.—*Nunquamne reponam?* See Juvenal's *Satires*, i. 1 :

> "Semper ego auditor tantum? Numquamne reponam
> Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Cordi?"

'Shall I be always a hearer only? Shall I be vexed so often by the *Theseis* of husky-voiced Cordus and never take revenge?'

40 : 16.—*Professor Newman.* Francis W. Newman (b. 1805), brother of Cardinal Newman, studied at Oxford

and, after various experiences as tutor and traveler, was, in 1846, made Professor of Latin in University College, London ; he resigned this position in 1863. His translation of the *Iliad* was published in 1856. Professor Newman has written essays and treatises on a wide range of subjects from theology and elementary geometry to Arabic. His scholarship is universally admitted ; his poetic accomplishments may be judged from the following extract from his *Iliad:*

"Achilles, image of the gods!
Who on the deadly steps of Eld
And haply him the dwellers-round
Nor standeth any by his side
Yet doth he verily, I wis,
Joy in his soul, and every day
His loved offspring to behold,
thy proper sire remember,
far on like me is carried.
with many an outrage harry,
to ward annoy and ruin.
while thee alive he learneth
the hope within him cherish,
returned from land of Troas."

—*Iliad*, xxiv. 486–492.

The measure is the septenarius, with feminine ending—*i. e.*, the seven-foot Iambic line, ending with an unaccented extra syllable. There is no rhyme. Chapman in his translation of Homer uses rhyming seven-foot Iambic lines, ending in an accented syllable.

40 : 17.—*Mr. Wright.* See "*The Iliad of Homer*, translated into blank verse, by I. C. Wright, M. A., translator of Dante; late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford." London, 1861.

41 : 14.—*Mr. Newman declares.* The passage occurs in the preface to Newman's *Iliad.*

43 : 13.—*Bentley.* See J. H. Monk's *Life of Bentley*, London, 1830, p. 626: "The common story of his having told Pope, whom he met at Bishop Atterbury's table shortly after the publication of his translation of the *Iliad*, 'that it was a very pretty poem, but that he must not call it Homer,' is told in different forms; and its truth is very probable, from his having himself, when asked in his latter days what had been the cause of Pope's dislike, replied: 'I talked against his Homer; and the portentous cub never forgives.'"

43 : 17.—*Ὡς ἂν ὁ φρόνιμος ὁρίσειεν.* This famous definition of the standard of excellence in an art comes from Aristotle's *Nichomachæan Ethics*, II., vi. 15.

45 : 24.—*Voss.* The translation of the *Odyssey* was published in 1781; that of the *Iliad*, with the revised *Odyssey*, in 1793.

46 : 15.—*Article on English translations of Homer.* See the *National Review* for October, 1860, vol. xi. p. 283.

47 : 3. *The most delicate of living critics.* Of course, Sainte-Beuve. Cf. Arnold's *Letters*, i. 155, where he calls Sainte-Beuve "the first of living critics."

48 : 6.—*Cowper.* His *Homer* was published in 1791; a revised edition with many alterations appeared in 1802, after his death.

48 : 9.—*Mr. Sotheby.* William Sotheby's (1757–1833) translation of the *Iliad* into heroic couplets was published in 1831; the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, with seventy-five designs by John Flaxman, were published in 1834.

48 : 11.—*Chapman.* Parts of the *Iliad* appeared in 1598; the entire *Iliad* about 1611; half the *Odyssey* in 1614; the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* together in 1616. His measure, as already noted, is the septenarius, with masculine ending; the verses rhyme in couplets. The measure had been largely used in ballads. Cf. **60 : 10.**

51 : 23.—*Our pre-Raphaelite school.* See Mr. Ruskin's *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, Lecture IV., *Pre-Raphaelitism:* "Pre-Raphaelitism has but one principle—that of absolute, uncompromising truth in all that it does, obtained by working everything, down to the most minute detail, from nature, and from nature only. Every pre-Raphaelite landscape background is painted to the last touch, in the open air, from the thing itself. Every pre-Raphaelite figure, however studied in expression, is a true portrait of some living person. Every minute accessory is painted in the same manner. . . The habit of constantly carrying everything up to the utmost point of completion deadens the pre-Raphaelites in general to the merits of men who, with an equal love of truth up to a certain point,

yet express themselves habitually with speed and power, rather than with finish, and give abstracts of truth rather than total truth." Further discussions of pre-Raphaelitism may be found in Robert de la Sizeranne's *La Peinture Anglaise Contemporaine* (Paris, 1895), Harry Quilter's *Preferences in Art*, Knight's *Life of Rossetti*, Sharp's *Life of Rossetti*, William Bell Scott's *Reminiscences*, and in an article of F. G. Stephen's in the *Portfolio*, 1894.

54: 10—*Robert Wood* (1716–71). He traveled widely in the Orient in the interests of history and archæology, and published two famous illustrated works on Eastern antiquities: *The Ruins of Palmyra*, 1753; *The Ruins of Balbec*, 1757. He was called Palmyra Wood; cf. Athenian Stewart.

57: 6.—*Rasselas.* In *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia* (1759), the Latinized style of Johnson and his trifoliate sentence structure is luxuriantly developed. The dialogues as well as the author's own moralizings are all in polysyllables and periodic sentences. "The little fishes talk like whales."

58: 20.—"*With his eye on the object.*" The phrase first occurs in a letter of 1805 to Scott, who was planning an edition of Dryden. See *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, by Christopher Wordsworth (ed. Boston, 1851), i. 317. "Dryden had neither a tender heart nor a lofty sense of moral dignity. Whenever his language is poetically impassioned, it is mostly upon unpleasing subjects, such as the follies, vices, and crimes of classes of men, or of individuals. That his cannot be the language of imagination must have necessarily followed from this; that there is not a single image from nature in the whole body of his works; and in his translation from Virgil, whenever Virgil can be fairly said to have his *eye* upon his object, Dryden always spoils the passage." See also in Wordsworth's *Essay, Supplementary to the Preface* (1815), his famous comment on the artificiality of the eighteenth-century treatment of nature: "Excepting the nocturnal Reverie of Lady Winchelsea, and a passage or

two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the Paradise Lost and the Seasons does not contain a single new image of external nature, and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the Poet had been steadily fixed upon his object." Wordsworth's *Poetical Works*, ed. John Morley, 1890, p. 870.

59 : 17.—*Fourteen-syllable line.* Cf. **40 : 16** and **48 : 11.**

60 : 10.—*Keats's fine sonnet.*

"Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many Western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Mr. Swinburne's praise of this sonnet should not be forgotten: "While anything of English poetry shall endure the sonnet of Keats will be the final word of comment, the final note of verdict on Chapman's Homer." Chapman's *Works* (ed. London, 1875), vol. ii. p. lvii.

60 : 13.—*Coleridge.* See his *Miscellanies, Æsthetic and Literary*, ed. 1885, p. 289, *Chapman's Homer:* "It is as truly an original poem as the Faëry Queene;—it will give you small idea of Homer, though a far truer one than Pope's epigrams, or Cowper's cumbersome most anti-Homeric Miltonism. For Chapman writes and feels as a poet—as Homer might have written had he lived in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In short, it is an exquisite poem, in spite of its frequent and perverse quaintnesses and harshnesses, which are, however, amply repaid by almost unexampled sweetness and beauty of language, all over spirit and feeling."

60 : 15.—*Mr. Hallam.* See his *Literature of Europe* (ed. New York, 1874), ii. 226.

60 : 17.—*Its latest editor.* The allusion is to Rev. Richard Hooper's edition of Chapman's *Homer*, London, 1857.

62 : 10.—"*Clearest-souled.*" From Arnold's sonnet *To a Friend: Poems*, ed. 1878, p. 2.

62 : 12.—*Voltaire.* He stands here as typical of modern illumination and rationalism.

62 : 14.—"*Somewhat as one might imagine.*" These words occur toward the close of Pope's Preface to his translation of the *Iliad*.

62 : 22.—*As Chapman says it.* See the *Commentaries* at the end of book i. of Chapman's *Iliad;* Chapman's *Works*, ed. R. H. Shepherd, London, 1874–75, iii. 25.

66.—*Philology and Literature.* As regards the general significance of Arnold's distrust of philology, see *Introduction*, pages xxvii and xlv.

66 : 5.—*To give relief.* Cf. the preface to Cowper's *Homer*, p. xv : "It is difficult to kill a sheep with dignity in a modern language, to flay and to prepare it for the table, detailing every circumstance of the process. . . Homer, who writes always to the eye, with all his sublimity and grandeur, has the minuteness of a Flemish painter."

67 : 1.—*Mr. Newman.* In 1861 Professor Newman (cf. **40 : 16**) published *Homeric Translation in Theory and Practice. A Reply to Matthew Arnold, Esq., Professor of Poetry at Oxford.* In answer to this *Reply* Arnold delivered one or two additional lectures on translating Homer which, for the most part, had to do with Newman's arguments, but which also carried out suggestively some new lines of thought. His important discussion of English Hexameters occurs in these *Last Words*. The present Selection comes from the early part of these additional lectures, which, with the title *Last Words*, are printed at the end of the original three lectures.

68 : 13.—See Montaigne's *Essais*, livre II., chap. x., *Des Livres :* "Plutarque est plus uniforme et constant ; Seneque, plus ondoyant et divers."

71 : 14.—"*All thy blessed youth.*" See *Measure for Measure*, III. i. 36.

74 : 7.—*Homer seemed to Sophocles.* As regards the date of the Homeric poems, "the view that the poems were essentially in their present condition before the historical period in Greece began, early in the eighth century B. C., is moderate." Sophocles lived from 495 to 406 B. C.

74 : 28.—*Pericles* (495–429 B. C.). The statesman who ruled in Athens during the period of its greatest artistic glory.

77 : 3.—*And this is what he knows!* The climax is certainly effective. The reader should note the rhetorical ingenuity with which Professor Newman's incompetence is thrown into relief. Cf. the last sentence of this Selection, p. 82: "Terrible learning,—I cannot help in my turn exclaiming,—terrible learning, which discovers so much!"

79 : 20.—*Buttman, Mr. Malden, and M. Benfey.* Three well-known Greek scholars. Buttmann (1764–1829) was librarian of the Royal Library at Berlin and the author of various Greek grammars. Mr. Malden (b. 1800) long held the chair of Greek in University College, London. Theodor Benfey (b. 1809) was the author of a *Dictionary of Greek Roots* (1839).

81 : 5.—*Milton's words.* See *Lycidas*, l. 124.

81 : 23.—*The father in Sheridan's play.* See Sheridan's *The Critic*, II. ii:

> *Governor:* "No more; I would not have thee plead in vain:
> The father softens—but the governor
> Is fix'd!"

81 : 26.—*Professor Max Müller.* Corpus Professor of Comparative Philology and Fellow of All Souls College in the University of Oxford. His best known works are *Lectures on the Science of Language* (1859), and *Chips from a German Workshop* (1868–75).

83 : 15.—*Bonum est.* From the Vulgate: *Matthew*,

xvii. 4. The disciples are on the mount of transfiguration ; Peter exclaims, " Lord, it is good for us to be here." Arnold, in his *Letters* (i. 191), notes the fact that, when quoting from the Bible, he always uses the Vulgate Latin, in case he is " not earnestly serious."

83 : 22.—*Moriemini in peccatis vestris.* From the Vulgate, *John* viii. 24.

84 : 1.—" *Standing on earth.*" From Milton's *Paradise Lost*, bk. vii. 23–26.

84 : 13.—*Definition.* As regards Arnold's distrust of definitions and of all abstract discussions of literature, see *Introduction*, p. xliii. ff.

84 : 22.—*Bedeutendes.* This word in the sense of *noteworthy*, or *charged with significance*, was a special favorite with Goethe, by whom it was really made current. See the very long list of quotations from Goethe in the Grimms' *Deutsches Wörterbuch*, under *bedeutend.*

85 : 5.—*One poet.* Shakespeare. Cf. the essay, *A French Critic on Milton* in *Mixed Essays*, p. 200: "Shakespeare himself, divine as are his gifts, has not, of the marks of the master, this one : perfect sureness of hand in his style." Cf. also *Essays in Criticism*, ii. 135 : " Shakespeare frequently has lines and passages in a strain quite false, and which are entirely unworthy of him. But one can imagine his smiling if one could meet him in the Elysian Fields and tell him so ; smiling and replying that he knew it perfectly well himself, and what did it matter?"

87 : 4.—*Young.* His *Complaint or Night Thoughts* on " Life, Death, and Immortality," was published in 1742–45.

87 : 8.—*αἰὼν ἀσφαλὴς.* See Pindar's *Pythian Odes*, iii. ll. 153–161.

88 : 7.—*Celtic source.* Arnold delivered a series of lectures at Oxford in 1865–66, on the *Study of Celtic Literature.* These lectures were published in the *Cornhill Magazine* during the first half of 1866, and issued as a book in 1867. They are specially interesting as an attempt on Arnold's part to apply the historical method for the explanation of the characteristics of English literature. Arnold describes

the typical Celt, Teuton, and Norman, and accounts for the typical Englishman as the resultant of these types. English literature he finds to be the direct imaginative expression of the various mental and moral qualities derived from these widely dissimilar sources. Despite, however, his nominal acceptance of the scientific and historical point of view, Arnold's method is largely one of divination and intuition, and his accounts of the various original types seem not to have been founded on any thorough study of early documents or historical facts. His philological mistakes, he has in several cases admitted in his notes. Notwithstanding such shortcomings this work of Arnold's has been influential in popularizing the view that accounts for literature scientifically as an expression of national characteristics. Taine's *Histoire de la littérature anglaise* had appeared in 1864. When Arnold wrote, Taine's book was—and indeed it long remained—the most considerable attempt to explain an entire national literature scientifically in terms of national life.

89 : 7.—*Nor sometimes forget.* See Milton's *Paradise Lost*, iii. ll. 32–35.

89 : 12.—*Es bildet ein Talent.* See Goethe's *Tasso*, I. ii.

90 : 2.—*Menander* (ca. 340–ca. 290 B. C.). He was the foremost representative of the "New Comedy" in Greece. He kept close in his art to real life and portrayed it with great truth and subtlety. Of preceding dramatists Euripides most influenced him. "O Life and Menander," exclaimed the Grammarian Aristophanes, "which of you two imitated the other?" For an excellent contrast between the Old and the New Comedy, see Coleridge's *Lectures on Shakspere*, ed. 1890, p. 191. See also Mr. Churton Collins's *Essays and Studies* (London, 1895) and Mr George Meredith's *The Comic Spirit* (London, 1897).

91 : 31.—*Gemeinheit.* 'Commonness, mediocity.' Cf. **138 : 9.**

92 : 11.—*Cobbett's sinewy . . . English.* Cf. **25 : 18.**

92 : 15.—*Bossuet* (1627–1704). The famous Bishop of

Meaux, called because of his eloquence the "Eagle of Meaux." Cf. Arnold's translation (*Essays*, i. 295) of Joubert's characterization of Bossuet's style: "Bossuet employs all our idioms, as Homer employed all the dialects. The language of kings, of statesmen, and of warriors; the language of the people and of the student, of the country and of the schools, of the sanctuary and of the courts of law; the old and the new, the trivial and the stately, the quiet and the resounding,—he turns all to his use; and out of all this he makes a style, simple, grave, majestic. His ideas are, like his words, varied,—common and sublime together. Times and doctrines in all their multitude were ever before his spirit, as things and words in all their multitude were ever before it. He is not so much a man as a human nature, with the temperance of a saint, the justice of a bishop, the prudence of a doctor, and the might of a great spirit."

92: 15.—*Bolingbroke.* Henry St. John (1678–1751), Viscount Bolingbroke, the famous Tory statesman of the time of Queen Anne. He was a distinguished patron of literature, an intimate friend of Pope's, who addresses him in the opening lines of the *Epistle on Man*, and a versatile writer on political, historical, and pseudo-philosophical topics. His written style is conspicuous for its easy strength, its well-bred colloquialism, and its union of adroitness with apparent negligence. Of his style as an orator, Arnold speaks incidentally in his *Celtic Literature*: "Stafford, Bolingbroke, the two Pitts, Fox,—to cite no other names,—I imagine few will dispute that these call up the notion of an oratory, in kind, in extent, in power, coming nearer than any other body of modern oratory to the oratory of Greece and Rome." *Celtic Literature*, p. 89.

93: 22.—*Rhyme.* At present, scholars are pretty well agreed that rhyme "comes into our poetry" from Provençal verse and the lyrics of the "Norman minstrels." See Gummere's *Handbook of Poetics*, 153–154. Cf. Schipper's *Englische Metrik*, i. 30–38.

94 : 5.—*Gwydion.* See *Math the son of Mathonwy* in Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*, ed. 1849, iii. 239.

94 : 20.—*Olwen.* See *Kilhwch and Olwen*, as above, ii. 275.

94 : 28.—*Peredur.* See *Peredur the Son of Evrawc*, as above, i. 324.

95 : 13.—*Geraint and Enid.* See *Geraint the Son of Erbin*, as above, ii. 112.

96 : 26.—*In diesen Dichtungen, etc.* 'These poems are full of a weird moodiness, and show a marvelous sympathy with nature, especially with plants and stones. The reader feels as if he were in a magic forest; he hears hidden springs musically purling; mystical wild flowers gaze at him with strange wistful eyes; invisible lips kiss his cheeks with teasing tenderness; *great funguses*, like golden bells, spring up musically at the foot of the trees.'

97 : 2.—*Shakspeare's . . . daffodil.* See Perdita's speech in *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. :

> " Daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty."

Cf. *Selections*, p. 103.

97 : 3.—*Wordsworth's . . . cuckoo.* The allusion is probably to the famous stanza in the *Solitary Reaper :*

> " A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
> In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides."

The Poetical Works of Wordsworth, ed. John Morley, p. 192. Cf. *Selections*, p. 103.

Possibly, however, Arnold has in mind the poem *To the Cuckoo;* two of its most "magical" stanzas run as follows :—

> " Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
> Even yet thou art to me
> No bird, but an invisible thing.
> A voice, a mystery;
> . . . . .

"And I can listen to thee yet
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again."
—*Ibid.*, p. 204.

97 : 3.—*Keats's . . . Autumn.* See the well-known ode, beginning :

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!"

97 : 4.—*Obermann's . . . birch-tree.* See *Selections*, p. 103, and for Senancour, see **27 : 6.**

97 : 4.—*Easter-daisy.* The last paragraphs of Senancour's *Obermann* describe very tenderly and imaginatively the violet and the Easter-daisy,—*la hâtive pâquerette.*

97 : 15.—*Four of them.* This classification of Arnold's is characteristically based on no principle. See the *Introduction*, p. xlix.

98 : 5.—*As when the moon.* From Pope's *Iliad*, bk. viii. ll. 687 ff.

98 : 9.—*Manus heroum.* See Propertius's *Elegies*, xx. ll. 21–22.

"Hic manus heroum, placidis ut constitit oris,
Mollia composita litora fronde tegit."

'Here the band of heroes, when they had set foot on the peaceful shores, covered the pleasant beach with well-woven leaves and branches.'

98 : 11.—*The line of Theocritus.* See Theocritus' *Idyls*, **13 : 34** : 'For a great mead lay before them, rich with rushes for beds.' The reading at present accepted gives ἔκειτο, μέγα for ἔκειτο μέγας ; in this case, of course, μέγα modifies ὄνειαρ.

98 : 19.—*What little town.* See Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

99 : 19.—*White hawthorn.* This quotation and the following one are from Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale.*

100 : 4.—*Muscosi fontes.* Vergil's *Eclogues*, vii. 45.

100 : 6.—*Pallentes violas. Ibid.*, ii. 47–48 : 'For thee the fair Naiad plucks pale violets and the tallest poppies and

daintily interweaves with them the narcissus and the flower of the fragrant dill.'

100 : 9.—*Cana legam. Ibid.*, ll. 51–52 : 'I myself will pluck quinces, white with tender down, and chestnuts.'

100 : 13.—*I know a bank. Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. 1.

100 : 19.—*Look how the floor. The Merchant of Venice*, V. i.

100 : 26.—*Met we on hill. Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. 1.

101 : 2.—*The moon shines bright. The Merchant of Venice*, I. 1.

103 : 3.—*Daffodils.* See **97 : 2**.

103 : 7.—*Voice . . . heard.* See **97 : 3**.

103 : 12.—*Moving waters.* See Keats's *Last Sonnet*. Arnold misquotes; for "cold" read "pure."

103 : 15.—*Mountain birch-tree.* Cf. **27 : 6** and **97 : 4** The quotation may be found in Senancour's *Obermann*, ed. Paris, 1863, p. 72.

104 : 1.—*Literature and Science.* This is one of the three lectures that Arnold gave repeatedly during his visit to America in 1883–84. It was "originally given as the Rede Lecture at Cambridge [England], was recast for delivery in America, and is reprinted here as so recast." See the preface to *Discourses in America*. The lecture is a temperate but comprehensive and vigorous plea for the humanities in education; to many believers in "the classics" its arguments seem still unanswered. The student should note particularly its easy conversational tone, and its method of "winding into a subject," its concreteness and close adherence to life, its pleasant use of illustrations, its delicately venomous irony, its mocking repetition of catchwords and quotations, and its fine sanity and sublimated worldly wisdom; in all these respects it is a thoroughly characteristic piece of Arnold's prose at its best. Arnold himself rated his *Discourses in America* very high; he declared it to be "the book by which, of all his prose-

writings, he should most wish to be remembered." *Letters*, ii. 327, note.

Many of the ideas of *Literature and Science* are to be found in *Equality*, an "Address delivered at the Royal Institution" in 1878, now the second essay in *Mixed Essays*. A comparison between *Equality* and *Literature and Science* might prove a suggestive study of literary methods. The style in *Equality* is much severer, the tone less playfully colloquial, and the treatment less desultory.

108 : 19.—*To know the best.* See *Selections*, pp. 15–16, 25–26, 35–37.

108 : 22.—*In a discourse.* See T. H. Huxley's *Science and Culture and Other Essays*, Macmillan, 1881. The address in question was delivered October 1, 1880.

110 : 2.—*M. Renan talks.* See, for example, an article on *L'Instruction supérieur en France* in Renan's *Questions Contemporaines*, Paris, 1868, pp. 94–96, and 100–101. Cf. **226 ; 4.**

118 : 5.—*Diotima . . . once explained.* See the *Symposium;* Jowett's *The Dialogues of Plato*, i. 451, etc.

119 : 4.—*Professor Sylvester.* A distinguished English mathematician ; at the date of Arnold's lecture, 1883, he had just completed seven years' service as a professor in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

119 : 29.—*Mr. Darwin's famous proposition.* See Darwin's *Descent of Man*, Part II. chap. xxi.

121 : 10.—*Mr. Darwin once owned.* A passage in which Darwin comments on his "curious and lamentable loss of the higher æsthetic tastes" is to be found in his *Life and Letters*, London, 1887, i. 100–101.

121 : 26.—*Sandemanian.* The sect of the Glassites or Sandemanians originated in Scotland about 1725; it still exists, and numbers about 2000 members. Among those of its practices or doctrines that go somewhat incongruously with scientific opinions are its use of the kiss of peace of the primitive Christians and its belief in the efficacy of casting lots for divine guidance.

129 : 8.—*Lady Jane Grey.* Roger Ascham has left in his

Scholemaster a delightful account of an interview with this charming girl-pedant: "Before I went into *Germanie*, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Ladie *Jane Grey*, to whom I was exceding moch beholdinge. Hir parentes, the Duke and Duches, with all the houshold, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were huntinge in the Parke: I founde her, in her Chamber, readinge *Phaedon Platonis* in Greeke, and that with as moch delite, as som jentlemen wold read a merie tale in *Bocase*. After salutation, and dewtie done, with some other taulke, I asked hir, whie she wold leese soch pastime in the Parke? smiling she answered me: I wisse, all their sporte in the Parke is but a shadoe to that pleasure, that I find in *Plato:* Alas good folke, they never felt, what trewe pleasure ment." Ascham's *Scholemaster*, Arber's ed., 46–47.

132 : 24.—*Mr. Wright.* See **40 : 17.**

134 : 2.—*The young lions.* According to Arnold, the *Daily Telegraph* (the London morning journal circulating most widely among the English middle classes), fostered many of the worst tendencies in the British public; their love of cheap, patriotic bluster; their fondness for tinsel and claptrap in literary style; in short, all the literary and moral vulgarities of Philistinism. Leo Adolescens or Young Leo is Arnold's favorite nickname for the typical newswriter of the *Daily Telegraph*. Leo figures frequently in *Friendship's Garland;* one of his letters is given in the *Selections*, pp. 250–255. Cf. *Selections*, p. 145 and p. 166.

135 : 19.—*Benthamism.* The doctrine in its ethical significance is popularly expounded in John Stuart Mill's essay on *Utilitarianism*, in his *Dissertations and Discussions*, vol. iii. Bentham limits all knowledge to phenomena, denies free-will, and makes virtue coincident with action for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Benthamism is used here by Arnold as a general synonym for materialism, and stands for any system of belief that opposes itself directly to a religious or transcendental conception of the universe.

136 : 15.—*Il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire.* In Fénelon's *Télémaque*, bk. xiii., an account is given of the process by which an intriguing man of affairs may render himself *necessary* to his prince. It may have been partly with reference to this classical passage that Chateaubriand said: "Je ne me crois pas un homme nécessaire, et je pense qu'il n'y a pas plus d'hommes nécessaires aujourd'hui." The exact phrase in the text is usually ascribed to Napoleon.

137 : 3.—*Exeter Hall.* The favorite place in London for large sectarian meetings.

137 : 4.—*Marylebone Vestry.* "The poor law, and management of the paving, cleansing, and lighting are still in the hands of the inhabitants of the parishes, or unions of parishes, or districts of them, and their representatives. The most important of these assemblies are the vestries of Marylebone and St. Pancras." Bohn's *London*, 1854, p. 99. The Church of Marylebone is in a populous district in the northwest of London; a well-to-do tradesman might naturally belong to the vestry and be vaingloriously busy with the details of local administration. Cf. *Selections*, p. 171, l. 8.

137 : 6.—*His great dissected master.* Jeremy Bentham (d. 1832) left his body to be dissected in the interests of science; his skeleton is preserved in the museum of University College, London.

137 : 19.—*Our young barbarians.* A humorous adaptation of a line from Byron's description of the Dying Gladiator in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, canto iv. stanza cxli.

137 : 27.—*Tübingen.* F. C. Baur, who was made Professor of Theology in Tübingen in 1826, is regarded as the founder of the so-called "Tübingen school." The work of the school was the scientific interpretation of the Gospels and Epistles with the view of determining the various conflicting conceptions of Jesus' character and mission that they embody and of fixing the historical relations of these conceptions. Baur laid special stress on the conflict be-

tween Petrinism and Paulism. In Arnold's mind, Tübingen stands for all that is characteristically scientific in the treatment of theological and religious questions. In *God and the Bible* (1875) Arnold has much to say of Baur and the Tübingen school, *e. g.*, on pp. 198 and 232.

138 : 5.—*Goethe . . . on the death of Schiller.* See Goethe's *Epilog zu Schillers Glocke* in Goethe's *Werke* (ed. Stuttgart, 1867), xv. 360 :

> "Indessen schritt sein Geist gewaltig fort
> Ins Ewige des Wahren, Guten, Schönen,
> Und hinter ihm, in wesenlosen Scheine,
> Lag, was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine."

'Meanwhile his spirit fared bravely on into the realms where eternally abide the True, the Good, the Beautiful; and behind him,—a mere shadowy illusion,—lay that which holds us all in bondage,—the petty world of custom.'

139 : 1.—*Philistinism.* In German student slang a *Philister* is anyone outside of the student class and hostile to it—particularly perhaps a man to whom money is owed, a proprietor of rooms, or a smug tradesman. More broadly, the term is applied to foes of the children of light, to enemies of ideas and art, to those who are slaves to the petty routine of "use and wont," to men who have no interest beyond the "main chance." An early instance of the word in this sense occurs in Goethe's *Satyros* (1773), in the opening monologue of Einsiedler. The crude Philistine is described as looking on the sprouting buds and plants of the new year, and thinking simply and solely of the crops that they promise to him and his kin. Heine has probably done more than any other German writer to make the word Philistine known outside of Germany. An instance of his use of it may be found in the first chapter of the *Reisebilder*, ii., *Italien* (1828–29). In England Carlyle uses the word as early as 1827 in his essay on the *State of German Literature ; Essays*, London, 1872, i. 58. He explains the term as the nickname bestowed on the partisans of the

Aufklärung or Rationalistic movement during the latter part of the eighteenth century, by those who refused to find in Rationalism and Utilitarianism the complete philosophy of life. Again, in 1831, Carlyle uses the term, in his review of William Taylor's *Historic Survey of German Poetry*. After describing Taylor's character Carlyle adds: "To a German we might have compressed all this long description into a single word. Mr. Taylor is what they call a *Philister;* every fiber of him is Philistine. With us such men usually take into politics and become Code-makers and Utilitarians." Carlyle's *Essays*, ed. London, 1872, iii. 241. Thackeray's *Student Quarter*, dealing with Paris in 1839–40, speaks of the *Philister* and the German *Bursch*, as contrasted types. In an essay on Macaulay, whom, it may be noted, Arnold once called "the great Apostle of the Philistines" (Arnold's *Essays in Criticism*, i. 304), Mr. Leslie Stephen comments as follows on the term Philistine: It is a "word which I understand properly to denote indifference to the higher intellectual interests. The word may also be defined, however, as the name applied by prigs to the rest of their species. . . There is much that is good in your Philistine." Leslie Stephen's *Hours in a Library*, iii. 306. For Arnold's account of the "good" in Philistinism, see *Selections*, pp. 233–234.

139 : 3.—*Soli.* A place on the northeast shore of the Mediterranean, just north from Cyprus. The bad Greek spoken there was proverbial and originated the name solecism for any incorrectness of speech.

139 : 16.—*Respectability.* In the report of a trial in some English court a witness characterized the defendant as a *respectable* man. When asked what he meant by respectable, he explained that the man in question "kept a gig." Carlyle seized upon this naïve definition and wove from it the numerous phrases about "gigmanity," "respectability with its thousand gigs," and so on, that abound in his writings.

140 : 15.—"*The French, . . . are the chosen people,*'

These are the closing words of Heine's *Englische Fragmente*. See Heine's *Werke*, ed. Stuttgart, vi. 252.

140 : 27.—"*I might settle in England.*" Two of Heine's most amusing attacks on the English character are the chapter called *John Bull* in the *Englische Fragmente*, and chap. xlix. of *Lutetia*, Heine's *Werke*, ed. Stuttgart, xii. 36 ff.

141 : 5.—*The rule of thumb.* See Heine's *Englische Fragmente*, chap. xiii. *Die Befreiung*, and cf. John Morley's *On Compromise*.

142 : 8.—*Cobbett.* See **25 : 18.** The passage that Arnold translates is taken from chap. ix. of the *Englische Fragmente*.

143 : 16.—"*Moving altogether.*" This is an adaptation of the last line of stanza xi. of Wordsworth's *Resolution and Independence*.

144.—*Culture and Anarchy.* The preface to *Culture and Anarchy* and the first chapter, *Sweetness and Light*, are made up, with few alterations, from the last lecture that Arnold gave as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. This lecture was published under the title *Culture and its Enemies* in the *Cornhill Magazine* for July, 1867, xvi. 36. To make the lecture available for *Culture and Anarchy*, Arnold converted the first few paragraphs into a preface, broke the text in general into shorter paragraphs, made a few verbal changes, and did away, at the beginning and the close, with allusions to the Oxford audience. Except in these unimportant ways the *Cornhill* article was unaltered. *Culture and Anarchy* was published in 1869.

144 : 16.—*Mr. Frederic Harrison.* The article in question, *Culture: A Dialogue*, appeared originally in the *Fortnightly Review* for November, 1867, viii. 603. The tone and tenor of the article are indicated by the quotation from Shakespeare that stands as its motto :

> "The sovereign'st thing on earth
> Was parmaceti for an inward bruise."

These are the words of advice the fop in Henry IV. gives to Hotspur after the battle. The implication is that Arnold, with his debonair prescription of Culture for the terrible evils of modern society, is no better than a fop in the midst of the carnage and horrors of war. Cf. **174 : 16**, and *Selections*, p. 177.

145 : 20.—*The Daily Telegraph.* See **134 : 2**.

147.—*Sweetness and Light.* This Selection, pp. 147–180, is the first chapter of *Culture and Anarchy*, and directly follows the *Introduction*, given in the preceding Selection. For the title see **160 : 6**.

147 : 26.—*M. Sainte-Beuve.* See the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1866, cxix. 80. The article sketches Sainte-Beuve's life and summarizes his more important writings; it gives no adequate analysis of his method or style.

148 : 4.—*Curiosity.* Cf. *Selections*, p. 15, where in *The Function of Criticism* (1865) Arnold makes a similar plea for the value of *Curiosity*.

148 : 23.—*Montesquieu says.* The quotation comes from Montesquieu's *Discours sur les motifs qui doivent nous encourager aux sciences, prononcé le 15 Novembre 1725.* Montesquieu's *Œuvres complètes;* ed. Laboulaye, vii. 78.

149 : 21.—*Bishop Wilson.* Thomas Wilson (1663–1755) was Bishop of the Isle of Man—Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man—from 1697 to his death. For the details of his biography, see the folio edition of his *Works*, London, 1782. It is interesting to note that in 1785 copies of this folio edition were presented by Dr. Wilson, Prebendary of Westminster, son of the Bishop, to "the United States in Congress assembled," and by the Secretary of Congress, through the "Delegates," transmitted to various Colleges and Universities. Arnold has prefixed to *Culture and Anarchy* a brief appreciation of Bishop Wilson's religious writings. "In the essay which follows," Arnold says, "the reader will often find Bishop Wilson quoted. To me and to the members of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, his name and writings are still, no doubt, familiar. But the world is fast going away from old-fash-

ioned people of his sort, and I learnt with consternation lately, from a brilliant and distinguished votary of the natural sciences, that he had never so much as heard of Bishop Wilson, and that he imagined me to have invented him." . . "On a lower range than the *Imitation*, and awakening in our nature chords less poetical and delicate, the *Maxims* of Bishop Wilson are, as a religious work, far more solid. To the most sincere ardor and unction, Bishop Wilson unites in these *Maxims*, that downright honesty and plain good sense which our English race has so powerfully applied to the divine impossibilities of religion; by which it has brought religion so much into practical life, and has done its allotted part in promoting upon earth the Kingdom of God."

A perhaps over-ingenious speculation suggests itself as regards Arnold's use of Bishop Wilson's name. In 1858 died Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, who was for many years a curate or rector in London, and who was widely known among Low Churchmen by somewhat voluminous writings. Arnold's calm and complete ignoring of any Bishop Wilson save the historical Bishop of Sodor and Man may have been an intentional bit of satire at the expense of the Low Church party and one of its typical representatives.

149 : 21.—*To make reason.* Cf. Bishop Wilson's *Maxims*, in his *Works*, ed. 1782, i. 290: "A prudent Christian will resolve at all times to sacrifice his inclinations to reason, and his reason to the Will and Word of God."

152 : 26.—*Making endless additions.* Cf. *Celtic Literature*, p. 137: "The hard unintelligence, which is just now our bane, cannot be conquered by storm; it must be suppled and reduced by culture, by a growth in the variety, fullness, and sweetness of our spiritual life; and this end can only be reached by studying things that are outside of ourselves, and by studying them disinterestedly."

153 : 18.—*To promote.* The Thirty-fourth of Bishop Wilson's Sermons—that on the *Great Duty of Instruct-*

ing the Ignorant—urges "that the promoting the Kingdom of God is very consistent with the ordinary business of life." Bishop Wilson's *Works*, ii. 221. This sermon is specially interesting because it emphasizes from the Christian point of view the need and value of very much that kind of quiet instruction of the people to which Arnold so largely devoted himself. "Amongst other means [for promoting the Kingdom of God] that of *instructing the ignorant* is the foundation of all the rest. . . For thus men are dealt with *as reasonable* creatures. . . To be dealt with as reasonable creatures, we must be informed,—What our condition is;—in what relation we stand to God; what it is he expects from us," etc.

155 : 24.—*Mr. Roebuck's.* Cf. **20 : 24.**

159 : 14.—"*Eat and drink.*" This is the first of Franklin's *Rules of Health*, as given in *Poor Richard's Almanack*, 1742. Arnold misquotes; Franklin writes, "such an exact quantity as the constitution of thy body allows of."

159 : 22.—"*It is a sign*," etc. This sentence forms chapter xli. of the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus.

160 : 6.—*Sweetness and light.* This is the phrase by which Æsop, in Swift's *Battle of the Books*, sums up the superiority of the ancients over the moderns. "As for us, the ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own beyond our wings and our voice, that is to say, our flights and our language; for the rest, whatever we have got has been by infinite labor and search, and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference is, that instead of dirt and poison we have rather chose to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light." Swift's *Works*, ed. Scott, 1824, x. 240.

163 : 1.—*Independents.* In America Independents are known as Congregationalists,—Orthodox or Unitarian. The sect originated in England about 1570. Its distinguishing principle is the right of every congregation of believers to independence and self-government.

163 : 5.—"*The Dissidence of Dissent.*" From Burke's

speech on *Conciliation with America*. See Burke's *Works*, ed. London, 1823, iii. 53.

164 : 24.—*The Pilgrim Fathers' Voyage*. The Pilgrim Fathers landed from the *Mayflower* at what is now Plymouth in November, 1620. There were one hundred and one in the company, all Independents.

166 : 18.—*Publice egestas*. See Sallust's *Catiline*, lii. : "Pro his nos habemus luxuriam atque avaritiam ; publice egestatem, privatim opulentiam." 'In place of all this former excellence we have to-day luxury and avarice ; public want and private wealth.'

166 : 25.—*The Daily Telegraph*. See **134 : 2.**

169 : 9.—*Mr. Beales*. Edmond Beales was a prominent member of Parliament and a very active champion of the cause of democracy. He was President of the league for securing Manhood Suffrage and made himself conspicuous in the summer of 1866 by helping to organize huge popular demonstrations in Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park, in furtherance of the cause of Reform. Cf. *Selections*, p. 201, l. 15.

169 : 9.—*Charles Bradlaugh*. At this time Mr. Bradlaugh had not entered Parliament ; he was chiefly known as editor of the *National Reformer*, as a radical lecturer on religion, and as an almost rabid advocate by pen and voice of extreme democratic opinions. His famous and ultimately successful struggle for the right to take his seat in Parliament without the customary formal oath began much later.

170 : 4.—*Dr. Newman's Apology*. Cardinal Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (1864) was ostensibly a reply to Charles Kingsley's charge that Newman taught the justifiableness of lying, but was really an account of Newman's whole life as teacher, preacher, and ecclesiastic, and an explanation of the causes that led him from Evangelicalism through the *Via Media* to Romanism. Newman's hostility to "Liberalism" is specially described on pp. 30, 214, and 261 of the *Apologia*, ed. 1890. Cf. *Selections* and *Notes*, **265 : 9.**

170 : 10.—*Quæ regio.* See the *Æneid*, i. 460. Æneas finds scenes from the war about Troy carved upon Dido's temple and exclaims to Achates: "What region of the earth is not filled with the tale of our woe?"

170 : 27.—*Mr. Lowe.* Robert Lowe, afterward Viscount Sherbrooke, had held several offices in the Board of Education and the Board of Trade, and had been conspicuous during 1866–67 as one of the bitterest opponents of Disraeli's Reform Bill. His speeches on this subject were published in 1867.

171 : 8.—*Middle-class vestries.* Cf. **137 : 4.**

173 : 9.—*Mr. Roebuck.* Cf. **20 : 24.**

174 : 11.—*Jacobinism.* The term, of course, comes from the name of the famous political club, *Les Jacobins*, to which Robespierre belonged in 1789–94. The essential characteristics of Jacobinism as a habit of mind are given by Arnold in the lines that follow.

174 : 16.—*Mr. Frederic Harrison.* A prominent London barrister and man of letters, one of the most active of the English Positivists or followers of Comte. Cf. **144 : 16,** and *Selections*, pp. 177, 247–248, and 251.

174 : 17.—*Comte.* Auguste Comte (1798-1857), the French philosopher whose system goes by the name of Positivism. He taught that all our knowledge is confined to phenomena, that all metaphysical speculation is misleading, that the aim of science is by observation, experiment, and generalization, to reduce to order all the facts of human experience and to find for them formulas of ever increasing scope. Speculation, he taught, goes through three stages: first, the theological, where existence and its facts are explained as directly dependent on the capricious action of supernatural agents; secondly, the metaphysical, where existence and its facts are explained as the expressions of unknown substances acting according to law; thirdly, the positive, where the verifiable facts of existence are alone attended to and the attempt is made to find the sequences by which these facts follow one another. Positivism was the most considerable attempt, prior to the

Theory of Evolution, to limit all knowledge to such knowledge as is derivable through the methods of the natural sciences and to reduce this knowledge into a complete and harmonious system of carefully determined facts and correlated principles. Comte substituted for supernatural religion the Religion of Humanity and for the worship of God the cult of great men. Positivism has been flippantly described as the system that spells God with a small *g* and humanity with a large *h*.

174 : 17.—*Mr. Congreve.* Richard Congreve, b. 1818, was for a time a tutor at Wadham College, Oxford, has published various essays on historical and social questions, and has translated Comte's *Catechism of Positive Religion* (1858). Mr. Congreve is more given to ecclesiasticism than is Mr. Frederic Harrison, and whereas Mr. Harrison has little to say of the Religion of Humanity and is chiefly concerned for the intellectual and moral welfare of Positivists, Mr. Congreve lays great stress on the value of Religion, and holds weekly meetings in London where Positivistic worship is conducted with a good deal of ornate detail. For an account of Positivist churches in London, see the New York *Nation*, vol. l. No. 1285, p. 128.

174 : 28.—*A current in people's minds.* Here and in the next paragraph Arnold recognizes in a curiously incidental fashion the theory that regards opinion as depending necessarily upon social conditions, and as subject to law in its apparently whimsical changes. There is something a trifle grotesque in his arrogating to himself and to "Culture" special ownership in this conception of the growth of opinion—a conception which is distinctively scientific and tends to reduce even the flurries of popular whim to law, and to *systematize* even the caprices of fashion.

175 : 8.—*Preller.* Ludwig Preller (1809–61) was from 1846 to 1861 Librarian-in-chief at Weimar; he had previously been a Professor in several German universities, including Jena. His most important works were his *Greek Mythology* (1854-55) and his *Roman Mythology* (1858).

175 : 31.—*A new version of the Book of Job.* Arnold

misrepresents Franklin. The "project" for a new version of *Job* was merely a somewhat elaborate joke. Among the "Bagatelles," now included in the second volume of Franklin's *Works*, is a piece called *The Levee*, in which Franklin translates the account in *Job* of Satan's visit to God into the language of the ceremonial of a European court; the translation is obviously meant to be amusing. Immediately after this piece comes the so-called "project" for a new version of the Book of Job, with a half-dozen specimen verses. In one of these verses the phrasing is the same with that of *The Levee*, and in all of them the account of the Bible incidents is so managed as to be absurdly suggestive of modern politics and intrigue. Take for example, Franklin's paraphrase of verse ii.; the original is as follows: "But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face." With Franklin this becomes, "Try him;—only withdraw your favor, turn him out of his places, and withhold his pensions, and you will soon find him in the opposition." Arnold criticises Franklin's bit of burlesque with astonishing seriousness and literalness. For *The Levee* and the *Proposed New Version*, see Franklin's *Works*, ed. Boston, 1836, ii. 164.

176 : 16.—*Deontology.* Bentham's *Deontology, or The Science of Morality* (the theory of what is fitting,—of the ought,—Grk. τὸ δέον, that which is binding or right), was published in 1834, two years after Bentham's death. For the passage Arnold quotes, see i. 39. Cf. **135 : 19.**

176 : 30.—*Comte.* Cf. **174 : 17.**

176 : 30.—*Mr. Buckle.* He is remembered through his heroic attempt, in his *History of Civilization in England* (vol. i., 1857; ii., 1861), to put history on a scientific basis and to trace the laws that have determined the development of national life. He was without university training, studied for the most part alone, and was doubtless in some degree victimized by his theories. His *History of Civilization* is full of brilliant suggestion, and shows enormous reading, but is not always sure in its facts, and is often unsafe in its speculation. His main thesis, that progress depends wholly

on intellectual enlightenment, does not tally with the later sociological theories of evolutionists. Buckle wrote before the days of evolution. His *History* has been recently defended at great length by Mr. J. M. Robertson in *Buckle and his Critics: A Study in Sociology*, London, 1895.

176 : 30.—*Mr. Mill.* John Stuart Mill (1806–73), the most prominent perpetuator in the middle of the century of the Locke and Hume tradition in philosophy, before it was transformed by the assimilation of the results of modern science. He was the immediate disciple of his father James Mill and of Jeremy Bentham. The history of his intellectual life from his earliest years is given in his *Autobiography*, a book which should be read at the same time with Mark Pattison's *Memoirs* and Cardinal Newman's *Apologia*. His *System of Logic* appeared in 1843 and his *Political Economy* in 1848. His three most characteristic short works are, *On Liberty* (1859), *Utilitarianism* (1862), and the *Subjection of Women* (1869).

179 : 28.—*Abelard.* Pierre Abailard (1079–1142) was one of the most brilliant thinkers and famous teachers of the Middle Ages. During the first years of the twelfth century he lectured in Paris to crowds of students from all over Europe. Later, after many mischances largely due to his romantic passion for Heloïse, the story of which has entered so variously into European literature, he turned hermit and took up his abode in the wilderness. But he was soon besieged once more with pupils, who lived in huts in the desert to be near him and listen to his teaching. Some years later Abelard was accused of heresy by Bernard, through whose influence he was condemned by a church Council about 1140. See *Abailard: sa vie sa philosophie et sa theologie*, by Charles Rémusat, Paris, 1845.

179 : 31.—*Lessing.* G. E. Lessing (1729–81) was the re-creator of German literature. He assailed the slavish imitation of French pseudo-classicism, prevalent in the writings of such men as Gottsched, and turned to English literature for his models. In his *Laocoön* and

Dramaturgie he interpreted Classical art anew and freed it from the false glosses of French pseudo-classical criticism. As a dramatist he dealt frankly and powerfully with actual life, and did much to make German literature the imaginative and sincere expression of German national ideals. In *Nathan der Weise*, he pleaded for religious tolerance. Everywhere he stood for clear thought, genuine emotion, national enthusiasm against pedantry, artificiality, and academicism. During his later years he was head Librarian at Wolfenbüttel, near Brunswick.

179 : 32.—*Herder* (1744–1803). Probably Herder's greatest claim to remembrance lies in the fact that he first grasped firmly and applied widely the conception of literature that explains it as a growth and development dependent upon social conditions. He was also one of the earliest of the Germans to feel the artistic charm of the Middle Ages, and it was through him that Goethe was led to an appreciation of Mediævalism. His mind was astonishingly active and fertile, but his artistic sense was not sure, and he produced little work that lives through sheer beauty. His beneficial influence on his contemporaries cannot be measured by the actual survival of his writings. During the latter part of his life he was court-preacher at Weimar.

180 : 12.—*St. Augustine.* See the *Confessions of St. Augustine*, bk. xiii. ch. xviii. ; J. G. Pilkington's translation, Edinburgh, 1886, p. 369.

181.—*Hebraism and Hellenism.* The terms are probably taken from Heine. See Heine's *Über Ludwig Börne*, bk. i. *Werke*, ed. Stuttgart, x. 12 : "'Jew' and 'Christian' are for me words of quite similar meaning and are both opposed to Hellene, by which name also I denote no special nation, but a mental habit and a mode of conceiving life, which are both innate and the result of training. In this connection I might say : All men are either Jews or Hellenes, men ascetic in their instincts, hostile to culture, spiritual fanatics, or men of vigorous good cheer, full of the pride of life, Naturalists. Thus there have been

Hellenes in the families of German pastors, and there have been Jews who were born in Athens and perhaps the direct descendants of Theseus. The beard makes not the Jew, nor the peruke the Christian." It should be noted that somewhat later in this *Selection* (p. 183), Arnold speaks of Heine's recognition of the contrast between Hellene and Hebraist and asserts that Heine brings in Hebraism "just as a foil and contrast to Hellenism, and to make the superiority of Hellenism more manifest."

In Wordsworth's *Preface* to the 1815 edition of his *Poems* there is an interesting contrast between the Hebrew mind and imagination and those of the Greeks and Romans. Milton is "a Hebrew in soul." See Wordsworth's *Works*, ed. Morley, 882–883. The comparison is, however, brief, and hardly goes beyond artistic matters.

181 : 1.—*This fundamental ground.* These are the opening words of chap. iv. of *Culture and Anarchy*. In chap. iii. Arnold has described the various defective types of which English society consists,—Barbarians, Philistines, the Populace,—and has exemplified the evils that arise from the self-will with which each type lives out its own life irresponsibly. The tendency of all English life and thought, Arnold insists, is to overemphasize the right of the individual to go his own way; confusion and a kind of anarchy result. "We see, then," Arnold concludes, "how indispensable to that human perfection which we seek is, in the opinion of good judges, some public recognition and establishment of our best self, or right reason. We see how our habits and practice oppose themselves to such a recognition, and the many inconveniences which we therefore suffer. But now let us try to go a little deeper, and to find beneath our actual habits and practice the very ground and cause out of which they spring." Now follows the Selection in the text.

181 : 6.—*The best light you have.* "Two things a Christian will do: Never go against the best light he has; this will prove his sincerity:—and secondly, to take care that his light be not darkness; that is, that he mistake not his

rule by which he ought to go." Bishop Wilson's *Maxims*, *Works*, ed. 1782, i. 290.

183 : 6.—*Frederick Robertson* (1816–53). Robertson of Brighton—he went to Brighton in 1847—was one of the most eloquent preachers of his day. He belonged to no special party in the Church of England, at times ran counter to the prejudices of all parties, was fearless in his advocacy of his own ideas, was embroiled with various social cliques in Brighton because of his contention for reforms, and wore out his nervous, eager temperament in his struggle to maintain his ideals. See Rev. Stopford Brooke's *Life and Letters of Frederick Robertson* (1865). The sermon Arnold alludes to is doubtless the Advent Lecture of December 6, 1849, *The Grecian*. "Four characteristics," Robertson urges, "marked Grecian life and Grecian religion: Restlessness—Worldliness—The Worship of the Beautiful—The Worship of the Human." See Robertson's *Sermons*, ed Boston, 1869, i. 195.

183 : 11.—*Heinrich Heine*. See **181**. For an interesting discussion of Heine's Paganism, see Émile Hennequin's *Écrivains francisés*, Paris, 1889, p. 82.

186 : 8.—*Aristotle will undervalue knowing*. See the *Nicomachean Ethics*, bk. ii. chap. iii.

186 : 15.—*Epictetus exhorts us*. See, for example, the chapter "Concerning those who Embrace Philosophy in Words," *The Discourses of Epictetus*, bk. ii. chap. xix.: "Show me a Stoic, if you have one. Where? Or how should you? You can show, indeed, a thousand who repeat the Stoic reasonings. . . Show me one who is sick, and happy; in danger, and happy; dying, and happy; exiled, and happy; disgraced, and happy. . . Why then do you not finish your work, if you have the proper aims?" *The Works of Epictetus*, translated by T. W. Higginson, 160–161, (revised ed. I., 187–8).

186 : 19.—*Plato . . . calls life*. See the *Gorgias*, where Socrates discusses with Callicles the need of self-control. Callicles insists that the truly happy life consists in allowing one's desires "to wax to the uttermost" and then

ministering to them. Socrates contends for the life of absolutely controlled desires. Callicles finds such a life absurd; the life of "those who want nothing" cannot be the ideal happy life, "for then stones and the dead would be the happiest of all." "Yes," replies Socrates, "and your words may remind us that life is a fearful thing; and I think that Euripides was probably right in saying 'Who knows if life be not death and death life?' for I think that we are very likely dead." Socrates then goes on to preach the doctrine of the mortification of desires. See Jowett's *Dialogues of Plato*, i. 81–82.

186 : 20.—*The Imitation.* The famous mediæval devotional manual usually ascribed to Thomas à Kempis, a monk of the fifteenth century, who spent his life in a convent near Utrecht. The doctrine of asceticism pervades the whole manual. See the chapter that treats "Of the Royal Road of the Holy Cross," bk. ii. chap. xii.: "Behold all is in the Cross, and in dying lies all; and there is no other way to life and to true inward peace but the way of the holy cross and of daily mortification." . . "Know for certain that thou must lead a dying life; and the more a man dies to himself, the more he begins to live to God." *The Imitation of Christ*, Kegan Paul & Co., 1881 (Parchment Library), pp. 90, 95.

186 : 31.—*The moral virtues . . . the porch.* See the *Nicomachean Ethics*, bk. x. chap. viii.: "It is only in a secondary sense that the life which accords with other, *i. e.*, *non-speculative*, virtue can be said to be happy; for the activities of such virtue are human, *they have no divine element*." Aristotle goes on to demonstrate that the activity of the Gods consists in speculation, and that "the life of men is blessed in so far as it possesses a certain resemblance to their speculative activity." Welldon's translation, Macmillan, 1892, pp. 338 and 341.

187 : 3.—*Plato expressly denies.* "But he who is a philosopher or lover of learning (φιλομαθής), and is entirely pure at departing, is alone permitted to reach the gods." Plato's *Phædo*, 82, D. See Jowett's *Dialogues of Plato*, i. 411.

187 : 27.—*The best man is he.* The passage occurs in Socrates's talk with Hermogenes over his approaching trial. Socrates justifies his serenity of mind and explains wherein he seems to himself to have obtained happiness through living well. See Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, bk. iv. chap. viii.

190 : 15.—*My Saviour banished joy.* Arnold seems to have in mind Herbert's poem, *The Size :*

> "Content thee, greedie heart.
> Modest and moderate joyes to those that have
> Title to more hereafter when they part
> Are passing brave."

The fifth stanza begins :

> "Thy Saviour sentenc'd joy,
> And in the flesh condemn'd it as unfit ;
> At least in lump."

Herbert's *Works*, ed. Grosart, 1874, i. 157.

191 : 1.—*St. Augustine's Confessions.* See the admirable translation by J. G. Pilkington, Edinburgh, 1886.

191 : 2.—*The Imitation.* Cf. **186 : 20.**

194 : 15.—*Mr. Murphy.* See the second chapter of *Culture and Anarchy :* "Mr. Murphy lectures at Birmingham, and showers on the Catholic population of that town 'words,' says the Home Secretary, 'only fit to be addressed to thieves or murderers.' What then? Mr. Murphy has his own reasons of several kinds. . . He is doing as he likes ; or, in worthier language, asserting his personal liberty. . . The moment it is plainly put before us that a man is asserting his personal liberty, we are half disarmed ; because we are believers in freedom, and not in some dream of a right reason to which the assertion of our reason is to be subordinated." Mr. Murphy and his religious extravagance form for Arnold an illustration of the kind of "anarchy" in English social conditions that can be corrected solely by "Culture." See *Culture and Anarchy*, p. 47.

194 : 30.—*Puritanism . . . St. Paul.* Arnold treats

this topic at length in his *St. Paul and Protestantism* (1870).

195 : 14.—*Already pointed out.* See *Culture and Anarchy*, p. 121.

197 : 19.—*Life after our physical death.* Cf. Arnold's Sonnet, *Immortality :*

> "No, no! the energy of life may be
> Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
> And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
> From strength to strength advancing—only he,
> His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
> Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life."

Arnold's *Poetical Works*, ed. 1890, p. 183.

197 : 24.—*One of the noblest collects.* The Collect for Easter Even: "Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptized into the death of thy blessed Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, so by continual mortifying our corrupt affections we may be buried with him; and that through the grave, and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection: for his merits, who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord."

199 : 23.—*Faraday.* Cf. **121** : 26.

200 : 24.—*As Plato says.* For the classic passage in which Plato describes the development of the soul through its devotion to Beauty see the *Symposium*, 199–212; Jowett's *Dialogues of Plato*, i. 491–503.

201 : 13.—*Mr. Spurgeon . . . voluntaryism.* By voluntaryism is meant the advocacy of a Free as opposed to a State Church. Cf. *Culture and Anarchy*, p. 61: "Again, as culture's way of working for reason and the will of God is by directly trying to know more about them, while the Dissidence of Dissent is evidently in itself no effort of this kind, nor is its Free Church, in fact, a church with worthier conceptions of God and the ordering of the world than the State Church professes, but with mainly the same conceptions of these as the State Church has, only that every man is to comport himself as he likes in professing them—

this being so, I cannot at once accept the non-conformity any more than the industrialism and the other great works of our Liberal middle class as proof positive that this class is in possession of light, and that here is the true seat of authority for which we are in search."

201 : 14.—*Mr. Bright . . . personal liberty.* Cf. *Culture and Anarchy*, p. 43: "Mr. Bright . . . said forcibly in one of his great speeches, what many other people are every day saying less forcibly, that the central idea of English life and politics is *the assertion of personal liberty*. Evidently this is so; but evidently, also, as feudalism, which with its ideas and habits of subordination was for many centuries silently behind the British Constitution, dies out, and we are left with nothing but our system of checks, and our notion of its being the great right and happiness of an Englishman to do as far as possible what he likes, we are in danger of drifting toward anarchy."

201 : 15.—*Mr. Beales.* Cf. **169 : 9.**

206 : 17.—*Henry More* (1614-87). He is commonly called Henry More the Platonist. He was one of the four Cambridge men—the others were Cudworth, Smith, and Whichcote—who in the latter part of the seventeenth century withstood the influence of the mechanical philosophy of Descartes and Hobbes through recourse to Plato and Idealism. His *Divine Dialogues* are perhaps his most representative work from the point of view of literature. He is studied suggestively and some of his ideas and phrases are reproduced in Mr. Shorthouse's *John Inglesant*. "His great discovery," says Mr. A. C. Benson in a recent essay, "burst upon him like a flash of light—the nearness and accessibility of God, whom he had been seeking so far off and at such a transcendent height; his realization of the truth that the Kingdom of God does not dwell in great sublimities, and, so to speak, upon the mountain tops, but that it is within each one of us." See A. C. Benson's *Essays*, New York, 1896, p. 65, and Arnold's *Last Essays*, p. 197.

207 : 14.—*Sublime hoc candens.* Cicero quotes the

phrase from Ennius in *De Natura Deorum*, ii. 25: "Aspice hoc sublime candens quod invocant omnes Jovem." 'Behold this Brilliant on high which all men call Jupiter.' Arnold's text misprints *invocent* for *invocant*, and Arnold transposes *hoc* and *sublime*.

208 : 31.—*Qu'est-ce-que la nature?* See *Les Pensées de Blaise Pascal*, ed. Molinier, 1879, i. 69, *De la justice. Coutumes et préjugées.*

210 : 12.—*Rabbinism.* Rabbis are authenticated Teachers of the Jewish Law. Rabbinism is the religious and philosophic doctrine developed in the schools of the Rabbis.

213 : 8.—*Ovid.* "Quis locus," etc. 'What place is more awful than a temple? Yet temples also must a woman shun, if she be prone to err.'

213 : 16.—*Hominum divomque.* Part of the first lines of the opening invocation of Lucretius's *De Rerum Natura*: "Æneadum genetrix hominum," etc. 'Great mother of the Romans, delight of men and gods, divine Venus.'

214 : 3.—*Mr. Birks.* Thomas Rawdon Birks, author of "The Two Later Visions of Daniel," "Memoirs of the late Rev. E. Bickersteth," etc., had in 1873 just been made Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge.

215 : 21.—*The moral and intelligent.* The phrase has been reiterated by Arnold in *Literature and Dogma* as characteristic of scientific theology. Cf. the Preface, p. ix.: "Now, the assumption with which all the churches and sects set out, that there is 'a Great Personal First Cause, the moral and intelligent governor of the universe,' and that from him the Bible derives its authority, cannot at present, at any rate, be verified." Cf. also Arnold's ridicule of attempts to describe God's ways to man in the phraseology of an Anglo-Saxon man of business: *St. Paul and Protestantism*, p. 14.

216 : 18.—*Saying of Izaak Walton.* See the last chapter of the first part of Walton's *Complete Angler*. Piscator, who is on his way home from a good day's fishing, moralizes for the benefit of the Scholar: "And that our present happi-

ness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me, how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy: and therefore let us be thankful." *Complete Angler*, ed. Major, 1844, p. 248.

220 : 12.—*The prison of Puritanism.* See Arnold's essay on *Heinrich Heine*, *Essays*, i. 176. The sentence specially commended itself to Arnold, and is quoted also in the essay on *Falkland*, *Mixed Essays*, p. 170.

220 : 15.—*Rabelais* (*ca.* 1490–1553). The incorrigible jester of the early Renaissance. His Gargantua and Pantagruel comment recklessly on the whole scope of life as it shaped itself in the imaginations of men newly emancipated from the asceticism of the Middle Ages.

220 : 16.—*George Fox* (1624–90). The first of the Quakers.

221 : 15.—*Rights of Man.* In August, 1789, the Constituent Assembly in Paris voted the "Declaration of the Rights of Man." This was a kind of Confession of Faith of the new Revolutionary religion. The first two articles were as follows:

I. Men are born and remain free and equal in rights.

II. These rights are; liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression. See Martin's *France*, i. 78.

222 : 9.—*La Bohême.* The world of those chartered libertines—struggling young painters and poets. George Sand was the first to use the word in this sense in her *La Dernière Aldini* (1837), which closed with the exclamation: *Vive la Bohême!* Henri Murger's famous *Scènes de la vie de Bohême* was published in 1848.

224 : 16.—*Das Gemeine.* Cf. *Selections* and *Notes*, **138 : 9.**

225 : 17.—*For acuteness . . . the Greeks.* These lines are quoted in MacFirbis's *Book of Genealogies*, a curious Irish work of the seventeenth century. Arnold omits several characterizations between those of the Saxons and the Gaedhils:

"For haughtiness, the Spaniards;
For covetousess and revenge, the French," etc.

See Eugene O'Curry's *Lectures*, Dublin, 1861, p. 224.

226 : 4.—*M. Renan* (1823-92), the famous French *savant*, author of the well-known *Vie de Jésus*. For the essay from which Arnold quotes, see Renan's *Essais de Morale et de Critique*, Paris, 1859, p. 375.

227 : 22.—*Always ready to react.* See Martin's *France*, ed. 1857, i. 36.

229 : 20.—*Architectonicé.* Ὁ ἀρχιτέκτων was "the master builder" whose conception governed the whole structure of a building. Ἡ ἀρχιτεκτονική with τέχνη, art, understood, means the complete mastery in art that is characteristic of the perfectly accomplished artist and that secures the highest results.

229 : 21.—*Agamemnon.* One of Æschylus's tragedies.

230 : 15.—*Sybaris.* A Greek city in the south of Italy, that in the sixth century B. C. developed great wealth and luxury. *Sybarite* became the traditional name for a rich and careless pleasure-taker.

250 : 17.—*Baiæ.* A town on the Mediterranean not far from what is now Naples, the site of the villas of many wealthy Romans. Cf. Horace's first *Epistle*, l. 83:

"Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis prælucet amœnis."
'No bay in the world outshines that of lovely Baiæ.

230 : 25.—*The knives.* This quotation and an abstract of the *Battle* may be found in O'Curry's *Lectures*, p. 248. The battle occurred, according to the *Annals*, in the year of the world 3330.

231 : 9.—*Forth to the war.* Cf. *The Poems of Ossian*, ed. 1822, ii. 38: "Cormul went forth to the strife, the brother of car-borne Crothar. He went forth, but he fell. The sigh of his people rose." Also, ii. 24: 'Our young heroes, O warriors! are like the renown of our fathers. They fight in youth. They fall. Their names are in song." Both passages are from *Temora*.

233 : 29.—*Philistinism.* Cf. 139 : 1.

235 : 10.—*Rue de Rivoli.* A famous street of shops and hotels in Paris; it is taken by Arnold as symbolic of French taste, or rather of "Latin precision and clear reason." Stonehenge, with its Druidic circle, stands presumably for Celtic "spirituality"; just how Nuremberg corresponds to or expresses Teutonic "fidelity to nature," or the "steady humdrum habit of the creeping Saxon," it is not so easy to see.

235 : 13.—*Mr. Tom Taylor's translations.* Tom Taylor (1817–80), an oddly versatile man of letters, who produced successful plays, readable biographies, and confident art criticism with the utmost facility. He was editor of *Punch* from 1874 to 1880. His best known play is *Masks and Faces.* His *Ballads and Songs of Brittany* appeared in 1865. It is specially interesting as containing several engravings of Millais's and at least one each of Charles Keene's and John Tenniel's.

238 : 5.—*Mr. Cobden.* Richard Cobden (1804–65), the famous Liberal politician and Anti-Corn Law agitator. The passage to which Arnold objects, commented severely on English ignorance of American geography as illustrated by a *Times* article, in which three or four of the largest North American rivers were absurdly confused and maltreated. "When I was at Athens," said Cobden, "I sallied out one summer morning to see the far-famed river, the Ilyssus, and after walking for some hundred yards up what appeared to be the bed of a winter torrent, I came up to a number of Athenian laundresses, and I found they had dammed up this far-famed classic river, and that they were using every drop of water for their linen and such sanitary purposes. I say, Why should not the young gentlemen who are taught all about the geography of the Ilyssus know something about the geography of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Missouri?" See John Morley's *Cobden*, ii. 479. Cf. Mr. Balfour's *Cobden and the Manchester School* in his *Essays and Addresses.*

238 : 28.—*Aliens in speech.* Lord Lyndhurst, John

Singleton Copley (1772–1863), strenuously disowned the phrase. He was charged with having used it during the debates of 1836. Cf. Sir Theodore Martin's *Lord Lyndhurst*, p. 346.

239 : 28.—*Eugene O'Curry* (1795–1862). He held the chair of Irish History in the Catholic University at Dublin—the university of which Newman was for a time rector.

240 : 10.—*Lord Melville.* Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville (1741–1811), was one of the most strenuous supporters of Lord North's policy toward the American colonies.

241 : 4.—*Mr. Roebuck's and Mr. Lowe's.* For Mr. Roebuck, see *Selections and Notes*, **20** : 24, and **173** : 9. For Mr. Lowe, see **170** : 27.

241 : 6.—*Daily Telegraph.* Cf. **134** : 2.

241 : 21.—*Fenianism.* The Fenians were a secret society, founded about 1860, to obtain by force independence for Ireland. They derive their name from Fin, a legendary Irish hero, MacPherson's Fingal, father of Ossian.

242.—*Compulsory Education.* This and the following Selection are Letters vi. and xii. of *Friendship's Garland*, published in book form in 1871, with the motto *Manibus date lilia plenis—Bring handfuls of lilies. Friendship's Garland*, originally contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* as a series of Letters, is far more searchingly ironical in its treatment of English life than *Culture and Anarchy*. Its essential ideas, however, remain those of the earlier book. It insists on the need of culture (which here goes by the German name, *Geist*) and on the inability of mere political machinery to remedy existing evils; it illustrates the absurdities of outworn mediæval traditions and the grotesqueness of sectarian prejudices. Most of the Letters are signed by Arnold himself, who poses as a humble candidate for higher knowledge, temporarily under the engrossing influence of a young German philosopher, Arminius von Thunder-ten-Tronckh. A few of

the Letters purport to be from Arminius, and one, No. xii., from *Young Leo*, the typical newswriter of the *Daily Telegraph*. By the use of Arminius's fierce intellectualism Arnold exposes unsparingly many of the most ludicrous imperfections in English life; yet, by his clever suggestion of Arminius's Prussian pedantries and pedagogic crochetiness of temper, he makes it possible for an English reader to take Arminius humorously, feel some of his own superiority, and hence accept criticism without fatal injury to his self-esteem. Meanwhile, Arnold deprecates the charge of self-sufficiency by means of much droll self-caricature.

No attempt is made in the Notes to explain the continual allusions in these Selections to current events and to other parts of *Friendship's Garland*. Arnold's general intention and the quality of his irony are plain enough.

258.—*America.* This was written before Arnold's visit to America in 1883–84. For Arnold's direct impressions of American life,—impressions that, despite some acerbity and some desire to "hold an English review of his Maker's grotesques," are, on the whole, kindly and appreciative,—the reader should turn to the second volume of the *Letters*. *Numbers*, in *Discourses in America*, gives a formal criticism of the special dangers of American life.

259 : 1.—*M. Renan.* Cf. **226 : 4** and **110 : 2**. For the passage quoted, see Renan's *Questions Contemporaines*, Preface, vii; cf. p. 76 of the essay.

263 : 27.—*Mr. Beecher.* Henry Ward Beecher (1813–87), for many years pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

263 : 27.—*Brother Noyes.* J. H. Noyes (1811–86), founder of the so-called Oneida Community. Hepworth Dixon gave in 1867 a picturesque account of this community in *New America*, chap. 53.

263 : 30.—*Mr. Ezra Cornell* (1807–74), founder of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. According to its charter the university was established with the purpose of teaching "such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, including military tactics,"

264 : 3.—*Mr. White.* See *Culture and Anarchy*, Preface, p. xvi: "A Nonconformist minister, the Rev. Edward White, who has written a temperate and well-reasoned pamphlet against Church establishments, says that 'the unendowed and unestablished communities of England exert full as much moral and ennobling influence upon the conduct of statesmen as that Church which is both established and endowed.'"

265.—*Emerson.* This appreciation of Emerson, one of the three "Discourses" that Arnold gave on his lecture-tour in America, illustrates well the limitations as well as the excellences of his literary criticism. The lack of any strenuous attempt to get at the real substance of Emerson's teaching and to correlate it with the intellectual tendencies of the times is conspicuous and characteristic; the essay does not put us at the center of Emerson's thought and reveal it in its entirety and self-consistency, and in its necessary connection with the social conditions by which it was largely determined. On the other hand, the ethical quality of Emerson's work is delicately perceived and described; the emotional quality of his thought and moods and style, in so far as they react upon character, is appreciated with fine sensitiveness of taste and exquisite sympathy. Here, as ever, Arnold as a critic is most distinctively an appreciator of the beauty of the art of those "that live in the spirit." Cf. the *Introduction*, pp. xxxvi–xliii.

265 : 1.—*Forty years ago.* As regards Arnold's style in this essay, see the *Introduction*, pp. lxiv–lxv.

265 : 9.—*Cardinal Newman* (1801–90). Cf. **170 : 4.** He was the leader of the Oxford movement, 1830–41, and at the time of which Arnold speaks was still preaching and writing with the purpose of reviving the spiritual life of the Anglican Church and reinvesting the Church with mediæval dignity and splendor. He resigned his position as preacher to the University in 1843 and withdrew to Littlemore, where he had planned founding a monastery. In 1845 he entered the Church of Rome. In 1854 he was

made Rector of the new Catholic University at Dublin. After a few years he took up his abode in the Oratory near Birmingham, where he died in 1890.

265 : 17.—*St. Mary's pulpit.* St. Mary's is the Cathedral Church of Oxford.

266 : 1.—*After the fever of life.* See Newman's Sermon on *Peace in Believing; Parochial and Plain Sermons*, vi. 369. The sermon was preached May 29, 1839.

266 : 7.—*Littlemore.* A small town within an easy walk of Oxford. In 1828, when Newman was made incumbent of St. Mary's, he was also made chaplain of Littlemore. He withdrew to Littlemore in 1841, though he did not resign from St. Mary's till 1843.

266 : 29.—*Somewhere or other.* See *Selections*, p. 137.

267 : 6.—*Edward Irving* (1792–1834). He was famous as an eloquent pulpit orator, and afterward as the founder of a new sect, the so-called Holy Catholic Apostolic Church, which still exists in London. His pretensions as a prophet became finally so extreme that he was deserted by all his followers save a few fanatics. Cf. Carlyle's *Reminiscences.* Irving was for a time engaged to Jane Welch, afterward Mrs. Carlyle.

267 : 12.—*Goethe.* Arnold here substantially admits his discipleship of Goethe. Cf. *Introduction*, p. lxxix.

267 : 14.—*Wilhelm Meister.* Carlyle's translation appeared in 1824.

267 : 23.—*Dirge over Mignon.* See *Wilhelm Meister*, bk. viii. chap. viii.

268 : 19.—*Weimar.* Goethe's home.

269 : 27.—*A German critic.* Hermann Grimm, now Professor in Berlin University. See Arnold's *A French Critic on Goethe*: "Then there comes a scion of the excellent stock of the Grimms, a Professor Hermann Grimm, and lectures on Goethe at Berlin, now that the Germans have conquered the French, and are the first military power in the world, and have become a great nation, and require a national poet to match; and Professor Grimm says of *Faust*, of which Tieck had spoken so coldly: 'The

career of this, the greatest work of the greatest poet of all times and of all peoples, has but just begun, and we have been making only the first attempts at drawing forth its contents.'" *Mixed Essays*, ed. 1883, p. 208.

271 : 23.—*Milton.* See Milton's *Of Education:* "To which [*i. e.*, logic and rhetoric] poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate." *Prose Works*, London, 1806, i. 281.

272 : 10.—*So nigh is grandeur.* The last lines of the third of Emerson's *Voluntaries: Poems*, ed. 1883, p. 237.

272 : 15.—*Though love repine.* One of the *Quatrains*, *Sacrifice: Poems*, p. 314.

272 : 23.—*And ever.* From *May-Day: Poems*, p. 190.

273 : 18.—*Cowper.* Several of Cowper's poems moralize gracefully on the lives of insects, birds, or animals; *e. g.*, the *Pineapple and the Bee*, the *Raven*, the *Nightingale and the Glowworm.* Possibly Arnold, with his customary desire to eulogize totality, means to call to mind the moral of the *Nightingale and Glowworm:*

> "Hence jarring sectaries may learn
> Their real interest to discern;
> That brother should not war with brother,
> And worry and devour each other;
> But sing and shine with sweet consent,
> Till life's poor transient night is spent,
> Respecting in each other's case
> The gifts of nature and of grace."

273 : 19.—*Burns.* See his *To a Mouse: Poems*, Globe ed., p. 54.

274 : 11.—*The Dial.* "The literary achievments of Transcendentalism are best exhibited in the *Dial*, a quarterly 'Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion,' begun July, 1840, and ending April, 1844. The editors were Margaret Fuller and R. W. Emerson. . . Mr. Emerson's bravest lectures and noblest poems were first printed there. Margaret Fuller, besides numerous

pieces of miscellaneous criticism, contributed the article on Goethe, alone enough to establish her fame as a discerner of spirits." O. B. Frothingham's *Transcendentalism*, p. 132. Among the other contributors were George Ripley, James Freeman Clarke, Theodore Parker, Henry Thoreau, the Channings, and C. P. Cranch.

274 : 25.—*Arthur Stanley* (1815–81). He is best remembered as Dean of Westminster. In 1844 he published a Life of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Matthew Arnold's father. Cf. **28 : 11.**

275 : 25.—*Sartor Resartus.* The poor publisher was not so wrong-headed as he is made to appear; he was simply not a prophet. *Sartor*, as a serial in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1833–34, had led to many violent protests on the part of subscribers, and, when published as a book in 1838, had called forth but two letters of commendation,—one from Ralph Waldo Emerson and one from a Roman Catholic priest in Ireland. Under the circumstances, the publisher can hardly be blamed for having hesitated about "a new edition."

275 : 29.—*Regent Street.* A street of fashionable shops in London, not far from Club-land.

275 : 30.—*Crockford.* The house on St. James's Street that is now used by the Devonshire Club, was formerly a famous gambling house kept by one Crockford.

276 : 2.—*John Sterling* (1806–44). He is now for the most part remembered as Coleridge's disciple and Carlyle's friend. Carlyle's *Life of Sterling* appeared in 1851; the closing paragraph suggests vividly Sterling's peculiar charm: "Here, visible to myself, for some while, was a brilliant human presence, distinguishable, honorable, and lovable amid the dim common populations; among the million little beautiful, once more a beautiful human soul; whom I, among others, recognized and lovingly walked with, while the years and the hours were."

276 : 15.—*Leigh Hunt* (1784–1859). Libeler of the Prince Regent; author of *Rimini;* inveterate man of letters; friend of Keats and Shelley and Carlyle; cherisher

of the unpractical; the first thorough-going English anti-Philistine.

276 : 17.—*Old Rogers* (1763–1855). The banker-poet, patron of art and letters, and epigrammatic diner-out. His *Pleasures of Memory* appeared in 1792.

279 : 7. — *English Traits.* Emerson's account of his visit to England (1856). Hawthorne's *Our Old Home* appeared in 1863.

281 : 21.—*Senancour* (1770–1846). Cf. **27 : 6**, **97 : 4**, and **103 : 15**.

282 : 3.—*Marcus Aurelius* (121–180). The great Imperial moralist of Rome. See the *Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius*, translated by George Long (1862). See also Arnold's *Essays*, i. 344, and Walter Pater's *Marius the Epicurean.*

285 : 10. — *Disposed . . . to trust himself.* The dangers of arbitrariness and of self-will are, of course, the burden of Arnold's whole discourse in *Culture and Anarchy.* Cf. *Selections*, p. 181 ff., and especially *Doing as one Likes*, chap. ii. of *Culture and Anarchy.*

286 : 11.—*The hour when he appeared.* Emerson's work was part of the "Liberal movement" in English literature. He strove to free the individual from the bondage of old traditions and to give him the courage of new feelings and aspirations. Only through over-emphasis on the rights of the individual was the richer emotional and spiritual development of the later century possible. For this reason Arnold approves Emerson's incitement to "self-will."

287 : 19.—*Brook Farm.* The Brook Farm "association was simply an attempt to return to first principles, to plant the seeds of a new social order, founded on respect for the dignity, and sympathy with the aspirations of man. . . It was felt at this time, 1842, that, in order to live a religious and moral life in sincerity, it was necessary to leave the world of institutions, and to reconstruct the social order from new beginnings. A farm was bought in close vicinity to Boston (at West Roxbury); agriculture

was made the basis of the life, as bringing man into direct and simple relations with nature, and restoring labor to honest conditions. To a certain extent, . . . the principle of community in property was recognized." O. B. Frothingham's *Transcendentalism*, p. 164. The experiment lasted from 1842 to the burning of the Phalanstery or large common dwelling, in 1847. Among the members of the community were George Ripley, Charles A. Dana, Minot Pratt, and for a time Hawthorne. Cf. Hawthorne's notes of his experiences at Brook Farm in Frothingham's *Transcendentalism*, p. 171.

287 : 20.—*Dissidence of dissent.* Cf. **163 : 5.**

290 : 11.—*What if thou wert born.* See *Sartor Resartus*, bk. ii. ch. ix. : "I asked myself : What is this that, ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting and self-tormenting, on account of? Say it in a word : is it not because thou art not HAPPY? Because the THOU (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honored, nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly cared-for? Foolish soul! What Act of Legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be Happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born," etc. Arnold's contrast between Carlyle on the one hand, and Augustine and Epictetus on the other, is open to misconception. Carlyle expressly admits in a passage directly following that quoted in the text, that "Blessedness" is the highest good of human life,—a Blessedness won through self-denial and "Love of God"; it would not be easy logically to distinguish this Blessedness from the delight or happiness which Epictetus and Augustine admit as legitimate ends of human action. The pursuit of happiness in any Epicurean sense, all three moralists condemn. Still, the force of Arnold's contrast remains unimpaired in so far as Carlyle more than the other two moralists fails to portray the actual pleasures or the golden self-possession of assured spiritual life.

290 : 13.—*Act we must.* Cf. St. Augustine's account of the Roman Goddess Felicity in the *City of God*, bk. iv.

chap. 23 : " For who wishes anything for any other reason than that he may become happy? . . . No one is found who is willing to be unhappy. . . For there is not anyone who would resist Felicity, except, which is impossible, one who might wish to be unhappy."

290 : 15.—*Epictetus*. Cf. the *Discourses of Epictetus* (Higginson's translation), bk. iii. chap. vii. : " For it is impossible that good should lie in one thing, and rational enjoyment in another." The underlying purpose of the *Discourses* is adequately to define " rational enjoyment " and to distinguish between the rational and the irrational. " The only way to real prosperity (let this rule be at hand morning, noon, and night) is a resignation of things uncontrollable by will. . . Mindful of this, enjoy the present and accept all things in their season." Bk. iv. chap. iv.

293 : 4.—*The paramount duty*. Cf. bk. iv. of the *Excursion*, where the Wanderer expounds to the Solitary the dependence of life on Hope.

> " We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love ;
> And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,
> In dignity of being we ascend."

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